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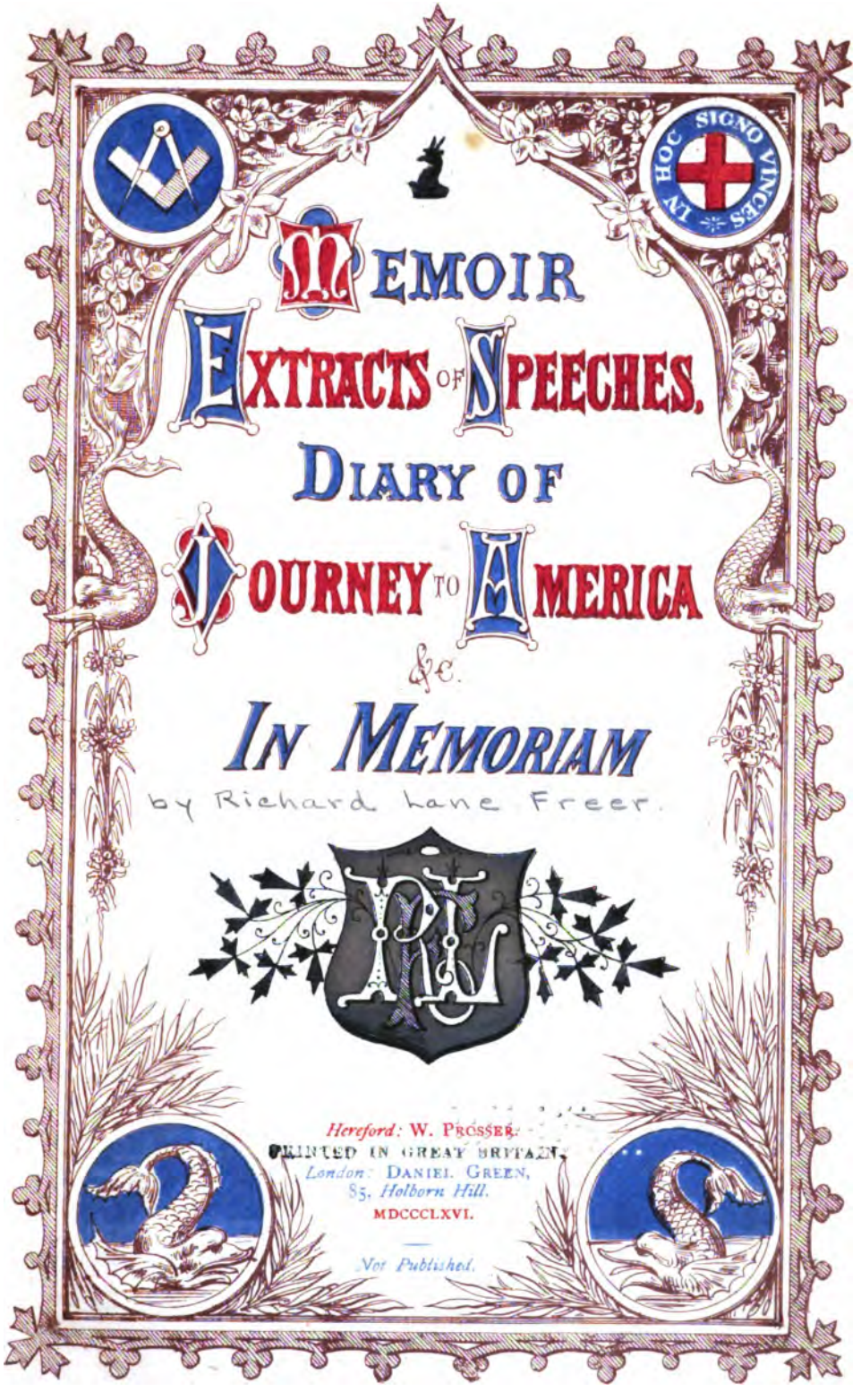

MEMOIR
EXTRACTS OF SPEECHES,
DIARY OF
JOURNEY TO AMERICA
&c.
IN MEMORIAM

by Richard Lane Freer.

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JAN 16 1940
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TO THE MASONIC

AND

OTHER LAY FRIENDS

OF THE

ARCHDEACON LANE FREER,

THIS VOLUME

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,

IN THE HOPE

THAT HIS MEMORY MAY BE CHERISHED BY THEM

HERE,

UNTIL

THE HEREAFTER,

WHEN ALL SHALL MEET AGAIN.

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PREFACE.

In presenting the contents of this Book, I trust my labour of love in collecting them will meet with approval.

I fear no adverse criticism from those among whom the author and subject of them walked so well-beloved, but entertain a fond hope, that my endeavours will be a source of satisfaction to the recipients in many a leisure hour.

H. F.

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MEMOIR.

IT was the remark of one of the keenest observers of human life, and it has been repeated a thousand times since, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men;" and if, like many other aphorisms, this be open to the objection of pushing a truth to the extreme, it may at least be safely asserted that the lives of the best men—of those who have been the brightest examples of their generation—may be written in few lines. Of the greater number of them the most that can be related, beyond the mere accidents and circumstances of their life, is that, like the great saint of old, they "walked with God," and at the last "were not;" or that, like the pious kings of Israel, "they did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord," and in due time "slept with their fathers." And the life of the venerated subject of this memoir is no exception to this rule, for though his labours were long and numerous, and though he held a conspicuous place in the church and in the world, so unobtrusively were his duties performed, that little more can be said of him than that he did them, and did them well. Those, however, for whom this work is chiefly intended will, it is confidently believed, accept with a

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melancholy pleasure the following brief memoir of one with whom, in life, they were bound in the ties of brotherhood.

RICHARD LANE FREER, was the son of the Rev. Thomas Lane Freer, M.A., Rector of Handsworth, in Staffordshire, an important and populous outlying parish of the great town of Birmingham. Like many other untitled Englishmen, he could boast of a descent of which the noblest might be proud, being on his father's side descended, in direct line, from the heroic Jane Lane (daughter of Colonel Lane), who in the stormy times of the Civil War "won herself an immortal name," by assisting in the escape of King Charles II. from the disastrous field of Worcester; carrying that prince before her on horseback to Bristol, whence he succeeded in getting safely to France. On the side of his mother, daughter of Nathan Wetherell, D.D., Dean of Hereford, he traced his genealogy through a long line of noble and gentle to Gormon, a king of the Danes, who flourished A.D. 700.

Archdeacon Lane Freer received his education at Westminster School, and subsequently at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1828. In 1829 he was ordained deacon by Dr. Cornewall, then Bishop of Worcester, and was appointed to the curacy of Coughton, Warwick, whence he removed to his native parish of Handsworth. In 1834 he proceeded to the degree of M.A. In 1839 he was appointed by the late Sir Robert Price to the rectory of Bishopstone, with the vicarage of Yazor, in the county of Hereford; an appointment he held, how honourably is well known, to the day of his death. In 1839 he took the degree of bachelor in divinity, and in 1858 became D.D. In 1847 the Archbishop of York, Dr. Musgrave, then Bishop of Hereford, conferred upon him the prebendal stall of Gorwall and Overbury, in Hereford cathedral. In 1848 he married his cousin, the daughter of the Rev. John

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Clutton, D.D., Canon Residentiary in Hereford cathedral, and Rector of Kinnersley (the ceremony being performed by the Archbishop of York). In 1852, the present Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Hampden, appointed him to the office with which his name will ever be most familiarly connected —the Archdeacon of Hereford. Finally, in 1861, the Archdeacon was elected by the Dean and Chapter Prælector of Hereford cathedral.

Such is a brief record of the career of the Author of the following pages, and the first reflection it suggests must be that it is a chronicle of rewards honourably given and deservedly won. And it must never be forgotten that though he held so many appointments, Archdeacon Freer was no pluralist in the offensive sense of the term. His total income arising from professional sources scarcely amounted to £600 per annum—a sum which fell very far short of his munificent annual disbursements in works of benevolence and charity alone. When he came into the county of Hereford, as Rector of Bishopstone, he found the ancient church of that parish in a state of woeful dilapidation—a state too common to many of our parish churches at that period; but under his well-regulated taste and liberal expenditure, it soon became one of the most ornate and beautiful fabrics of the archdeaconry. The same may be said of the church of Yazor, begun by Mr. Uvedale Price, which the Archdeacon, after that respected gentleman's death, completed, by building the spire, and adding internal decorations and stained glass windows. These works alone sufficiently testify both to his knowledge and taste as respects ecclesiastical architecture, and to his open-handed munificence; and on them might well be written, as on the masterpiece of the great Roman architect,—

"Si monumentum queris, circumspice!"

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He was for some years treasurer of the Hereford Diocesan Church Building Society, and vice-president of the Hereford Missionary Studentship Association, and to the duties of these capacities, as in all others, he gave himself with characteristic energy and zeal. In short, he was a man who as nearly as possible in all things fulfilled the scriptural maxim—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

But it was chiefly in his capacity of Archdeacon that his eminent talents, nice tact, fine temper, and good judgment were most conspicuous. In that arduous and responsible position—a position continually bringing him into contact with all orders of men, lay and clerical—few could possibly have conducted themselves with nicer discrimination and judgment. His suavity of manner, his knowledge of mankind, and his unbounded liberality enabled him to surmount all difficulties and smooth down all asperities; and those only who know the difficulties attendant upon a position so responsible can fully appreciate the many qualities he combined to sustain it.

His busy and active life left him but little leisure and opportunities for the labours of authorship. He, however, published in 1832 "A few Plain Words on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper;" and in 1837, a volume of "Devotional Hymns." To these he added three single sermons on various occasions, and a Primary Visitation Charge, delivered in 1852. But these works, though excellent, are but an imperfect index of his literary attainments. To the solid acquirements of the ripe scholar, he added the acuteness of the critic and the mature knowledge of the well-read divine; and it is confidently believed that the literary remains of which the body of this work is composed, and which are here for the first time published in a collected

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form, will go to justify this opinion. His views of religious truth were sound, devotional, and practical, and, what is of far greater importance in the religious teacher, his practice was a living commentary upon the truths he taught, and a striking example of the effect of a genuine Christianity upon the human mind. To the rancour of religious bigotry and the pride of priestly intolerance, he was a stranger, and no man more thoroughly understood and practised the true requirements of Christian charity.

As regards the manner in which he discharged the duties of the office of D.P.G.M. which brought him into close connection with those to whom these pages are dedicated, it is not so necessary to speak. They, it is believed, well know and appreciate the kindness, the geniality, and warmth of his disposition, and need not to be told that to them he was truly a "brother." It only remains to relate the circumstances attending his death, which may be briefly told. In the summer of 1861 whilst yachting, a fall from a rope ladder caused an injury to the lower part of the spine, painful at first, but all ill effects appeared in a few days to have passed away. However it undoubtedly was the germ from which sprung the disease that terminated in death: a short time after, a slight irritation consequent upon the fall, pervaded the nervous system, this was increased by the shock caused by the Great Eastern, when near her destination, striking upon a rock. It was in August, 1862, that the Archdeacon proceeded in her on a voyage to America, taken not only for pleasure, but with an endeavour to allay with a few weeks of travel his thirst for change, and restore to his system a tone of quiet he then found wanting. On his return, being anxious to land quickly, he embarked in an open boat, and reached Cork harbour before his fellow-passengers. During this passage

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he contracted a cold, which terminated in diptherite. He went from home for a short time in the winter, in the hope that a change of air would prove beneficial; but so anxious was he to take part in the Christmas-day services in his own church at Bishopstone, that he returned home for that purpose. With his accustomed resolution he continued to discharge his public duties. In Easter week, 1863, he delivered an able speech at the Annual Meeting of the Hereford Diocesan Church Building Society. On the day following he preached at the re-opening of Stoke Prior Church, and on the next he took part in the re-opening of Helenswick Church. In the succeeding week he delivered his charge, and with his usual hospitality, entertained the Clergy at luncheon in the College Hall. On Ascension Day he endeavoured to preach in the cathedral, but was unable to fulfil his intention. He was present, however, at the re-opening of the cathedral, June 30th, 1863, both morning and evening, though still suffering severely from the effects of his malady, which never left him. The last public act of his life was one which testifies to the kindliness and geniality of his nature. It was to officiate, in spite of the illness which was wearing him down, at the marriage of his young relative and friend J. A. Clutton Brock, Esq., to the daughter of the Rev. H. T. Hill, of Felton, Rural Dean. Ere this the irritation of the spine had completely upset the nervous system, the weakness of the throat after diphtherite was a salient point, and the powers of deglutition were almost destroyed; the stomach became paralyzed, the powers of attrition at a stand-still. Gradually, but surely, the enemy advanced, the body wasted, and at last the lungs succumbed; consumption completed the task of destruction, and the end of his honourable and useful life was a quiet death in the rectory of Bishopstone, on Tuesday,

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August 11th, 1863, in the spot to which he was fondly attached during life, and from which, as he wished, he was not separated in death.

The Archdeacon had some years before his decease written a desire to be buried as privately and as unostentatiously as possible; to lie in a common open grave, and to have the parish pall to cover him. These orders were obeyed, but it was impossible to refuse the urgent request of the clergy of the diocese to attend; and the influx of the clergy and laity, not only from the immediate neighbourhood, but from distant parts of the country, was so great, that long ere the mournful *cortege* had left that paradise of an earthly home with the remains of the revered and beloved, the parishioners, joined by a vast concourse of people of all grades, thronged the churchyard, and gazed with tearful eyes into the long, humble, and narrow grave that was soon to close on him who was the life and soul of healthful recreation, the wise counsellor, the liberal patron, the sincere friend, and the kind pastor.

As the mournful procession streamed, like a dark line, over the fair and lawn-like expanse of meadow between the rectory and the quaint and beautiful little church the good Archdeacon had during his life-time studied to beautify and adorn with a hand as liberal as his taste was lofty, the bell tolled, the organ pealed out one of the sublime compositions of Handel, and the eyes of many were dim with tears, whilst others sobbed audibly.

At the entrance of the grave-yard the officiating priest, the Rev. Rowland Hill, the Archdeacon's Sexton carrying the archidiaconal mitre enveloped in crape, and the choristers of Bishopstone habited in white surplices, advanced to meet the remains about to be committed to their

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last and sad resting place. Here the procession into the church took the following order :—

The Rev. ROWLAND HILL, reading the Burial Service.
The Mace Bearer.
The Choristers (eighteen in number)
in white surplices.
Dr. GILES.
The Upper Bearers.

Mr. Williams, Upperton, Yazor. Mr. Plant, Bishopstone.
Rev. S. Pratt, Bishopstone. Rev. J. Williams.

Rev. T. Allen, Brinsop. Rev. G. H. Davenport.
Rev. H. W. Phillott, Staunton-upon-Wye. Rev. C. Allen, Bushley, Worcestershire.
Rev. J. Evans, Kenchester. Rev. J. Johnson, Byford.

The Coffin.

THE MOURNERS.

J. Cheese, Esq., Shrewsbury.
W. Dowdeswell, Esq., Pull Court.
E. R. Dowdeswell, Esq.

THE CLERGY.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, Dr. Renn Hampden, D.D.
The Very Rev. the Dean of Hereford, Richard Dawes, D.D.
The Rev. Canon W. E. Evans.
The Rev. Prebendary Archer Clive.
The Rev. Prebendary W. P. Hopton, Bishop's Froome.
The Rev. Prebendary Jebb, D.D., Peterstow.
The Rev. Prebendary Custance, Colwall.
The Rev. Prebendary Johnson, Byford.
The Rev. Prebendary Poole, Hentland.
The Rev. Prebendary Hayward Cox, Eaton Bishop.
Rev. H. Arkwright, Vicar of Bodenham.
Rev. A. W. Chatfield.
Rev. J. F. Crouch, Rector of Pembridge.
Rev. M. W. Brigstocke.
Rev. D. J. George, Treville.
Rev. J. Dudley, Sarnesfield.
Rev. H. C. Cooper, Rector of Stoke Prior.
Rev. L. Clint, Hereford.
Rev. J. Tourney Parsons, Rector of Dewchurch.
Rev. R. H. Evans.
Rev. J. Westropp, Thruxton.
Rev. H. W. Phillott, Rector of Staunton-upon-Wye.
Rev. H. C. Key, Stretton.

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Rev. P. H. Symonds, Withington.
Rev. J. B. Webb, King's Pion.
Rev. G. H. Davenport, Foxley.
Rev F. T. Havergal, Minor Canon of Hereford Cathedral.
Rev. Henry Blisset, Letton.
Rev. H. T. Hill, Felton.
Rev. W. Heather, Holmer.
Rev. W. Hulme, Brampton Abbots.
Rev. Dr. Layng, Vicar of Marden.
Rev. E. R. Hampden, Rector of Cradley.
Rev. E. B. Hawkshaw, Rector of Weston-under-Penyard.
Rev. R. Underwood, Vicar of All Saints, Hereford.
Rev. G. H. Kirwood, Vicar of St. Martin's, Hereford.
Rev. J. H. Barker.
Rev. W. H. Gretton, Goodrich.
Rev G. H. Cornewall, Moccas.
Rev. A. Jones, Minor Canon of Hereford.
Rev. H. Bulmer, Rector of Credenhill.
Rev. T. W. Weare, Rector of Hampton Bishop.
Rev. J. M. Ware, Ullingswick.
Rev. J Woollam, Head Master of Hereford Cathedral School.
Rev. R. H. Williams, Byford.
Rev. J. Evans, Kenchester.
Rev. W. D. V. Duncombe.
Rev. E. C. Evans, Eyton Hall.
Rev. E. L. Brown, Dormington.
Rev. E. Du Buisson, Breinton.
Rev. H. Walmisley.
Rev. E. H. Daniel.
Rev. T. Phillips, Dewsall.
Rev. R. Hereford, Sutton.
Rev. W. T. Allen, Brinsop.
Rev. Henry Dew, Whitney.
Rev. T. Canning, Hereford.
Rev. C. Probert, Bacton.
Rev. T. H. Bird, Yarkhill.
Rev. W. H. Lambert, Stoke Edith.
Rev. T. G. Whitfield, Pudleston.
Rev. W. Potts, Llangarren.
Rev. C. Mortimer, Eaton Bishop.
Rev. Paul Hankins, Hereford.
Rev. T. W. Lee, Staunton-upon-Arrow.
Rev. J. Jones, Burghill.
Rev. J. Young, St. Peter's, Hereford.
Rev. J. Colvill, Withington.

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The Masonic body of Hereford and Leominster, representing the Palladian and Royal Edward Lodges, appeared as strictly private mourners at the entrance to the churchyard, and filing off to the right and left, received the corpse into their midst, the heads uncovered, and deeply touched at the loss of him who was "the bright particular star" of the order in the province of Herefordshire, and who knew, and practised so well, the Divine principles of the craft. Among those present were:—Brother J. Gardiner, W.M., Brother James Williams, P.M., Brother H. Clarkson, P.M., Brother J. H. Flanegan, P.M., Brother C. G. Hill, Brother A. Myer, Brother W. Phillips, Brother J. G. Watkins, Brother Hindley, Brother E. Cowtan, Brother J. H. Hustwick, Brother T. A. Court, Brother S. Broad, Brother Rev. W. H. Gretton, Brother J. C. Russell, Brother W. Russell, Brother W. Prosser, Brother C. Geary, Brother H. C. Beddoe, Brother W. Jennings, Brother J. H. Bluck, P.M., Brother G. Tomkins, Brother J. Bradford, and Brother Allen.

On moving into the sacred edifice, the organ, presided at by G. Townshend Smith, Esq., of Hereford cathedral, gave forth its melancholy tones in the voluntary "When the ear heard him," from Handel's Funeral Anthem.

The whole concourse of persons present displayed the greatest order and feeling, and not a sound was heard save the priest's voice reading the service as the procession passed into that exquisite little Church, lighted with several hundred wax tapers, mingling their brilliancy with the dim light that streamed through the stained glass windows, thus giving a strange and funereal aspect to the place.

On the *cortege* leaving the church, Mr. Baker, the organist of the church, played the "Dead March in Saul," until the

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mourners had grouped themselves round the grave. There the latter portion of the service was very impressively recited, and all in turn approached the grave to take one last look at what contained the mortal remains of one so loved and revered by all.

A beautiful *immortelle* (composed of white and violet verbenas) reposed on the lid of the coffin, and the thoughts of the many hearts, for the moment, passed to the sad mourner, and scene of desolation, and each felt a new accession of grief. In solemn silence all withdrew, when the masonic brethren of the deceased approached the grave, and with heads uncovered dropped each therein the last symbol of their love—a spray of the sweet acacia—and then departed.

This had a singularly pleasing effect upon the minds of a large number of old and young present, who, at once perceiving the beauty of the symbol, plucked largely from the evergreens in the enclosure, and followed the example.

During the afternoon the establishments of the city were closed, as a mark of respect to the venerable deceased, whose age was also rung out, in muffled peals, upon the bells of our ancient cathedral.

Mr. Pember, mercer, of High-town, Hereford, was the undertaker, and the arrangements were carried out with the greatest decorum and propriety by Mr. Pember, jun. The coffin, a most substantial one, in panelled oak, was excellently constructed by Mr. Wm. Jones, who resides at Mansel Lacy.

(From the HEREFORD JOURNAL *of August* 15, 1863.*)*

"It is with feelings of profound regret that we record the death of one of the ablest and best of our countrymen—the Venerable RICHARD LANE FREER, Archdeacon of

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Hereford. He has been so long before the public; has taken such an active and hearty interest in public business, both civil and ecclesiastical; has made himself so many friends, by his high social qualities, that no man will go down to the grave more generally and deeply lamented, or more sincerely respected and appreciated.

"It cannot, however, be said that he has left his work unaccomplished, and lived in vain, for he was no idle and apathetic worker; and now that his sun has gone down, to rise no more upon the horizon of things earthly, it is our painful and mournful task to attempt to sketch briefly and imperfectly, but still we trust faithfully and impartially, what he has accomplished and achieved.

* * * * * * *

"When he came into this county as Rector of Bishopstone, he found the ancient church of that parish in the usual state of the period; but under his well-regulated taste and liberal expenditure of money, it speedily became one of the most ornate and beautiful fabrics in the Archdeaconry. It is a model of correct taste and Church feeling, and will form a lasting monument both of his knowledge of ecclesiastical art, and also of his generous and open-handed munificence. The old church of Yazor, having also fallen into a decayed and dilapidated state, was taken down, with the exception of the tower (since converted into a beautiful mortuary chapel), and a new one erected on a neighbouring site. This church was commenced by the late Uvedale Price, Esq., but after reaching a certain stage, the works were suspended. They were ultimately resumed at the instance of the Archdeacon, who completed the church at his own cost. This, too, is a most beautiful church, nothing having been spared that could do honour to that place where the Eternal is

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worshipped, and the Holy Sacraments administered. But not only did the late Archdeacon see that the material fabric should be duly and carefully adorned, but he was mindful too of the service celebrated therein. An excellent organ and a well-trained choir have been long known as distinguishing the parish of Bishopstone; the organist's salary and many other incidental expenses, being defrayed by the Archdeacon at his own cost entirely. When we add that he was a kind friend to the poor of his parishes, liberal in the extreme, and that he was ever earnest and zealous in the discharge of his parochial duties and ministrations, —we are stating facts which not a single inhabitant of those parishes would deny or gainsay.

"Of the able and pains-taking manner in which he acquitted himself of his more important office of Archdeacon, it is not so necessary that we should speak, because an Archdeacon, if he be in any degree active and diligent, must from time to time come into contact with such a number of the clergy and laity, that an accurate estimate can be formed of his powers and capabilities. And we are certain that it will be universally admitted that ARCHDEACON FREER was at all times anxious to smooth down asperities and remove difficulties; that his purse was always open, and his advice and counsel always available to every parish in his jurisdiction. No man, from his suavity of manner, from his knowledge of architecture, and from his unbounded liberality, could have more happily and ably complied with the various requisitions necessary for getting through, with success, the duties of the position he was called upon to occupy.

"He was for some years Treasurer of the Hereford Diocesan Church Building Society, and Vice-President of the Hereford Missionary Studentship Association; a high

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tribute being borne at the last Annual Meeting by the various speakers, to the warm and unflagging interest he has taken in its operations. He was a magistrate for the county, and filled many other public offices, and his name will be found on almost every subscription list, whether to ecclesiastical or charitable objects; in fact, his disbursements in this way must have amounted to a large sum annually.

"In another office also his death has occasioned a vacancy, which it will be hard to fill—that of Deputy Provincial Grand Master of the Hereford Lodge of Freemasons. Here, as elsewhere, he applied his vigorous intellect and untiring application to the study of the art, and only recently he attained to the high standing of a Knight Templar. He was, indeed, honoured and esteemed by his fellow Masons. These words but faintly describe the attachment and regard with which he had inspired the brethren of the craft, and by none will he be more deeply mourned and missed.

"As a speaker and preacher, he was deservedly popular. He had a fine and commanding voice, his style was plain and to the point, devoid of redundancies and involved sentences. He had a copious vocabulary, hearty impulses, and a well-stored mind. His last charge was considered a masterly production, especially those passages in which he exposed the flimsy sophisms of Bishop Colenso.

* * * * * * *

"Twelve months ago, he was a hearty hale man, erect in figure, and firm in step, and now he lies cold and motionless in his coffin, awaiting the last rites of the Church."

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(*Extracted from the* HEREFORD DIOCESAN CALENDAR, AND CLERGY LIST, 1865.)

* * * * * * *

"To every duty which he performed he brought the accumulated force of all his powers, each was enstamped successively with the entire impress of his mind, and each was accomplished effectively because attempted determinedly and alone. His views of religious truth were sound, devotional, and practical; in few men were the elements of mental and moral greatness more happily combined. His genuine piety and benevolence, his sympathy with every human interest, his consistent character and social virtues, inspired singular affection, esteem, and confidence.

"The fulfilment of his duties as a dignitary of the Church of England, partook of the strength and simplicity of his character. To the solid acquirements of the ripe scholar, he added the acuteness of the critic, the mature knowledge of the well-read Divine, and the piety of the Christian. He was indeed a living commentary of the doctrines he taught, a striking manifestation of what Christianity can accomplish on the human mind. To the rancour of religious bigotry, the pride of priestly intolerance, he was a stranger; his large soul could not contract itself into the bitterness of bigotry. In 1860 Archdeacon FREER accepted from the Grand Master of Herefordshire, the Rev. Dr. Bowles, the appointment of Deputy-Provincial Grand Master, the duties of which office he discharged with all his characteristic ardour and ability. He was a munificent contributor to the Masonic charities, and the Freemasons thoroughly appreciated the singular virtues, the self-sacrificing benevolence, the large and varied

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intellect, and the devotion to God's purposes which so eminently characterised their beloved and invaluable brother.

"The Archdeacon possessed a most refined taste, and appreciation of the fine arts; his unique collection of portraits of celebrated painters and engravers, books, fictile vases, china, and other objects of *vertu*, may be ranked among the most valuable in the kingdom.

* * * * * * *

"The poor of the parish of Bishopstone presented his widow with a silver cup, to show their gratitude for his patient and loving endeavour for their temporal and eternal welfare."

(*From the* HEREFORD TIMES, *August* 15, 1863.)

"We regret deeply to have to record in our obituary this week, the death of the deservedly esteemed and beloved Archdeacon of Hereford. The deceased gentleman, who was also prælector of the cathedral and Rector of Bishopstone-cum-Yazor, near this city, had been ill for some time. So much was his system reduced several weeks ago, while he was staying a short time at Dover, that his death was expected, and indeed a rumour that the mournful event had really occurred was spread widely through the city a fortnight ago. Dr. FREER, however, so far rallied at that time as to bear removal to Malvern, where he remained until a few days before his death. At his own request he was then removed home to the Rectory of Bishopstone; and there, amid weeping relatives and friends, he calmly yielded up his life on

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Tuesday morning last. A day or two previous, conscious that his earthly pilgrimage was nearly at an end, DR. FREER was, at his own request, taken round the spot where he had so long laboured and had spent so many useful years. The coffin is to be made by a village artizan, and the last resting-place of the body is to be a grave in the pretty churchyard of which he took so much care, and near the walls of the ancient church which he so carefully and tastefully restored. We hear that the funeral is to take place on Monday next. As to the memory which this good man has left behind him, we might sum it up in a sentence by saying that it is one to be envied. Whether as a public man, as a parish clergyman, or as a Christian gentleman, the late Archdeacon was an example. He was a good public speaker, and in politics a consistent Liberal. As Archdeacon he was enlightened, active, an excellent preacher, and always ready to aid in this and other ways his clerical brethren. His visitation charges were especially noticeable of late years for their gentle catholic spirit, high devotional tone, and earnest practical character. In the restoration and maintenance of the many interesting old churches in his Archdeaconry, he took a strong interest, and his advice was valuable, as coming from a man whose taste and knowledge of church architecture were alike good. Of the triennial music meeting he was for many years a zealous and invaluable supporter, who spared neither time, trouble, nor money, in the good work. As a parish clergyman, he was ever kind and zealous; to the poor a munificent friend, in act as well as in teaching. Indeed, the universal grief which his death has caused throughout the conjoined parishes of which for nearly thirty years he was rector, is the best testimony to his worth in that capacity. As a private gentleman he was

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singularly unaffected in his manner, a hearty lover and generous supporter of the manly sport of cricket, and a man of cordial, honest spirit. He was a good scholar, and a man of high and general mental culture. If we remember quite accurately his own remarks in conversation with ourselves, he was a native of Handsworth, near Birmingham, of which parish his father was rector, and graduated at Christ Church, Oxford. He began his clerical life as curate to his father, and was afterwards presented by his friend, the late Sir Robert Price, to the Rectory of Bishopstone. Some twelve years ago he was appointed Archdeacon of Hereford, on the resignation of the late Archdeacon Wetherell, to whom he was related. His appointment as prælector of the cathedral occurred only a few months ago, on the promotion of the Rev. W. E. Evans to the canonry, vacated by the death of the late Rev. H. H. Morgan. At the time of his lamented death he was in his fifty-eighth year."

Aug. 22.

"*Funeral of the Ven.* ARCHDEACON LANE FREER, D.D.

"The remains of the Ven. RICHARD LANE FREER, D.D., Rector of Bishopstone and Archdeacon of Hereford, were deposited in their last resting-place, on Monday afternoon last, in Bishopstone churchyard, amid the silent tears of very many, who evidently felt that a sincere friend and a kind and good Christian pastor had been taken from them. In accordance with his expressed wish the funeral was as private and unostentatious as possible, and therefore it could not be to see an imposing *cortege* and ceremony that so many of the villagers and people of the district congre-

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gated round the sacred enclosure, but to take a last look of all that remained of him whose memory, in connection with his good works and kindness of heart, will long be cherished in grateful remembrance. Those who had known him longest loved him the most, and it seems a generally expressed fear that his like will never be seen again in the Hereford archdeaconry. His demise is regarded as the most serious loss which the Church in this county has sustained for many years; but it is hoped that his good example and the enviable name he has left behind will stimulate others to walk in the same steps.

"Five o'clock was the hour named for the funeral, but an hour prior to that time the church bell tolled slowly, indicating that some one was about to be borne to his last home. It seemed difficult, however, to bring the mind to believe that, on so lovely an afternoon, when all nature looked so pleasant and inviting, whilst the waving corn fields smiled and the air seemed so balmy—it was he who had been the chief spirit in restoring the pretty church—he who had been the village pastor and friend to the poor for so many years—he who was ever ready to give temporal as well as spiritual assistance—he who was beloved by everybody, rich and poor, who had resigned his charge, and whose body was now about to be placed in the cold and silent earth in the midst of his parishioners, over very many of whom he had performed these last rites of the Church, another was now called to discharge for him. Yet so it was. The body was borne from the rectory on the shoulders of four of the labourers on the estate, and as the procession moved slowly down the pleasant walk towards the church, very many gave vent to their pent up feelings and sorrowed over their personal loss.

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"The grave was a common earth one quite shallow, and when the last portion of the service was over, the majority of those present took a last look and departed in silence.

"The coffin was made by Mr. Wm. Jones, Mansel Lacey, from oak grown on the estate. It was exceedingly well finished, the oak being beautifully polished. The furnishings were of brass, and on the breast-plate were the words 'In memory of RICHARD LANE FREER, D.D., Rector of Bishopstone and Archdeacon of Hereford. Died August 11, 1863, aged fifty-seven years.' A wreath of newly gathered flowers had also been placed on the coffin.

* * * * * * *

"In briefly sketching the life of the esteemed deceased for our last week's paper, we omitted to notice that he was the son of the Rev. Thomas Lane Freer, for thirty years Rector of Handsworth, Staffordshire, and was born in 1806. He commenced his education at Westminster School, to which he was always warmly attached, officiating as Steward of the Old Westminsters' Dinner, in 1845, and signing the memorial (1847) to Dean Buckland in favour of the continuance of the Westminster Play; his constant attendance at which was the signal for a hearty welcome, as his death will be certainly alluded to in the prologue this winter."

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IN MEMORIAM.

[THE VENERABLE RICHARD LANE FREER, D.D., ARCHDEACON OF HEREFORD AND RECTOR OF BISHOPSTONE, DIED AUGUST 11TH, 1863.]

"Where Heaven bestows a pure and liberal mind,
A conscience swayed by rectitude and love,
An earnest aim to benefit one's kind,
A heart that yearns for holy things above,
So much perfection as belongs to earth,
Doth blend with human passion, truth, and worth.
A good man shines, whate'er his birth or lot,
Joy, peace, and hope, attend his path and bed;
True piety adorns the peasant's cot,
Virtue and faith, fair chaplets crown his head;
A blameless life puts vice to open shame,
Posterity doth prize an honest name.
When called by God to grace a higher sphere,
We need his counsel,—o'er our loss repine;
Kindred and friends bedew with burning tear
The tomb which doth integrity enshrine;
The treasure gone, survivors ever know,
Time only smoothes the bitterness of woe!
A husband loved, the widowed wife doth mourn:
How many souls a guide and teacher lose!
A happy flock from zealous pastor torn,
When the dark grave o'er FREER its seal shall close:
Burst is the tie which life to life enchained,
Flawed is the urn which two fond hearts contained.
His polished manners who will soon forget?
His spotless honour none can see excelled;
His beaming face, in death for ever set,
Doth haunt our minds although its light be quelled;
The welcome voice which charmed the social board,
Its accents sweet will ne'er again afford.
That he may live in realms of bliss above,
Where angels share a bright eternal day,
Our humble prayers, could they availing prove,
His love and kindness barely can repay;
His spirit, Father, to thy mansions take,
Preserve and bless for our Redeemer's sake."

J. H. JAMES.

TEMPLE, 17*th August*, 1863.

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VOTE OF CONDOLENCE TO MRS. LANE FREER, BY THE FREEMASONS OF HEREFORDSHIRE.

(*Extracted from the* HEREFORD JOURNAL *of November* 21, 1863.)

"An unprecedentedly numerous gathering of 'the craft' assembled at Leominster on Monday, to celebrate the anniversary of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Herefordshire; but the occasion was one possessing unusual interest, from the fact that a vote of condolence would be passed in Grand Lodge to the relict of the late Right Worshipful the Deputy-Provincial Grand Master, the Venerable Archdeacon of Hereford, RICHARD LANE FREER, D.D., whose decease had caused deep grief, not only amongst the Masonic body, but throughout the diocese, in which he was revered and esteemed as it only falls to the lot of few to be. Additional interest was imparted to the meeting by the performance of a *special* musical service, including an anthem to the memory of the late D.P.G.M., composed expressly for the occasion by the Rev. Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, Bart., Professor of Music at Oxford, Precentor of Hereford Cathedral, and a distinguished Mason.

"Grand Lodge was opened in ancient and solemn form at high noon, and the Masonic brethren present comprehended not only the Masons of this and the neighbouring provinces, but from Ireland, Scotland, and India.

"THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER (Dr. Bowles, D.D., LL.D., Chaplain to the Duchess of Inverness) said: Brethren, the first duty, and it is one of the saddest which I have ever been called upon to discharge, is to condole with you on the irreparable loss we have sustained in the death of our dear brother, the Venerable Archdeacon LANE FREER, the Deputy-Grand Master of this province. The place which he has so long

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occupied at my right hand will know him no more; he will never more guide us by his counsels, or impart to us those elements of life and action with which his own noble spirit was so richly fraught. We do not estimate the strength of our attachment to any object till it is removed, and we never adequately appreciated the love of Masonry, the singular social virtues, the self-sacrificing benevolence, the large and varied intellect, and the devotion to God's purposes, which so eminently characterized our beloved and invaluable brother, till death had removed him from us. (Hear, hear.) To every duty which he performed in our Grand Lodge, he brought the accumulated force of all his powers; each was enstamped successively with the entire impress of his mind, and each was accomplished effectively because attempted determinedly and alone. In all our personal intercourse, in all our Masonic conferences and deliberations, whereon we were honoured with his society, or called to co-operate with him in Masonic objects, I am sure that the officers and brethren of every Lodge in the province will bear their united testimony, that they never remarked in him a single indication of the consciousness of his superiority, either in intellect or influence; his highest emulation was, like his Master's, to become the least of all, and the servant of all. Easy of access, unassuming in demeanour, ready to hearken to every tale of suffering, and to every petition for assistance and relief; candid, hospitable, peaceful, prudent, a munificent contributor to our Masonic charities, he continually increased in reputation and usefulness, and gained an undisputed ascendancy, while he was aiming only at the communication of happiness. (Hear, hear.) His friendship for us was cemented by our common attachment to Masonry, and his removal has pierced our hearts with deep sorrow. Nevertheless, amidst

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the gloom which has covered our Lodges as with a funeral pall, the eye of faith discerns a beam of celestial light, by which we may read inscribed on the page of Revelation, as with a sunbeam, the glorious assurance that our departed friend has passed from death into life; that he has exchanged the jewels which he wore at our last Grand Lodge for the crown of righteousness which our Divine Master has promised to all his sincere followers, and which will shine with undecaying brightness through the ages of eternity; that whilst we live amidst the frail, the limited, the changing, he lives amongst the Infinite, the Everlasting, the Immutable, the Perfect. Let our principles gain strength and energy from these reflections, let them increase the depth and clearness of our spiritual impressions; let them impel us with mingled emulation and humility to strive to follow in the track of our beloved and faithful brother; let us henceforth cherish a holy fellowship of spirit with him, in all his varieties of individual excellence, and thus practically evince our love for him who taught us by his example. (Hear, hear.)

"THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER then moved the following Address of Condolence to Mrs. LANE FREER:

"'We, the Provincial Grand Master, Officers, and Brethren of the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the Province of Herefordshire, in Grand Lodge assembled, crave permission, dear Madam, to express the deep sympathy we, in common with innumerable others, feel for you under your irreparable loss.

"'The magnitude of it none can adequately estimate but yourself; but it is consoling to reflect that you are not called to sorrow as those who have no hope; that the time of your being death-divided is short, and that those tender

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affections, matured and hallowed on earth, will soon be resumed in better and brighter worlds, where the pang of bereavement and widowhood shall no longer be felt or feared.

"'Meanwhile, as heaven is no state of inactive contemplation, or of unproductive feeling, we know that our loss is his unspeakable gain. The colour of our future existence is wholly determined by the habits and principles we carry into it; and as the mind of our departed Brother was replete with devotion and benevolence on earth, we have the comforting assurance that in an incomparably higher Order of existence it is expanded, strengthened, and refined to an inconceivable degree; employed, with energy which knows no decay, and will never end, in an ever-enlarging ministry of beneficence, in accomplishing the Universal Father's great work of spreading virtue and happiness.

"'We trust, dear Madam, that these considerations will inure your imagination to dwell less on your loss, and more on his happiness.

"'That God Himself may comfort you, and that, though you 'sow in tears' you may 'reap in joy,' is our earnest and heart-felt prayer.

"'Dated at Leominster, and sealed with the seal of the Province, the 16th day of November, 1863.

"'J. BOWLES, Provincial Grand Master.
"'C. WREN HOSKYNS, Deputy Provincial Grand Master.
"'JOHN GARDINER, Provincial Grand Secretary.'

"THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER continued as follows: It has been proposed, as you all know, to erect a memorial window in the Cathedral

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Church of Hereford, in token of the esteem and respect with which our departed brother was so generally regarded, both in the Archdeaconry and the Province of Hereford. A committee has been formed, of which I have the honour of being a member, for the purpose of carrying this intention into effect, and I anticipate, with undoubting confidence, that the members of this Grand Lodge, in which the Archdeacon held so important an office, and in which he was so much beloved, will consider it a privilege to vote from the funds of the Provincial Grand Lodge, a donation towards the erection of the Freer Memorial Window. (Applause.) A Freer Memorial Window, placed in our glorious old Cathedral, will be no fleeting testimony of our regard, but will live for ages, while future generations of Masons will gaze upon it with a reverential eye, and bid their children emulate the example of him whose worth it is designed to commemorate. Our duty is now to elect a successor to our deceased brother. If ever there was an occasion that justified the most poignant grief, it is the death of that venerated, much-loved gentleman, who so ably filled the office to which I am now (addressing the D.P.G.M. elect) about to appoint you. The remarkable combination of eminently social and high intellectual qualities, with the most fervent piety, the profound knowledge of Masonry, and the sincere attachment to its principles which distinguished the character of the late Deputy Provincial Grand Master, enhance our sense of his loss, and increase the difficulties which you have to encounter as his successor. To succeed such a man is no common distinction, and is no common responsibility. To this distinction, and to this responsibility you, very worshipful Brother, are about to succeed. I cannot, however, but feel that, in investing you with the collar of Deputy Provincial Grand Master, I am

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conferring but a doubtful benefit. The very reputation of your venerable predecessor stands in the way of your personal success. The Freemasons of this province will measure you by a standard higher than common men, and, however well you may succeed, the brightness which the Archdeacon's character throws over his memory will dazzle our vision, and our deep sorrow for the loss of so much excellence will cast a shadow over your merits. The high office of Deputy Provincial Grand Master will now pass, with all the energy which our brother, the Archdeacon, imparted to it, into your hands, and I may be permitted to assure you that, in placing you on the throne, and conferring upon you the authority of Deputy Provincial Grand Master, I am not merely gratifying my own wishes as your personal friend, but have promoted the wishes of the brethren in selecting a ripe scholar, a distinguished Mason, and a thorough English gentleman. (Applause.)

"THE DEPUTY PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER (Chandos Wren Hoskyns, Esq.) said he felt impressed with deep interest by the eloquent words he had heard fall from the Right Worshipful Grand Master, and he therefore felt it would not become him to give expression on his part to any hopes he might entertain, of being able in any way to fill up the office so recently become vacant by the death of his dear friend, Archdeacon Freer; for if ever there was an occasion which justified the deepest sorrow, it was the death of that most estimable and much-loved brother. He would therefore beg leave to present his sincere thanks to the Right Worshipful the Provincial Grand Master, and the brethren assembled, for the reception he had met with, and assure them that his endeavours would be directed to fulfilling the duties to which he had been chosen, in such a manner as in some measure to be worthy of the merits of

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the deeply-lamented brother who had so lately filled it. (Hear, hear.)

"The labours of the day being ended, the brethren retired for refreshment. Letters regretting unavoidable absence were read from Lord Leigh, Sir Watkins Williams Wynne, the Hon. Colonel Cotton, and others.

"After the banquet, the loyal and Masonic toasts were honoured, and

"THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER said: Brethren,—I now rise to ask you to assist me in offering our tribute of mingled veneration and attachment to the memory of your late Deputy Provincial Grand Master, the Venerable Archdeacon LANE FREER. How zealously he laboured in the duties of that office you need not be told, and you all realize the conviction that the singular affection, esteem, and confidence which he inspired were such as it has been given to few to enjoy. (Hear, hear.) I do but echo the sentiments of the Freemasons of Herefordshire, when I affirm that we all feel his loss as a personal bereavement. (Hear, hear.) He lived in the hearts of his friends; he died amidst general, deep, and unaffected lamentations, and he has left to us his example as our most precious inheritance. (Hear, hear.) Let us bow our heads with filial reverence and trust to the will of our Heavenly Father, and let us hallow the Archdeacon's memory by copying his example. (The toast was pledged in deep silence, and the honours of the craft, led by the Right Worshipful Deputy Provincial Grand Master, given with slow and solemn impressiveness.)

"The Funeral Anthem was then rendered with great feeling, by Sir Frederick Ouseley, and the gentlemen from St. Michael's College, Tenbury:

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"FUNERAL ANTHEM.—'Let tears fall down over the dead.'—*Sir F. G. Ouseley.*

RECITATIVE.

"'Let tears fall down over the dead, and begin to lament, weep bitterly, and make great moan, and use lamentation, as he is worthy.'

TRIO.

"'For he sought the good of the Brethren in such wise as that evermore his authority and honour pleased them well.'

SOLO.

"'So that his honourable name was renowned unto the ends of the country, yet did he do justly, and loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God.'

SOLO.

"'Therefore was he honoured in his generation, and was the glory of his times. He has left a name behind him that his praises should be reported. His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore.'

"The Right Worshipful the DEPUTY PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER having given the toast of the Provincial Grand Master, Dr. Bowles, in the course of his reply, said: I also thank my honourable friend and brother, the Right Worshipful the Deputy Grand Master, for the singularly high, but, alas! unmerited compliments with which his most eloquent and ever-ready tongue introduced the toast. (Applause) He will not deem me ungrateful if in return for so much kindness, the dictates of a full heart irrepressibly send to my lips the utterance of my deep sorrow that the place at my right hand is no longer filled by one who was so singularly dear to all of us, and whose memory is embalmed in our tenderest recollections. (Great Masonic feeling.) Suffer me on this, the first occasion of our meeting at this board since his lamented death, to offer a humble tribute of affectionate regard to his memory. It was my privilege to possess a large share in the esteem and affection

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of the late Deputy Provincial Grand Master, and the recollections of him are inscribed on my heart in characters which nothing less than the shadow of death itself can extinguish. (Hear, hear.) Masonry approved itself to his calmest reason, and nothing but a deep and deliberate conviction of its importance induced him to take a foremost place in our ranks. (Hear, hear.) He was a Mason not from the mere energy of momentary impulse, but from the steady perseverance of a manly mind intent on benevolent objects, and conversant with noble principles. His love of the Brotherhood sprung from his deep sympathy with his fellow-men. (Great applause.) His affections were warm and sympathetic, and his attachments as unalterable as they were sincere; he was ever ready with his kind offices, and would spare no cost or self-denying labour in his person to confer a favour or avert an injury. (Protracted applause.) His integrity might be searched and tested by sunlight; he never betrayed a truth, never deserted a friend, and where best known he was best loved. (Hear, hear, and prolonged applause.) That his removal should have produced a regret so universal and so deep, is a touching homage to his character, and a practical demonstration of the power it exerted over his fellow-men. (Applause.) Amongst the Freemasons of Herefordshire his name will be held in everlasting remembrance. (Hear, hear.) Of his character as a dignitary of the Church of England, and of the manner in which he discharged the duties of his archdeaconship, it is not, perhaps, necessary that I should here speak; yet, as one intimately acquainted with his opinions, I may, perhaps, be permitted to say that the fulfilment of his duties partook of the strength and simplicity of his character. To the solid acquirements of the ripe scholar, he added the acuteness of the critic, the mature knowledge of the well-read

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divine, and the piety of the Christian. (Applause.) He was, indeed, a living commentary of the doctrines he taught, a striking manifestation of what Christianity can accomplish in the human mind. (Applause.) The light within so penetrated the earthen vessel that enshrined it, that 'his profiting appeared unto all men.' Surely the ties created by friendship with such a man must be eternal. (Applause.) It might also be added, that it never entered his thoughts that religion was an enemy to the innocent pleasures and social endearments of private life, while his regard for the Deity rendered them subservient to piety by the gratitude they inspired, and the conviction which they deepened of the divine benignity. To the rancour of religious bigotry, the pride of priestly intolerance, he was a stranger: his large soul could not contract itself into the littleness of bigotry. (Loud applause.) He is gone to his reward, but he is not wholly gone; the principle of thought does not die with the body, and a better world has heightened, not extinguished, his affection for his Masonic brethren; neither is he gone in influence, for his example remains, and his principles will long be confessed and felt in the Masonic Lodges of this province, in all the force of a living and visible reality. Even to us then he lives—lives more emphatically, and in a far higher meaning of the word, than ere he died. (Great applause.) My emotions, then, are not altogether sad, although the eloquent tongue which charmed us is mute, and the generous and expansive heart which warmed us is mouldering in the grave. If, as I believe, the perfection of happiness is the perfection of life, my dear friend, ARCHDEACON FREER, died to live. It was moreover needful that he should die, in order that his character might produce its full effect; a light beams from his virtues, and throws a radiance over the grave in Bishopstone churchyard. He

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had fulfilled his mission of philanthropy among mortals, and his grave was but the gate of that higher life where he has begun a career of excellence which will never end. (Continued applause.) He is now charged with a higher mission, endued with new power of enjoying the beauty and grandeur of the universe, allied to the noblest works of benevolence, continually discovering new mysteries of the Creator's power and goodness, and seeing the universal Father with a new light in all his works. (Applause.) He has left the brethren of this lodge, to associate with the elder brethren of the creation, the Sons of the Morning, the great and good of all ages and climes, with all who have walked before God in the beauty of self-sacrificing virtue, and with them he will fill up the succession of ages in the glorious and immortal work of doing good. (Great applause.) The death of such a man diminishes the sensible remoteness of that happier world to which we hope hereafter to ascend, and blends the remembrance and the emulation of his virtues with the animating consciousness that he is the observer of our conflict, and that, if we obey God's commandments, our departed friend shall, in a very little time, come forth to greet us on our entrance into the heavenly Lodge, and renew that friendship which, having virtue and religion for its basis, will survive all human ties, outlive the habitable globe, and form in all probability, the principal happiness of the blessed. (Applause.) Brethren, I beg in conclusion to give you the health of my honourable friend, your new Deputy Provincial Grand Master. (Cheers.) He has a mind of great penetration, amplitude, and energy, and I am sure you will unite with me in an earnest prayer that he may be spared many years to emulate the example of his predecessor, to build you up in the principles of Masonry, and to strengthen and emulate that

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that sacred and blessed bond of brotherhood which joins Masons to one another. (Protracted cheering.)

THE DEPUTY PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER, in reply, said: Right Worshipful Sir and Brethren,—I do indeed feel that the occasion on which I have now to address you is one surrounded by the greatest difficulty I ever experienced. In venturing to respond to the toast, which includes as part of it my own health, I feel as if profound silence would be the best respect that I could pay to the memory that is included in the toast. I feel as if the tribute I have to pay to one who is gone from amongst us superseded so entirely any words I can address to you upon my own part, that it is not easy to take even the encouragement which one generation is allowed to take from another that is gone by, and to hope that the future may bud forth from the sowing of the best seed in the character of him who has been taken from us. (Applause.) I think, if ever there was a character which—from many peculiar qualities especially his own—was calculated to illustrate what Masonry is in the human character, it was that of our venerable brother so recently removed from us, and whom I am elected unworthily to succeed. I speak in these terms because there was mixed up with his humanity a *bonhommie* —if I may be allowed the use of a foreign word on this occasion—a kindness of heart that extended to every one around him, that made every one sitting in his immediate neighbourhood happy—that made every one who gazed upon his features feel that he was the particularly-favoured individual who had the honour and gratification of his special friendship. (Hear, hear.) I have known that feeling to pervade an assembly at which he was present. I knew it very recently, on renewing that acquaintance with him in Herefordshire which had begun

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in Warwickshire. (Applause.) The thought that our inestimable brother should have been so suddenly removed, and that I should come here and so immediately —before a few months had passed—find myself painfully occupied in trying to fill the position that so lately absorbed so much of his attention, almost overwhelms me! Indeed, you must allow me to hope that this expression of painful regret at his removal, and the desire that surges in my own heart, will lead me to do justice to his memory by imitating the noble example he has set us. (Applause.) You must allow me to express, on my own part, the determination I have formed, to do all that in my power lies to carry out the objects of this appointment, if possible, so far as I am able; and which have been so powerfully set before us by the eloquence with which his character has been to-day, and this evening portrayed by the Right Worshipful the Provincial Grand Master. (Great applause.) I may, perhaps, on my own part, express a hope that he may still live amongst us by the benefit he conferred upon all, and by the benefits which all good Masons who have gone before, by their example, confer upon those who come after them. (Applause.) I am not using the mere language of promise or hope in saying this. I have indeed at heart the cause of Masonry in the province of Herefordshire; and I should be delighted to see it stand high amongst the provinces in England. I do trust that a little circumstance that lately occurred in a neighbouring province, and of which the Worshipful Master is cognizant, is calculated to give a fillip to our pride and feeling, and induce the brethren of Herefordshire to strive more fully to realize and carry out the objects of Masonry. (Cheers.) Brethren, Masonry is one of those human pursuits and studies which are closely allied to something higher than human; but it is true of each of

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those—I may go farther, and say so even of Christianity itself—that it may be made something, or it may be made nothing of, according to the mode in which it is developed and carried out. (Hear, and applause.) If Masonry in the provinces ends in nothing but gathering us together in the mere form of a Lodge, in rushing to banquets, and becoming a source of conviviality; if, I say, it is sought as a means of temporary amusement and temporary gratification, let me assure you that its objects have been overlooked, and that wherever such has been or is the case, the character of Masonry and of Masons stands comparatively low. (Hear, hear.) Let me assure you that any self-denial we may be called upon to make will tell with wondrous effect out of doors. It is with Masonry as with life—the banquet is a part of its ceremonies. Social qualities are a part of our Masonic formulæ; the capacity not only to enjoy oneself, but to promote the enjoyment of others, is a specific part of Masonry; and therefore a Lodge is not really closed when the banquet is begun—although the duties of Lodge are primary—but continues as long as the banquet continues. If, then, there is one thing more than another that shows an extreme capacity for promoting our own enjoyment, and the enjoyment of others, it is Masonry, in its peremptory and severe prevention of anything approaching to excess. In this respect our deceased brother was indeed a great exemplar to the Masons of the province of Herefordshire. (Loud applause.) It is not that I wish to attempt by the exercise of mere power, but by a loving exercise of Masonic rule, to endeavour to promote as far as I can this principle which I believe to be almost the *crux*, as it may be called, in Masonry. We know how far the promotion of mutual enjoyment should go, without transgressing over the line which leads from enjoyment to excess. I feel there

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is not one brother present who will not gladly aid me in the pursuit of those objects we should seek to obtain, and who will not support and assist me in the discharge of those duties which will devolve upon me in the discharge of the duties of the position to which I have been chosen this day. (Hear, hear.) This Lodge, I am delighted to hear, has carefully progressed with that object, and I believe that all the Lodges in the province of Herefordshire will follow in that path, and endeavour to accomplish the high and noble objects of Masonry. (Hear, hear.) It is not, as many outsiders believe, a thing to be despised, but one that may be said to combine all the most valuable part of the philosophy of the Pagan as of the Jewish and general world in olden times. It would be difficult to explain the arrival at the great truths of geometry; but far more difficult would it be to explain the great truths which connect the great Geometrician of the Universe with the great moral principles which have prevailed in all times, not only amongst the highest order of His creatures, but amongst every nation of the world. In Egypt, Greece, Rome, in Judah—nay, in a nation older than Judah—amongst the shepherd kings of the East (who were a terror to the Egyptians, who were the great conquerors of the great primeval kingdom), in every nation of the world of which we have report—there was "a secret." Now at this very day it is a sort of reproach to Masons that they have a secret. The outer world says, "We do not like you, because you have a secret." I say, however, that it is not true. Some will be surprised to hear me say so, but I repeat that in the sense in which they mean it, it is not true. They mean that we have something we will not tell; but that is not the case. We will tell it to anyone who will entitle himself to receive it. (Hear, and loud applause.) It was true of the great

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Eleusinian mysteries; it was true of the Priests of Egypt, of those of Thebes, as also of the Jews. If it was not asked for, it was not given; if the outer world would not knock, the door was not opened; if the uninitiated did not ask, it was not pressed upon them. If, however, they chose to prepare for the reception of the truths of Masonry, they were not withheld from them. Therefore there is no secret in the sense in which the world (or those who despise Masonry, because they do not know it) understands the term. (Cheers.) Masonry is like a truth—progressive, and those who have thrust the deepest into the science admire it most. (Cheers.) [The D.P.G.M. concluded, amidst much applause, an admirable speech, by again acknowledging, with thanks, the toasts, and assuring the brethren that he would do all that lay in his power to fill up the hiatus left in the Masonic ranks by the lamented decease of the brother who had been taken away from us.]

BROTHER SIR FREDERICK OUSELEY having replied to the toast of his health,

BROTHER CAPTAIN PEYTON, in acknowledging the toast of "the Past and Present Grand Officers," said: An all-wise Providence had been pleased to remove from amongst us a dearly beloved brother, on whose life we have just heard a most touching eulogy. I could not find myself in this chair without thinking upon the sad event which has passed before us, but still lives in our memories. It would ill become me to say more after the eloquent speeches from the Provincial Grand Master, and the Deputy Provincial Grand Master. I may, however, be permitted to seize upon this opportunity to pay my humble tribute to the worth of the excellent brother whose kindness of heart we shall ever bear in our memories. Brother Peyton proceeded to quote some striking words that fell glowing from the lips of the

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late Deputy Grand Master (given in another portion of this work) which he regarded as a truthful commentary upon the principles of Freemasonry, and which Masons could not do better than endeavour, upon every occasion, to show their appreciation of by carrying out as their venerable brother did, not simply in theory, but in practice. (Hear, hear.) As the Archdeacon truly said, "The outer world might doubtless wonder when they saw men of eminence, of scholarship, and position, put on aprons as entered apprentices, but that wonder ceased when they saw the philosophy, the beauty, and the religion which there is in Masonry."

BROTHER BARBER, in responding to the same toast, said: We have all heard a great deal about the loss this province has sustained by the death of Brother FREER, and, perhaps, you would allow me, as representing a neighbouring province, to say that the good report of his exemplary conduct is not confined to the narrow sphere in which he moved, and that I sincerely condole with you in your grief at the loss that has come upon you by the death of that brother, whose reputation assured me that he was not only a good man, but a good Mason; whose deeds of benevolence were not confined to his own parish, or his own province, but had spread their sweet savour over the whole Masonic world; like good seed, fructifying wherever it fell, and bearing ample fruit for the future. (Cheers.)

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EXTRACTS OF SPEECHES,

&c. &c.

BY THE ARCHDEACON.

ADDRESS TO THE APPRENTICES OF THE HEREFORDSHIRE SOCIETY.

May, 1852.

I HAVE been requested to address a few words to you upon the present interesting occasion; I do so with the most sincere pleasure, and with the earnest hopes that my remarks may be remembered by you, and at some day be of real use to you. You are now for the most part placed in positions of life where your own dispositions and tendencies will have greater freedom than they have hitherto possessed; though placed with masters whom you are bound both by law and principle, and, I hope, affection, to obey, still you will want, to some extent, the restraint of home—the eye of Father and Mother, and the watchful regard they have ever had over you. Let me entreat you to remember that there is the Eye of one Parent, our Father which is in Heaven, which is ever over you; from whom no secrets are hid, who whilst He sees your failings and your errors, knows also your weaknesses and your wants, and is ever ready to stretch forth His hand to help and save you. Removed from earthly parents, your Heavenly One is ever

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with you: forsake Him not, and He will never forsake you. Beware of irreligion; think it not manly and brave to sneer at sacred things; to neglect your place of worship; and spend the hours which should be devoted to the public service of your Maker, in dissipation and folly. Believe me, if you do so now, the time will come when you will bitterly repent a mis-spent youth, or what is worse, you may be cut off in the midst of it, as corn blasted before it is grown up; and where will you be then? But I will not speak to you, my young friends, as if I had fears for you. I will rather address you, as I really am, full of hope for you; hope for your advancement, your comfort here; hopes for your eternal happiness hereafter. And now let me add one word to you upon your start and progress in life. Cultivate truth—truth to your Maker, your fellow-creatures, workmen, to everyone around you—truth to yourselves; speak the truth, act the truth, think the truth. This one quality will stand you in the place of shining abilities, and even ready skill. A master had rather have one on whom he can depend; one of whom he can say, "His word is truth;" one who never deceived him; one who would not deceive him, than the sharpest and most clever youth whom he cannot trust, and whose word is no safeguard for his conduct. Follow up truth, and this one quality will serve you all your life, and will stand your friend when all other things fail; for truth will never fail; it will give you the respect of men, the satisfaction of your own hearts, and above all, the approbation of your Maker. Some of you I may never see again; others, by God's blessing, I may hope to meet on another occasion; may you all go on prospering in your several avocations; may you acquire skill and knowledge in your trades; but as my parting words, I entreat you to remember that "the beginning of wisdom" is the "fear of God."

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THE JUBILEE OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

April 11th, 1853.

The grand motive for exertion in every Christian cause is that contained in the words of St. John, "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

We are not to live for ourselves alone; little as the world thinks of it, I maintain that selfishness is iniquity. If it were not iniquity to regard ourselves alone—to say that we have done no harm, while we have done no good, to our fellow-creatures; if we have not cared for their souls, and attempted to benefit them whenever an opportunity has presented itself (and opportunities of some kind or other occur to every one)—if this were not iniquity, what was the meaning of the parable of the dried-up and barren fig-tree in the Gospel? why do we read of the torments which the rich man suffered, when the worst that was said of him was "that he fared sumptuously every day, and was clothed in purple and fine linen?" These things were surely put on record to teach us that we ought not to live for ourselves alone, but that we must care for our brethren; and if we are to care for them, that immortal part which is to live for ever is that which is most worthy of our anxiety and attention.

At the judgment seat of Almighty God, not only what we have done amiss, but what we have neglected to do which we might have done, will be set in array against us.

THE HEREFORD AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY.

September 12th, 1853.

The very name of the Bible Society sufficiently indicates its objects. The circulation of God's Holy Word

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is the broad and common ground upon which all Christians —all those, at least, who found their religion in the Bible— can meet and work together with cordiality and good feeling. Surely, when we remember that there is but one heaven to which we all hope to go, and that it is with those whom we meet on earth that eternity is to be passed, it must be a source of satisfaction to join our fellow-labourers, and, as far as possible, be companions along the road with those with whom we are to live for ever.

May God's blessing, then, rest upon this Society, and more especially may He prosper our work this day! That the blessing of God has rested upon the Society no one can doubt. When we look at its early origin, and remember that it was from a simple-minded Clergyman, in a comparatively obscure district, whose first thought was merely supplying Bibles to poor, illiterate Welshmen, who were unable to understand the English language, that this mighty Society originated, we can indeed say, "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." When we look upon the small germ from which has sprung a Society so flourishing as this, may we not compare it with the grain of mustard seed, "which is indeed the least of all seeds, but when it is grown is the greatest among herbs." May we not also hope that, like the leaven which the woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened, so this Society may flourish and increase until the darkest corners of the earth are enlightened by God's Holy Word, and ignorance and misery are banished by the leaven of eternal truth.

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DIOCESAN EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.

January, 1854.

I have the satisfaction of stating—and I do so not for my own glorification, but for the information of those here assembled,—that the School of which I have the pleasure of being the promoter, situate at no great distance from Hereford, has answered remarkably well. I have been fortunate enough to secure the services of an able master, and the result has been satisfactory beyond my warmest anticipations. There are in it not only the children of labourers, but the children of farmers; and I do not think there is a farmer within the three united parishes who sends his child to any other school; and yesterday, a respectable solicitor, living in the neighbourhood, asked me if he might send his son to be educated in my parish school. These things are, of course, highly gratifying to the master, to myself, to the promoters of the School, as I am sure they will be to the Association at large. I now feel myself called upon shortly to advert to the great hindrances and drawbacks to education in this county at the present moment. These difficulties arise from the comparative smallness of the population, added to the poverty of the people. With regard to the population, I do not know that, in point of number, it is likely materially to increase; for, in many of the parishes, as shown by the last census, the increase during the last ten years has been in a very small ratio. We must look to other means to remedy this defect—such, for instance, as a greater application of machinery and steam-power. I should be glad to see machinery introduced to a much greater extent than at present, and steam-power more generally applied to thresh-

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ing machines, sawing engines, and other works which are now performed by hand. I had the pleasure of staying, a few days ago, at the house of a gentleman in Worcestershire, who had a machine at work which would thresh a sack of five bushels of wheat, winnow it, and fill the sack, in the short space of ten minutes. This would occupy a labourer for nearly two days, and of course it set a proportionate number of hands at liberty. When more machines of this kind are introduced into Herefordshire, and hard labour is less in request, we shall not have to witness the degrading sight—for it is degrading—of women labouring in the fields doing men's work. Truly, the Almighty said, "Man shall live by the sweat of his brow," but, if a man does work, he ought to have such means of livelihood that his wife would be enabled to stay at home; for I am sure I shall be borne out in saying that a married woman with a family has plenty to do to look after her house, her husband and children, without going into the fields to work. It is degrading that they should be obliged to do so.

This brings me to the other point—the poverty of the people. It is the thinness of the population which makes every hand so valuable that it is almost impossible for a poor man or woman to refuse to allow their children to go and work when a neighbouring farmer summons them. For this reason the children could not be regular in their attendance at school, and thus the large and handsome boon held out by Government to those schools where the children attended regularly would be of little use in this district, there being few schools which could command a sufficient regular attendance to secure the grant. It was really preposterous to go into a cottage and find a man getting *7s.*, *7s. 6d.*, or *8s.* a week, with wheat at *12s.* or *13s.* per bushel, and then talk to him about educating his

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children. It is mere mockery to talk to starving people about education. I do not wish to express myself in a manner which might be derogatory to the kindness shown by the landowners, clergy, and other benevolent persons, in their various localities, because I know the charities of this county are extremely large. A vast deal is given away by kind and excellent people—much that we do, more that we do not, hear of,—but there are large tracts where there are no resident landlords, and where there can be no resident clergy, from the extreme smallness of the living; and when we reflect upon the state of the people who do not labour under these disadvantages, we may easily imagine that their less fortunate neighbours are ground down to the very dirt, and compelled to eke out a miserable existence upon the pittance which I have described. And then we talk to them of education! Look, again, at the wretched dwellings in which they are brought up. I do not know how such a thing would work in a rural district, but nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see a Society formed for improving the dwellings of the poor. Good landlords and good masters do provide suitable dwellings for their labourers, but still the great majority are lodged in places which no man who had a horse he valued at £20 would put it into. We are, in fact, talking of educating men living in such a state of degradation and wretchedness, that the advancement of the mind, the cultivation of the intellect, the elevation of their moral condition, is utterly impossible.

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MISSIONARY MEETING.

May 15th, 1854.

At a time when the minds of men are for the most part filled with far different subjects—when as a nation we are thinking of arms, and troops, and munitions of war—it is to me a most gratifying circumstance that so many citizens of Hereford have set their minds on a nobler warfare, and on sending forth brave Christian soldiers to fight the battles of the Cross, whilst they at the same time join with their fellow-countrymen in praying for the blessing of the Almighty upon those earthly arms which we have been compelled to take up in defence of humanity and civilisation. One suggestion I would venture to offer under the circumstances of the times: There are perhaps none, or at least very few, who will not soon feel, if they have not already felt, a pressure upon their finances to some considerable extent, caused by the exigencies of the war into which we have been forced. There are few, perhaps, who will not find it expedient or necessary to make retrenchments; and what I would say is this: Let not your retrenchment be in your charities; let it not be in those sums you have hitherto wisely, and most wisely, devoted to the cause of God, and to God's poor. I would remind you that the barrel of meal and the cruise of oil, shared with the servant of God by the widow of Sarepta, neither failed nor wasted; and, though miracles must not be expected for the increase of our earthly substance, only let a man pray with faith, nothing wavering, and God will grant him that which will enable him to lay aside earthly comforts and vanities without regret. He will grant him a contented spirit, and teach him that most blessed of all earthly lessons,—in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content.

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

September 11th, 1854.

The meeting of a Bible Society appears to me (if I may be allowed reverently to draw the simile), the assemblage of combined armies to meet a common foe: it is the field on which the various forces are united in solemn review before one Almighty commander, to adore His majesty and implore His blessing; to take sweet counsel as friends, and embrace as brethren; and then to go forth in the strength of that blessing from on high, and the consolations of human love, each in his own hand to combat against a mighty and universal adversary. One God, one Lord and Saviour, is acknowledged by us all; one object employs us all,—the winning of souls to Him; one enemy is opposed by us all,—the great enemy of God and man; and may we not venture to hope that He who bid us love one another and follow His footsteps—He who died upon the cross, not for one nation or for one time, but for all mankind, and even to the end of the world,—may we not hope that He will look down with favour and approbation upon this our union; that the very angels in heaven will rejoice to see the love their Lord and ours inculcated not quite extinct, and that the blessing of the Almighty will rest upon our united exertions to serve Him and extend His kingdom upon earth? To the cold, and worldly-minded, and indifferent, a meeting like the present may seem strange and unaccountable,—alas! to some even an object of their ridicule. Yet it will not have been without its lesson. "See," exclaimed the heathen of old, when they beheld, amongst the early Christians, parents, children, friends offering up their lives for one another, "See how

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these Christians love one another!" There was something in this self-devotion they could not understand, some secret spring which they could not discern, but which they were compelled to acknowledge and admire. So, by God's blessing, the unthinking and the careless, while they wonder, may confess that there is even here something more than meets the eye or the ear, or than has hitherto touched their hearts. That great principle, which as yet they feel not, is the love of God, and the love of man because God has loved us. This it is which ranges us all under the banner of our Lord and Saviour. Under that self-same banner we all fight, and it bears the motto, *Magna est veritas, et prevalibet*—"Great is truth, and it shall prevail." God's word is truth, and that truth shall overcome every obstacle. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's word shall not pass away." O that we may be instruments of spreading that blessed truth! O that, whatever minor differences may exist among us, we may live in love and brotherly peace one with another, and join heart and hand in the spreading God's truth as we find it in His blessed book, the furtherance of His kingdom upon earth, and the subjugation of His enemies! O may we all so live here as to meet together hereafter in the realms of eternal peace and love!

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE JEWS.

October 2nd, 1854.

Surely, there can be no tenderer objects of solicitude and commiseration to Christians than those Sons of Israel who were once, as it were, the first-born in the parental care of our Heavenly Father. Whilst to the Jews the

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eternal God was known chiefly for His power, to us He has been revealed as a God of love; whilst before them was placed the law in all its severity, to us was given the Gospel of love and peace. Not only have we been allowed to share in "the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table," but we ourselves have been placed at the very board, and made partakers of the heavenly banquet. Through their unbelief, the natural branches were broken off, and we were grafted in; but if they continue not in their unbelief, they also will be grafted in, for God is able to do this. I would therefore urge my hearers to join in God's own work of restoring His fallen people. The Gospel was first preached to us by Jewish converts, and let us endeavour to return that which we received from them, taking heed, since God spared not the natural branches, lest He spare not us also.

OPENING OF THE HEREFORD, ROSS, AND GLOUCESTER RAILROAD.

December 4th, 1854.

While performing our duties as Clergymen, we ought not to forget our privileges as citizens, and amongst those privileges there are none greater than that of sympathising upon all proper occasions with our neighbours and friends around us.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

December 15th, 1854.

It is enough for us to know that the war has commenced, that the war still rages with all its horrors. "*Nec spes pacis adhuc necdum exsaturata rapinis effera Bellatrix furore expleta cruore.*" It is enough for us to know that there are

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thousands of brave men who have left our shores, and left all that is near and dear to them behind, to do their country's bidding, and to fight her battles; it is enough for us to know that hundreds have already perished on the banks of Alma, on the heights of Balaclava, or in the trenches of Sebastopol; that hundreds have fallen victims to the mysterious pestilence, and that hundreds more will never see their homes again, and that those they have left behind them, widows and orphans dear to them as our own wives and children, must pine in want and hopeless woe, without our timely aid; I say it is enough for us to know these things, to summon up the blood of Englishmen to the right place, to make their hearts burn with generous feelings, and to make their hands the ready instruments of the liberality their hearts dictate. The Sovereign and the Peer, the mechanic and the cottager, are all uniting, all willingly taxing themselves, many offering up, not only their luxuries and comforts, but a portion of their hard-earned daily bread, in this holy cause. And shall our county linger? Shall the men of Herefordshire hold back? Shall we, whom the Almighty has blessed at all times with perhaps a greater share of His beneficence than any other portion of our land, and has so lately enriched with a harvest of unusual abundance—shall we be the last in the race of charity? Shall we be niggardly in dispensing the oil and wine of love and mercy to our fellow-creatures? My friends, I answer for you emphatically, No! I say that you will be active and forward in this grand work, that you will do credit to your county, and emulate the noble example which has been given you. I say that the daughters of Herefordshire would blush for their husbands and brothers if they were slow to join in so charitable an undertaking. Men of Herefordshire, we who are ministers

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of the God of peace; we who preach peace, and, I hope, love peace, and utterly hate the horrors of war, exhort you to succour the sufferers from war. Oh, we who have all need of mercy at the last great day, let us be merciful to others after our power, and let us give, not grudgingly or of necessity, for remember that God loveth a cheerful giver.

ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

December 19th, 1854.

We know that instances—alas! too many—within the present century, have occurred, wherein life has been forfeited, and it has been afterwards clearly proved that an innocent man had been executed. The very thought of such a thing is frightful, is tremendous. I know not what the feelings of other men may be, but to my own mind, it were far better that a hundred guilty persons should escape than that one innocent man should suffer that degrading and dreadful punishment.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

September 17th, 1855.

I fully concur in the remark that war is a most hateful evil, and one most dreadful for a Christian to contemplate; yet is there consolation to be derived from this under the circumstances, for I believe that never did soldiers or sailors leave this land, to go forth to perform what they conceived to be their duty, so deeply imbued with the spirit of Christianity as those brave fellows who are now fighting the battles of their country, of freedom, and of civilisation. How much, indeed, may be gathered even from the letters

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we have seen in the newspapers, not only from officers, but from private soldiers, most of them breathing a spirit of deep Christian fervour. It has been permitted me a short time ago to peruse a letter written by a fine young man just turned sixteen years of age, the night before the first attack upon the Malakhoff. He was the darling of his family—a lad of promise; yea, of much greater promise than was usually met with in soldiers of experience and of greater age. That young man said in the letter referred to: "I am now about to take a little rest, to prepare me for the morrow. If I return home, I shall have much to tell; if it is God's pleasure that I should fall, may His will be done. This it is (referring to his trust in God and his Bible) that makes me so brave!" The very same post which brought this letter also conveyed the melancholy intelligence of his death. Such things are the best arguments that can be advanced for the circulation of the Bible.

MEETINGS OF EDUCATION.

PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, AND PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL SOCIETIES.

November 6th, 1855.

Acknowledging, and that most cordially, with every member of our faith, that one of the most valuable offices, and at the same time an accredited mark of a true Church, is its missionary labours in the conversion of the heathen, and the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts; still, it must never be forgotten that there are home duties and home missions, so to speak, which demand our constant care, and towards the fulfilment of which our exertions can never be misplaced. The present has been called the

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period of intelligence; and in some sense it is so,—doubtless, there are more persons that can read and write than in former ages, and there is also more floating knowledge on all subjects in existence than formerly; but I will ask, is the knowledge of God and His laws, His creating and protecting power, His redeeming love, His sanctifying grace, at all commensurate with this knowledge which the world esteems? And if not, how little have we to boast ourselves in the progress of real education!

> "What though I trace each herb and flower
> That drinks the morning dew,
> Did I not own Jehovah's power,
> How vain were all I knew!"

A futile attempt to cherish the blossom while they neglected the root. Few—alas! very few—are the districts in our own land which have not their "dark nooks and corners." The rural population contain amongst them families in which God's blessed word is never read,—His holy name never uttered, save in blasphemy and drunken frenzy; while the cities and towns notoriously abound with filthy streets and gloomy, crowded alleys, the abodes of misery and vice and crime, in their most abhorrent forms. Is there no need of knowledge here? And I believe that the Augean stable of visible and tangible filth must be cleaned out, before the moral one can be reached; the receptacles of squalid misery and detestable crime must be themselves reformed and cleansed, before the blessed word of God, the Holy Bible—which the Protestant Church throughout the world offered with both hands, without price—will gain an entrance. In an atmosphere too foul for decency to exist in, religion can never live. I venture to make an appeal to the landed proprietors of this county, to all who possess cottages and small houses occupied by

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the poor, to provide in them *decent* accommodation; that the sexes may have separate sleeping rooms, and not, as now is too frequently the case, the married and the single, the father and mother, and children of all ages, be compelled to occupy the same apartment, and often the same bed. Under such circumstances, it is utterly impossible to Christianize or educate the inhabitants. And I will say that those who most effectually improve the dwellings of the working classes will most materially serve towards the "Promotion of Christian Knowledge."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

May, 1856.

I hail the auspicious day which again assembles us together. It is, indeed, refreshing and most grateful, amid the daily toil and business of life, and amidst the jars that are inseparable from it, to be permitted, if only at intervals, to join our brethren in the Lord, to forget where we differ, and remembering only where we agree, to unite with willing and glad hearts about our Father's work. We are not met to discuss nice points of abstruse theology, or schemes or theories which, however wholesome or true, have little bearing upon the heart; but we are here as asserting that which we all agree upon,—our firm belief in the Bible as the inspired Word of God, the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, conveying hope, and faith, and love, "whereby alone we can obtain remission of our sins, and be made partakers of the kingdom of heaven." This is what we declare, and we wish to evince our belief in what we thus declare, by carrying its purpose into effect, by freely communicating and spreading far and wide, as much as in us lies. over "the compass of the earth" and

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amidst "them that dwell therein," that which we affirm to be the greatest blessing given to man upon earth, the knowledge of God, the saving grace of Christ, as revealed in Holy Scripture. In this country, God be praised and blessed for it, the Bible is no rare book; it is to be purchased almost without money and for no price; and few that desire to have, lack it; and perhaps it is, therefore, from its very cheapness that we do not, as we might, realize its value. But, suppose it otherwise; suppose it a rare book, scarcely to be procured, or which we dared not possess, and might not open, Oh! how anxious should we be for such a treasure! how eager to hear the Word of Life from those who would impart it! how anxious to slake our thirst, if only at intervals, at the fountain of Inspiration! But suppose there to be no Bible in the land, and never had been a Bible in the land, how should we be then? We can best answer this question by looking at those unhappy nations on whom, indeed, the material sun shines in all its splendour, but on whom the "Sun of righteousness" has not yet risen, and who still "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," trembling savages, full of fear, without hope. Let us think of such things, and we shall know something of the value of a Bible—of the power of Christianity.

You have heard lately a good deal, and that even within the walls of Parliament, of the advantages to be derived from a new translation of the Bible. I doubt those advantages. I believe that such a proceeding would be a serious evil. I am ready to admit there may be, here and there, verbal and grammatical errors or inaccuracies, and I have no doubt that a careful and judicious revision might render many passages clear which are now obscure; but, for the sake of this, is it worth while to tamper with

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that which all now hold most sacred; to say the Bible you have is not the real Bible; you should have the *new* one? Are we to have a *new* Bible and an *old* Bible—a true one and a false one? And again, who are to be called on to effect this translation? I doubt very much whether my reverend friends around me, even agreeing as they do to respect and circulate the Bible as it is, if they came to a fresh translation and new version of it, would not find passages as to the rendering of which they would not agree; and God only knows how many more mistakes might be made than remedied. I believe the experiment would be in every respect a dangerous one. Let us rest satisfied with the Word of God as we have it in the authorized version set forth in this country; and if we needs must alter it into subleties and nice points of scholarship, better go to the learned and the erudite, who are well versed in the original tongues, and we shall obtain the information we desire, and have our doubts cleared up without hazarding, and perhaps shipwrecking, the faith of millions now anchored on their Bibles. I will now make way for those who will speak to you of your Society; who will gladden your hearts with accounts of its progress; who will tell you "how mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed," and how all things work together for that blessed and final consummation, when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY AMONGST THE JEWS.

October, 1856.

The objects of the Society will, upon consideration, be found to be those of the deepest interest to every sincere

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Christian. I say, upon consideration, their importance will be acknowledged, because I know there are some—I hope they are not in great number—who will argue thus: would tell you that the Jews are now under Divine punishment—that although they were once God's own peculiarly favoured people, they had fallen from their high position; that having rejected their Redeemer, they have become the rejected of God, and have been given over to that most powerful of visitations, deadness and blindness of heart; so that, although they may have ears yet cannot hear, and having eyes yet cannot see. There are those who say that it is not our duty to interfere with the Divine arrangements, but to leave the Jews to their obstinacy and blindness, and to the influence of the righteous wrath of Heaven. Surely, it is not necessary to use many arguments to prove that such a course must be wrong; that although the Gentile has been grafted in, and the favoured branch cut off for a time, we have no reason to believe that it has been cut off from participation in the command of our Saviour, to preach unto all nations, and baptize them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Rather it is our duty to remember that the Jew is our elder brother; that it is not our duty to exclude from the welcome to return to our and their Father's mansion, and from a participation in all the blessings of it, the children of Israel. Not only so, but our prayer should ever be that it may please God to lead into the way of Divine truth those who are in error,—to the intent that they may return into the way of righteousness, and that they may be all of one fold, under one Shepherd, the Lord Jesus Christ.

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HEREFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

October, 1856.

It is of great importance that good feeling should exist between the laity and the Clergy; it is of the utmost importance that there should be no unkindness or want of sympathy between a pastor and his flock. Where this is unfortunately the case, I can only say, ill fares that parish. It is the anxious desire of the Clergy of the diocese to cultivate, by every fair and honourable means in their power, that good-will and that unanimity of feeling which are so essential to the comfort and well-being of all parties. You will forgive my egotism, if it is so, speaking of my own order, if I say that as a *body* they are worthy of your respect and esteem; for if here and there, amid so large a number, a *black sheep* may sometimes be found—in other words, a clergyman negligent of his duties, or even an evil-doer,—what does the exception prove, but that as a *body* they are respectable, pains-taking, and useful members of society?

The interest of the class of labourers and farm servants is near and dear to the hearts of all of us assembled here, and we are always gratified at any movement which is for the benefit and additional comfort of the working man. A society has lately been established in a neighbouring county—that of Salop—under the highest influence in that county, for the "improvement of the dwellings of the working classes;" and I believe the effects of that society are likely to be extended to at least some parts of our own county. I own, and I am glad to do so, and to be able to say, that several influential landlords in our county have turned their attention to the subject, and have effected a good deal upon their own estates, in the way of improving

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the cottages of the labourers. The subject is one of vital importance. It is in vain that we build schools; it is in vain that the Clergyman preaches morality, and reverence to God, and duty to parents; it is in vain that the schoolmaster teaches order, sobriety, and decency, if, the moment the unfortunate scholars are released from school, they returned to the abject misery and disgraceful wretchedness of a home, compared to which a well-ordered pigstye is a palace, and in which not one of us would place our horse for shelter on a winter's night. I need not draw the picture of those hovels. I need not tell you what you know; how all ages and both sexes are huddled together in the same loft, without the slightest regard to decency,—encouraging, doubtlessly, an increase in the number of illegitimate children, one of the evils of our county, and utterly subverting all sense of modesty and decorum, and all habits of cleanliness. Let the labouring man have a decent home and a cheerful fireside, and you will find him attached to it, and not driven, as he now is, to the cider-shop and the beer-house, as the only places where he can find anything in the shape of comfort and enjoyment. I have ventured to make these remarks, because I see so many around me who I am sure will feel their truth, and who, if they are now endeavouring gradually to ameliorate the present state of things, will be cheered by the sympathy of their friends, on their way to a consummation so earnestly to be desired; while others, who have as yet done nothing or thought but little on the matter, are, I well know, of too kindly a spirit to be offended at the suggestions of even so humble an individual as myself.

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DIOCESAN SOCIETIES.

November 29th, 1856.

It appears to me that one of the great works committed by Providence to our country is the colonization of distant lands. The vast number of emigrants who have left our shores and have settled in far-off climes, the children who have been born of them, the infant states which have sprung into being, as it were, from the loins of England, most clearly and indisputably evidence the fulfilment of the Divine will; and it remains in our hands, and on our wills, whether these nations—offsprings of our own—allied to us by blood—speaking the self-same tongue, and bearing allegiance to the same sovereign—it remains, I say, with us whether they should be permitted to fall away from the religion of their forefathers, and lapse into the wildest fantasies and superstitions, or even atheism itself; or whether we stretch out a fostering and parental hand and aid them in their own endeavours to obtain the means of worshipping their Creator which we ourselves enjoy. It is the function of this Society to give assistance in the hour of need. It is in the time of infancy and weakness, when the new-formed State or little Colony has not in herself the power or means to supply her religious wants, when, without some friendly voice to sound it ever in her ears, the very name of God, and salvation through a merciful Redeemer, would be forgotten, and perhaps lost, amid worldly turmoil and needful earthly care,—it is then that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel steps forth as a tender parent to protect and rear the infant Church; and though, as time rolls on and strength increases, and her support is less required, she wisely withdraws by degrees her aid, it is only that she may transfer it to some other locality, and become a nursing mother to some still

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younger Church amid the teeming population who annually leave our shores.

With such objects and such ends—with so much to accomplish, and with funds so narrow and so limited for such tremendous purposes,—who that knows the blessing of the Church at home will not lend a helping hand? It is difficult for us to realise the sad privation felt in the want of a minister of religion. None to baptize the new-born child—none to instruct the opening mind in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord,"—no apostolic hand to confirm the Christian youth—no prayer to consecrate the marriage tie—no ear to receive the dying sinner's accents, no tongue to whisper heavenly consolation and Gospel pardon—none who can administer to him the last tokens of a Saviour's love, or lay his body in hallowed ground, with the affecting, yet most comfortable, rites of the Holy Church. We cannot realise in this happy land of ours such a state of things as this. O! let us bless God for it—bless and thank Him fervently—but more, "let us show forth our thankfulness not with our lips only," but by our deeds. I grieve to say, neither of our Societies meet with that encouragement they should do. O! let us hope for better things; let us all *do* better things; and then that little rivulet which goes forth from us will increase year by year, until it effectually aids to swell that stream of love and bounteous charity which should flow from the isles of Britain as a mighty ocean, with the banner of the Cross upon its bosom fertilising the lands where Englishmen have set their foot, watering the good seed it carries with it, till it blossoms and bears fruit,—fruit which, when ripe, shall be gathered as a golden harvest into Heaven's eternal garners—the perpetual offering of redeemed souls to Him who gave them, to the honour of God's name, through the merits of our Lord and Saviour.

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INAUGURATION OF THE NEW TOLL-FREE CORN EXCHANGE, HEREFORD.

January, 1857.

Property of every kind has its duties and responsibilities, as well as its pleasures and its rights. On many occasions we are called upon to contribute our gold; but there are occasions—and this is one—when we are called upon for our sympathy alone, and sometimes sympathy is even more precious than gold.

Nothing can do more to make a man decent and respectable than a well-ordered, comfortable home, however humble it may be; and that, on the contrary, when the dwellings of the poor are such as to render even the common habits of decency unobservable, and where the ordinary comforts and proprieties of life do not exist, it is impossible to expect that the occupants of such places shall be well-ordered, decent, and respectable people. There is an old saying, embodying a great principle of truth, that "cleanliness is next to godliness;" and although I do not go to the full extent of the proverb, I have no doubt that filth and a want of decency are very nearly allied with guilt and crime.

THE HEREFORDSHIRE SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

May, 1857.

ADDRESS TO THE APPRENTICES.

I am unable to give you any advice respecting the occupations or trades in which you are engaged; but I can point out the way in which you can acquire respectability in this world, and, by God's blessing, happiness hereafter. I would first exhort you to remember that everything which you possess is the gift of God. In saying this, I speak not

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of *great* gifts; not of great powers of mind; not of high talents, or spiritual graces; but I would say, that if you possess health and strength, good spirits, good nature, do not consider that these things come of themselves, but remember that they are the especial gifts of God, as well as every good thought and every good desire that ever entered your minds. And again, remember that every evil thought and desire, every bad passion and intention that enters your minds, comes from the devil. Entertaining this conviction, you will look upon the blessings of health and strength as the great and merciful gifts of your Heavenly Father, and as talents entrusted to you, for the use of which you will hereafter be called upon to account. I beseech you boys, therefore, not to waste your present precious days—days which can never be recovered when once lost. Do then, my young hearers, earnestly endeavour to make a proper use of your time, and faithfully and honourably discharge the duties of whatever position in life you may be placed in; you will thus best fulfil your duty towards God and man. Above all, let God's own truth be your guide—open your hearts to your Maker, and in all your transactions with man, ever bear in mind that truth is honesty in the highest form. Without truth, indeed, you may become quick, intelligent, and clever; you may have minds apt to conceive, and hands skilful to execute, but you never can have the approbation of your fellow-creatures, or of your own hearts—above all, that of your Heavenly Father. Reverence and "remember your Creator in the days of your youth," and if old age and grey hairs come upon you, whatever your lot through life may be, you will never find yourselves friendless, for God will be your comfort, your guide, and your support.

My remarks may not at this moment produce much

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impression, but the time will come when they will rise up in your hearts, and do you that good which it is my object to effect in addressing you. I will only add that if my counsel can be of any advantage to you, or if I can in any way advance your interests, I shall be very happy to do it; and I conclude by earnestly wishing you every happiness in this world, and in the world to come.

CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

June 15th, 1857.

It has pleased God in a wonderful manner to bestow His blessings upon the operations of this Society. Indeed, there is no other Society to which I can point that appears to enjoy, in so eminent a degree, the influence of the Divine blessing. Lest the Christians of England, with these facts before them, should think the evangelisation of the world progressing so fast that they, as a great people, had done their share of the work, let me warn you that such an idea is a mere delusion. Looking at the position that we occupy—the greatness of this country—its enormous wealth and riches—its commerce, that spreads its sails over every part of the globe—its laws—its constitution—and, above all, its possession of the pure Gospel faith and an Apostolical Church; besides remembering that at a very moderate computation, there are 150 millions of heathen subjects under the British Crown,—surely, no fair-judging man, when he considered these things, would say this country had done its share; and if their works fell short in the eyes of man, how far would they, when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, "from whom no secrets are hidden." Let me impress upon you the command, "Go preach the Gospel," as imperatively addressed to the British nation, whose Church is emphatically a Missionary Church.

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ADDRESS TO THE CHILDREN AT THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW NATIONAL SCHOOLS, LEOMINSTER.

July 25th, 1857.

AS REPORTED IN THE "HEREFORD JOURNAL."

The ARCHDEACON OF HEREFORD said, that he had been requested by their kind and excellent Pastor, to address a few words to the children present on this interesting occasion. He should not begin by expressing his regret at having been invited to do so, because he felt in it a great pleasure and satisfaction; neither should he say that he felt sorrow that some one more capable than he was had not been selected for the purpose, because he hoped that the very brief space of time he should take up, and the few remarks with which he should trouble them, would not prevent others who were more competent than himself from speaking. Full well he knew that there were very many around him now of far higher attainments, and far higher powers of interesting them in an address, than he could boast of; but he yielded to none in earnestness of purpose and hearty good-will towards the cause which had that day assembled them. Their business had been that day to lay the Foundation Stone of Schools for the benefit of Leominster and its vicinity, and for the benefit of them (the young), and of those who should come after them. Individually, the founders looked to no advantage to themselves, but they look to the fulfilment of their duty towards them (the children), and to the satisfaction they hoped to feel, in seeing them brought up as became Christian children, and in after years doing their duty in the various positions of life in which it should please Providence to place them.

The work of that day had not been commenced without first offering up prayers to Almighty God, and imploring

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His blessing on their undertaking. Here then he must pause, for he must offer to his young friends this solemn warning and advice—Let the proceedings of that day be to them a lesson through life. Let them take nothing in hand, do nothing, which would not permit their asking God's blessing on what they did; when they rose in the morning, let them think what they were about to do that day, however ordinary their occupation might be, and ask God to prosper the work of their hands and minds upon them; but if they felt (and their conscience would tell them when it was so) that what they were about to undertake, either in thought or deed, was such that they could not implore their Heavenly Father to further with His gracious favour, let them lay it aside at once as displeasing to His will, and no longer to be thought of by them; and when the night came, and they again opened their hearts with sincerity and truth to Him and remembered, as, alas, they would have to remember, the many "things they had left undone which they ought to have done," and the "many things they had done which they ought not to have done," then let them ask His pardon and forgiveness, and seek His strength to do better for the time to come. God would not be far from them: "to Him all hearts are open, all desires known, and from Him no secrets are hid;" He, and He alone, knew their trials, their temptations, and their weakness. He would come to them for His dear Son's sake, our only Lord and Saviour; He would pardon, He would comfort, He would strengthen them.

But, to return to that which was more immediately before them. These Schools were to be erected for the education of his young hearers, not only that, in the first place, they might be instructed in all righteousness, and in their duty towards their Maker and their fellow-creatures,

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but also that here they might acquire such varied knowledge and instruction as might enlarge their minds, and be a delightful and innocent source of enjoyment to them in their more matured years; and might also help them forward and assist them in their labours through life. He need not tell them that it was ordained from the beginning that in the "sweat of their brow" all men should "eat bread;" and St. Paul told them that "such as would not work, neither should they eat:" and again he exhorted them "that with quietness they *work*, and eat their own bread;" as much as to say, it was not their own bread unless they gained it by their own labour. Not, indeed, that every one was required to engage in manual labour, or mechanical trades, or, in fact, literally to work with his own hands: but all men were bound, in some honest way or other, to be employed for the benefit of mankind. Some might work with their head, and give assistance and advice; they might be eyes to the blind to direct them in the way, or they might be, as it were, feet to the lame to help them forward in the way; but still every one must have some path in which he was to advance—some occupation, or profession, to follow—or he was an unprofitable burden upon the earth, and only cumbered the ground on which he trod.

Neither should any of them, his young friends, expect that of necessity the education they would receive, however excellent in itself, would lead them out of their own honest calling or sphere of life, be it what it might. He did not, indeed, say that none of them would rise above it, far from it; but this he did say, that such was not the general end and purpose of education; it was, for the most part, to fit them for the duties of their several stations, and render the lowest of them tolerable, by teaching them that there were no duties or honest labours so humble, as not to

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afford scope for honesty and truth, and every other ennobling grace. Again, Almighty God had been pleased to give them all different talents and abilites, and that, not that they should fold them up in the napkin of ignorance and sloth, but employ them for His glory and His honour as well as the benefit of their fellow-creatures. But, O, my dear young friends (continued the Ven. Archdeacon), whilst I speak to you of this life and of your duties in it, of labouring after the bread that perisheth, and conducting yourselves with credit in your various positions here, remember, I entreat you, *that all education is as nothing, but as it tends towards heaven and fits you for it.* A few short years, and you, the youngest of you, now ripening in health and vigour, will be laid low in the grave, where I shall long have been before you, all of us hereafter to appear before the Great Judge of mankind; and then the scholars and their teachers, the Pastor and his flock, must all give an account of the opportunities they have enjoyed, and the manner in which they have employed them. Then will not only the violent, and such as men call wicked, be condemned, but the slothful and the idle, those who have buried their talents in the earth, those who have obstinately closed their ears that they would not hear, and their eyes that they would not see. It cannot be but that the event of this day should call forth solemn thoughts.

O may the most ardent wishes, the most anxious hopes, of you, my elder friends, be realised in rich abundance! May these children now around you "increase in wisdom" as they "increase in stature;" may they "increase in the favour of God," as I know they will in yours; may they and their children's children bless you for this day's work; and may He, our heavenly Father, who bids us all to be "followers of Him as dear children," pour down His Holy

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Spirit upon us all, and prosper this work of our hands, for the sake of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," even Jesus Christ our Lord!

THE DIVORCE BILL.

July 26th, 1857.

I am aware that some do not go quite so far as myself in their opinions respecting the law of marriage; but as far as the Canon Law of the Church and Common Law of the country have hitherto existed, marriages were indissoluble to the extent that no marriage could be contracted by those who had been separated. There is the difference between divorce *a mensa et thoro*, and divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, and when we speak of the indissolubility of the marriage bond, we might argue from the fact that in every case of divorce which has taken place in this country—and they all took place within the last 250 years—a special Act of Parliament had been necessary; proving that divorces were the exceptions to the rule, and that the law of the land was against them. The great argument of those who wish to alter the law is, that in its present state it enabled the rich man to get a divorce, while the poor man could not; and they wish that the Clergy should be compelled to re-marry those who may be divorced, which they (the Clergy) say is a very hard case. It would be a great misfortune that such dissolutions should ever take place, and it would be a great misfortune if an Act of Parliament were passed to force such marriages upon the Clergy. There are—as I think, unfortunately—other means existing by which marriages may be legalised, but not solemnised; and if such unions of disunited persons are to be sanctioned by the legislature, they should be satisfied with the legalised form to which the consent of the legislature has of late years

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been given ; but the legislation purposed will never place within the poor man's reach the means of getting divorced, for after all, under the proposed law, it would only become a question as to the expenditure of hundreds of pounds where thousands were before required ; for it is perfectly out of the question to suppose that a labouring man, whose wife was unfaithful, and who wished to get a divorce, would even then be able to expend the necessary money to obtain one. The passing of the proposed measure would be a very serious blow at the morality of this country, and would entail misery, not only upon the present generation, but upon those who come after us. The marriage vow is not to be lightly regarded, nor the domestic hearth to be lightly broken up ; and placing facilities in the way of contracted marriages being dissolved, seemed really to be putting a downright premium upon adultery, by allowing those who committed it to gain their very point, and become united to the objects of their sinful passion. I consider the measure fraught with mischief untold ; perhaps not so much to us as to succeeding generations. In Prussia, a Judge of Council, who gave his consent to a relaxation of the marriage laws in that country, was thunderstruck at finding that the number of divorces in a few years amounted to many thousands, which induced him to alter his opinion as to the advisability of the measure to which he had before given his assent. It seems to me that, horrible as is the state of persons between whom, after marriage, alienation and estrangement take place, and a dissolution of those affections which should always be united, it would be better for the country at large that the few should endure that miserable state, than that divorces should be easily obtained, and the way opened to mischief which cannot be calculated. We must all feel, too, that the pressure upon

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the Clergy would be very hard, as their consciences are not considered, and they are to join in the holy bonds of matrimony the adulterer and adulteress, even though they were not to judge, but leave it to Him who alone can judge rightly, and to whom the secrets of all hearts are open. It would be a great pressure upon the Clergy if they were called upon to join such together; to perform for them the extremely solemn service of marriage; to implore God's blessing upon them, and pray Him that they might "so live in this world, that in the world to come they might have life everlasting."

THE S. P. G. AND THE S. P. C. K. SOCIETIES.*

November, 1857.

AS REPORTED IN THE "HEREFORD JOURNAL."

* * * He remarked on the unworthy return made for God's mercies, in the neglect of the souls entrusted to our care in India. Their temporal wants and their worldly good have alone been regarded; savages and barbarians have been fed and cultivated, and tutored in the use of arms, and we in our shortsightedness imagined that that would make them trusty men and good soldiers; but we forgot to teach them where to put their trust in order to make them soldiers of the Cross. We gave them arms, but furnished them not with the whole armour of Christ; we enlisted them in "the service," but not under the great Captain of our salvation. What has been the result? The very arms we furnished them with have been turned against us, and we are now suffering a fearful retribution, the reward of our endeavouring to bring up and instruct men without teaching them that "knowledge of the Lord" which is the "beginning of wisdom."

* Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

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CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY.

February 8th, 1858.

My first feeling on attending an anniversary of any kind is one of gratitude to the Almighty in sparing us to meet again another year; and now we are again assembled to be the feeble instruments of working to carry out His will, and of advancing the cause of the Redeemer. This Society is one directly in accordance with the principles and regulations laid down by the Church, and it neither authorises nor permits intrusion of any description into the parishes of those incumbents who may be unwilling to accept its agency. At the same time, I cannot help saying that it is lamentable that those who should be united in the same cause, having but one great end in view (namely, the salvation of souls, and rescuing from infidelity and eternal death those now perishing from the lack of knowledge), should feel jealousy—nay, animosity—towards those who come forward to assist them in works and labours notoriously beyond their own powers. You must all have seen, as I have, with deep regret, how some of our most active and zealous Prelates had been silenced when the ears of thousands hung upon their lips, because, forsooth, what I call apostolic ministrations were supposed to be infringements upon the parochial system. What has been the result? Their places have been occupied by others—by pious, zealous men, but not members of the Established Church. These have laboured zealously and faithfully, and many souls have thereby been brought to Christ, but not made members of the Church of England. The result has been that those who called themselves the most anxious and zealous supporters of the Church of England have been so unwilling to allow any infringement upon its rules, that

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they have caused hundreds, perhaps thousands, to be handed over to Nonconformists and Dissenters.

THE OPENING OF THE LEOMINSTER NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

August 16th, 1858.

May it please you, Mr. Mayor, and good Christian people, —we are here assembled before Almighty God, on one of the most important occasions which in all probability our whole lives may witness,—the solemn opening of this goodly building in which we now stand, that from this time forth it may become a school, where "whatsoever tends to the advancement of true religion and useful knowledge may for ever flourish and abound." The work of our hands which God has been pleased to prosper, the fruits of that strength which He has bestowed upon us, we now dedicate to His service for ever. When I say "the strength which He has bestowed upon us," I mean not that physical force in which we are surpassed by the brute creation, but I mean that unconquerable will, that strength of purpose which overcomes all difficulties, that energy and might with which the capacities of man apply themselves to any undertaking which he fixes on. The earth is filled with prodigies wrought by this principle of strength. Unblessed by God, not consecrated to His service, unsanctified, the strength of man has sometimes gone forth like the Angel of Destruction, to mar God's gracious works, and at others to astonish and confound the world with colossal monuments of enterprise and ambition; but now we may humbly hope that this same strength of man, guided by His counsel, elevated by His influence, ennobled by His grace, displays the spectacle of human energy working in harmony with that One Sovereign Mind which desires nothing save the goodness, and there-

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fore the happiness, of His creatures. When we offer up our petitions for our own temporal necessities, we pray not for more than our daily bread; but when we supplicate for others, we may "come boldly to the throne of grace," and even venture to name our need, and designate the especial blessing we implore. We have done so this day, and though we ask in ignorance, of a God who "heareth and answereth prayer," and of a Father who is so tender and so pitiful that the humble aspirations of our breasts will not be lightly deemed by Him, it is with a conviction that things which are hurtful will be withheld, while such requests will be conceded as are most consistent with the development of the greatest good. Let us for a moment cast our eyes around upon this happy, this glorious land in which it is our privilege to live, and we shall behold the like to which the world cannot exhibit,—the venerable structures of bygone ages still standing in almost their pristine strength and grandeur—cathedrals, churches, colleges, schools, hospitals, and almshouses, buildings of matchless beauty, the evidences of the well-directed energies of man, guided by his Divine Maker's hand,—cathedrals and churches where the voice of prayer and the song of praise are still heard, but in the services of a purer faith,—colleges and schools where the "fear of God" has never ceased to be inculcated as "the beginning of wisdom,"—hospitals and almshouses where His sick and poor have found an asylum or a home, and are tended with the increased skill of advancing science, and more gentle care. Why, then, should we doubt, if we have asked faithfully, that God will grant His blessing now? Why should we doubt that He who has preserved the work of our forefathers till this time will continue His protection when we who have raised this building are re-united to the dust from which we were formed?—or that future generations

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will bless our memory for the loving care and charity we have shown towards those yet unborn? Rather let us believe, as we implore, that this building shall stand for ages secure beneath the shadow of God's providence, that His blessing shall rest on us, and all who have assisted in this day's work, that "His fatherly hand shall ever be over" those educated here, that in the end they may obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. (He concluded by opening the schools in the following formal declaration),—"I, the Archdeacon of Hereford, now declare, in the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, that these schools are henceforth for ever set apart for the glory of God, and for the instruction of the young in the parish of Leominster. Amen, amen."

AT LUNCHEON ON OPENING OF THE LEOMINSTER SCHOOLS.

August 16th, 1858.

With regard to the subject of education, we must not suppose that when we have built schools we have done our work. There still remains much to be done. The great difficulty is to secure the regular attendance of children at school, and to retain them to anything like a proper age, say twelve years. That difficulty may not be felt so much in a town like Leominster, but in the country it is a very serious matter. No doubt, poor parents are, for the most part, naturally inclined to be tender towards their offspring, but as yet they are not sufficiently enlightened to look upon the education of their children as one of those things which is really of far more moment to them than the earning of slight wages in very early years, and perhaps only for a short time. At this time of the year, no one thinks of

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going on with schools in this country,—the children are sent forth to the harvest field, and the women also go to help the farmer; but, at other times of the year, I hold it to be essential that we should endeavour to persuade parents and employers of children to send them to school. In a place of so much importance as Leominster, I think it would be well if we could lay down a rule not to take into service a boy or girl who could not read and write fairly. Such a regulation would do much towards advancing the cause of education, and benefit that class of persons for whom the schools this day inaugurated are intended.

EDUCATION.

October, 1858.

It is impossible that the Clergy can do otherwise than take a lively interest in the subject of general education, because it is the whole of that of which they are bound to provide a part; I mean religious education. A Clergyman should regard himself as the spiritual parent of every child whom he baptizes, as having contracted towards him parental obligations, as having pledged himself to train him up in the fulfilment of his baptismal vows; and if he takes no care by godly instructions to promote his spiritual growth, how does he differ from the unnatural parent who deserts the infant to which she has given birth? Neither, while he imparts religious, will he withhold secular, instruction. Activity, regularity, and good order tend towards the formation of a good Christian as well as a good citizen. A system of education, however, in order to deserve the name, must be a training of the whole man,—must apply to every part of the constitution of his nature;—not only

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must the understanding be developed, but there must be a discipline of the heart and its affections ; the appetites and passions must be brought under the control of a well-informed conscience, and that conscience must be schooled and disciplined by religious instruction, derived from those Holy Scriptures which teach us alike our duty towards God, and our duty towards our neighbour. Such is the education we are desirous of imparting. The greatest difficulties to be encountered in the attempt are, I believe, to be met with in the agricultural districts. I do not know whether, numerically, there are a greater proportion of the population in towns sent to school, than in a similar number in the country, but there is certainly less difficulty in getting good schools, and obtaining a certain number at least of pupils to remain till a more advanced age ; but it is the agriculturists whose children are the most rude and ignorant, and who therefore disregard that education which they most of all need. Of the importance of agriculture, all will agree ; but how far its pursuit contributes to the moral, mental, or physical well-being of those engaged in it, becomes quite another question. Labour has enriched our land ; the pecuniary value of estates in this country has vastly increased from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the present time ; the owner of the soil has improved and raised his own position, but the peasantry have scarcely begun to emerge from ignorance, and from the evils of insufficient remuneration for their labours. According to moral and criminal statistics, agricultural labourers do not appear to be more virtuous than the general classes of work-people in towns ; and with all that has been said of the advantages possessed by the country over towns and cities, we have to regret that the minds and conduct of the labourer as a class, afford no examples of purity to be followed, though

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of ignorance to be avoided. What I really believe will tend to raise the labourer from his degradation, to make him know and feel that he is something more than a mere machine, is sympathy,—and not only the sympathy of the rich and powerful, not only the sympathy of the Squire and the Clergyman, but the sympathy of those more nearly connected with them, the sympathy of their employers. Once fairly enlist this on their side, and under God's blessing we shall have gone a great way towards effecting one important end, and until we have got this, let us not be weary in well doing, let us go working on in faith; the day may come when it will be necessary for a ploughman to understand the construction of a steam engine, and he who manures the land, the properties of chemicals; but till that day comes, let us endeavour to prove by fact that education does not make a boy a worse labourer, or a girl a worse servant, but that both are morally and physically improved by an additional year of good schooling.

HEREFORD DIOCESAN CHURCH SOCIETIES.

November 4th, 1858.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts is the elder sister of the Church Missionary Society. Our maxim is not, "The end justifies the means," but all our operations are carried out in comeliness and order, as the Church directed. I do not mean disparagement to any other Society, especially the Church Missionary Society. Heaven knows there is room and ample field for both, and if unfortunately there is anything like a spirit of rivalry between them at home—which there should not be—it must be satisfactory to all to know that there is no antagonism between them upon the field of action, for the Missionaries

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and the Clergy of both Societies work together with cordiality and unanimity. There are 143,000,000 of our people abroad, in our colonies and dependencies, and at present the proportion would be like giving one clergyman to the whole county of Hereford. We should not forget that there was a time when we were idolaters ourselves, carried away by the worship of dumb idols: and idolaters should we have continued, had it not been for that first Society for the Propagation of the Gospel which spread from shore to shore, until at last it reached this land, and pointed out to the inhabitants what they "must do to inherit eternal life."

THE NEW GOLD FIELDS.

March, 1859.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," was the last injunction of our blessed Lord and Saviour to His Apostles. Of all His commands, none can be conceived to be more important, certainly none more binding upon them and upon their successors in the ministry, and relatively speaking to all Christian people. I do not know that at any time this injunction could be more brought home to us than upon an occasion like the present, when we welcome to our ancient city a right reverend prelate* who is about to proceed to a far distant land to carry the Gospel to the Indian and the heathen; and to provide the blessings and comforts of the Church for those of our countrymen who have already preceded him, and who will follow his Lordship to that country. I hold it, and we all as Christians hold it, that wherever the flag of the standard of England has been placed, there also should the Cross of Christ be raised by its side. This, I am most happy to

* Rev. Dr. HILLS.

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say, is to be the case upon the present occasion. Most honourable and gratifying it is to the country when the advisers of the Crown recommend such steps as have now been taken, and which I believe you will endorse. We may look upon the right reverend prelate as one who is going forth to the gigantic empire of British Columbia in two points of view—as one carrying the Gospel to those who are already Christians in that land, and in perhaps the more interesting one of a Missionary Bishop about to plant a church amidst heathenism and barbarianism. I shall not attempt to explain the nature of that land by more than remarking that it is a vast tract of country, bounded to the south by the frontier of the United States of America, being a little more north than Canada; upon the eastern side lies the vast chain of the Rocky Mountains; on the north, Simpson's River and the Finlay branch of the Peace River, while the North Pacific Ocean lies upon the west. The heathen population amounts to from 60,000 to 70,000, but what may be the number of that multitude whom the *auri sacra fames* has led from this and other civilized countries to the banks of the Frazer River, I am not able to say.

HEREFORD DIOCESAN EDUCATION SOCIETY.

April 27th, 1859.

After an experience of upwards of twenty years in Herefordshire, seven of which have been spent as Archdeacon, an office which calls me into every part of the county, I feel myself bound to declare my solemn conviction that great improvement has taken place, and great progress has been made, with regard to education. Some persons (I hope there are none present) are accustomed to sneer at the efforts the Society made to elevate the children of the

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poor, and point to the number of uneducated children even now existing; but I will ask them, in what county of England, in what parish, nay, I will almost say in what family, can they not find untoward children? I have no hesitation in saying that during the last ten years very marked progress has taken place, such progress, that if it were continued for ten years to come, would enable the county to compete with, if not to rival, any other agricultural county in England on the score of education. I am perfectly ready to allow that there is still a great want of schools. The want of schools in small parishes is a great difficulty, because we cannot have a small good school. We cannot afford to pay the master; we cannot divide the children into classes; and the only possible means of carrying on the work, is that which has been recently tried, and which I can personally say there is very little difficulty in doing —in forming a union of a number of small schools, congregated together at a convenient place. One other difficulty promoters of these schools constantly meet with: the early period at which children are taken away from school. No one can deny that *that* is increasing rather than diminishing; and we must bear in mind that the better education we give, the more likely are we to lose the scholars at an early age. Various schemes have been advocated as remedies for this evil; but I believe the great remedy in country parishes is the establishment of night schools. But here there is great difficulty in meeting with persons who, even if they are willing, have the tact necessary to manage matters of this kind; but still, I consider night schools the best, and indeed the only means of supplementing the education which the children have been prevented from continuing; and I believe such a system is calculated to be of the greatest possible benefit. The night school lays

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hold of young persons at the period of life when they are most susceptible to impressions ; it attracts them when, as it were, the scale was yet vibrating, when the die was not yet cast which might in all probability determine their future path in life, and their everlasting destiny. Instruction becomes, at the period I am speaking of, more valuable and more valued, because not only is the intellect more matured, but impressions are received much sooner, and everything good or evil is acquired with greater facility than at an earlier or even later period of life. One other point : persons who are just advancing into life know when they are neglected, and they feel as if they were cast upon the world with no advisers, and apparently with no one to care for them. They feel they are disregarded by those above them, whom they should respect. They lose self-respect, and when that is lost, recklessness, and vice, and misery soon follow—misery which will be visited upon those who have in any way, more or less, the means of prevention.

HEREFORD CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

May 16th, 1859.

AS REPORTED IN THE HEREFORD JOURNAL.

It was impossible not to contrast the spirit which actuated that meeting with that which actuates the proceedings of the great ones of the earth, who are at this moment disturbing its peace. True it was that they sought a kingdom and would gain victories ; but they sought not for a kingdom for themselves, but to extend the kingdom of God ; they desired to gain dominions, that they might be gems in the diadem of Him who for the world wore a crown of thorns. They would gain victories, but they must be bloodless ones,—victories over great and powerful

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enemies,—sin and Satan, and the principalities of the powers of darkness. They sought not to enslave a people, but to release them from bondage, and they would make them feel that until they became Christians, they could not become free, in the highest and noblest sense of that word, which was so deeply prized by all of us. No wonder that with thoughts and aims so different from the objects of the great ones to whom he had alluded, the arms with which they fought should be different. Their arms were not forged by mortal hands. True indeed it was that they had a shield and a sword, but their shield was the shield of faith, and their sword "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." It was, therefore, under the banner of the cross, and armed as he had spoken, that the Church Missionary Society goes forth into the world, and they knew that the Lord of hosts was with them, and the God of Jacob their refuge. They sought to gain kingdoms for Him whose sway shall one day extend from sea to sea, over every clime and every nation. Under such circumstances, it was the duty of Christians to strain every nerve and exercise every sinew in the work, and to devote their most fervent prayers for its success. He believed that from the earliest foundation of the Society, God had been with them, and had prospered their efforts.

THE HEREFORDSHIRE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

June 3rd, 1859.

I feel great pleasure at being able to preside over such a numerous and respectable assembly of persons who are striving to work their way forward in the world, honouring God by keeping His commandments, serving their country by respecting its institutions, and staking their capital in

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its prosperity, ensuring the welfare of their families by laying up against "a rainy day" and the hour of need; and thus setting an example of order, economy, and good management. You are doing all this under God's blessing, because you commenced the proceedings of this day by performing a solemn act of worship in the house of God; and I trust that daily in your chambers you will ask the blessing of Him without whom nothing can stand. We hear of a great number of societies which profess to be societies for the benefit of the working man, but many of those societies are so formed, their rules and regulations so badly drawn, their calculations so badly estimated, that when a pressure comes upon them they give way and become insolvent, and thus those who have paid to that society, and who ought to receive some relief in their old age, or in time of sickness, experience none. Then again, we have heard of other societies, where, so soon as the books become burdened with a great number of aged or sick members, the younger members, who outnumber the others, meet together and break up the club, divide the funds, and thus leave the aged members without any resource in their old age. There are other societies where the funds have been entrusted, not unfrequently, in the hands of one individual; that individual has acted fraudulently, and has taken the money entrusted to him, and has escaped out of the country, thus totally ruining the club. These are the common evils to which clubs, calling themselves benefit societies, are extremely liable; but I thank God I can say—because I believe it—that your society is perfectly free from any danger of that sort whatever. The very names you have set before you as your trustees and directors are a sufficient guarantee, I am sure, to you, that your club will never become insolvent so

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long as any benefit society exists in the land. There is another great advantage which you enjoy over many other societies,—you do not pay your money monthly at a public house. None of your funds are spent in feasting and drinking by your officers, nor is there any temptation held out to expend your own money there,—on the contrary, every endeavour is made to persuade you to become examples of sobriety. And here you must permit me to say a few words upon an important point,—I mean that of temperance. You know, I am sorry to say, that our county has got a very bad name in that respect, and I fear that if we did not in some measure deserve it, we should not have obtained it. Let us all try to do better for the future. I am myself no teetotaller. I do not deny, or wish to deny, the working man his cup of cider at meals. I will go further, and say I do not grudge him his pipe of tobacco at his own fireside when his work is done; but I do hate and loathe intemperance as much as any man. I hear of men drinking cider by gallons. Such conduct is brutal and degrading. Talk of the beasts of the field!—why they, poor creatures, are better than the drunkard who perverts God's good gifts to the ruin of his body and his soul. What I have to say is this: If you are able to enjoy these good things of which I have spoken, with moderation, take them and thank God for them; but if you find that you cannot take the cup from your lips, that you cannot taste without drinking to excess, why then I say abstain, and it is your bounden duty to abstain. I do not say take the pledge, because an oath is a very serious and solemn matter, and I do not know whether we have any right to burden our souls with oaths against those good creatures which God has formed, which doubtless He has blessed for our use; and if a man forms a fixed resolution

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in his mind, and prays God daily to sustain him in it, I much doubt whether an oath would be more efficacious to save him in time of temptation.

Another point upon which I wish to speak to you is the subject of education. We do not stand very high in the world in that respect, but I believe we have got rather a worse name than we deserve. Every grown person must feel it a grievous thing to be unable to read his Bible, and it is a great misfortune not to be able to read a great number of other good books in his own house, or to peruse the periodicals and papers. And let me mention one publication, "The British Workman," which I strongly recommend as an excellent and moral publication. It is a sad thing not to be able to read. Your sons may be out-serving their country in the army and navy, or elsewhere removed from you, and you may not be able to write to them, or to read their letters when they come. If there are any here who are so unfortunately situated, let them be most anxious to give their children a good education, and make them better scholars than themselves. There are in this county a great number of schools, increasing, both as regards number and quality, and I beg that the parents will look upon the education of their children as the really important affair it is. Do not satisfy yourselves with saying your children go to school; see that they do go; examine them when they come home, and see what progress they make; question them upon their lessons, and let them see you take an interest in their education, as well as the Clergyman or the Schoolmaster of your parish. And when they are getting a little older in the world, and you begin to think they will be useful to you in earning a little money, remember that is just the time when they are able to store up a little in their heads also. Remember

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that that is just the time when education becomes most valuable, and keep your children a year or two longer at school if possible. Keep them there as long as you can, and you will never repent it as long as you live. And when you get them at home with you, if, by God's blessing, there is a night school in the parish, let them go there, because it will enable them to receive instruction at a most important time in their lives, when temptation comes upon them, and they are also in want of occupation. Cultivate rural sports and games, such as cricket, swimming, and anything in the world of that sort; and depend upon it you will find it much better than drinking cider or going to dances. If you have a reading room in your neighbourhood, you cannot do better than attend; and those who live in and near the town will find advantage in attending the lectures which are delivered there. Remember all these things are talents committed to our care by Almighty God, means He has placed within our reach to enable us to become more as He would have us, and for which we shall have to answer to Him one day or another. Above all, set your children an example of reverencing God's holy day, by attending His worship yourselves. Let the path that leads to your Church never be forgotten; and if it is not a path that leads to riches in this world, recollect that "godliness is great gain." Let man be content with that which he hath. "We brought nothing into this world, and we can carry nothing out." "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

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HEREFORD CATHEDRAL SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

June, 1859.

I wish to add my testimony to the gentlemanly conduct of the young men in this Collegiate School, and I have a good opportunity of forming an opinion on that subject, as they are my near neighbours when I am staying in Hereford.

You must not, however, work too hard; a certain degree of sport and amusement should be mixed up with your work, and I am glad to see that cricket, swimming, and such manly sports as these, are engaged in by you. You have heard of "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," but in this school at least there are no obstacles and no difficulties in the way, and you have to guard yourselves against supposing that, being surrounded by the appliances, knowledge and learning will come to you with little labour and study of your own. What I have witnessed is a proof that such is not the case. I may also assure you, young men and boys, that those of older growth never forget that education never ends—that it must be carried on to the latest day of our lives; therefore, while you learn and live, you must live and learn.

ANNUAL MEETING OF SCHOOL TEACHERS.

September, 1859.

A year has elapsed since we last held a meeting of a similar character, and a year, we must remember, though not a considerable period of time in the life of any of us, cannot pass without very considerable changes taking place,—changes which ought to leave us wiser as well as older men, and ought to warn us how quickly our time is passing, how speedily that night is arriving when no man can work; admonishing us also, that what our hands find

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to do, we should do well, with all our might. The subject that stands first for discussion is, "The best mode of teaching Spelling." I shall be very glad to hear the papers we may be favoured with, more especially as I know not of any royal road to spelling, though it is just possible considerable light may be thrown on the subject. Then comes the subject of "Teaching Reading and Spelling," and lastly, a paper on "Discipline and Tone in Schools." With regard to discipline in schools, I suppose I am to understand that we shall have to discuss whether the aphorism of the wise king of Israel, with regard to the rod and the child, cannot have some light thrown upon it, or is to be regarded in the nineteenth century as an old saw. With regard to the word "tone," I almost wish any other term had been used, for I cannot help expressing my opinion that it appears to me a most inappropriate term, though it is one that seems to have become a great favourite with Government Inspectors. I am sorry to say it has now become a fashion with Diocesan Inspectors to make use of terms to which I do not know at all what meaning to attach. I suppose, however, our schools are to be distinguished by "high tone," "low tone," "good tone," and "bad tone," with some schools having a "moderate tone." I regard it as one of those unintelligible cant expressions which are used by a certain class of people in the present day. At the same time, I am ready to admit, I may be wrong.

HEREFORD BIBLE SOCIETY.

September 12th, 1859.

I always experience great satisfaction in attending a meeting of the Bible Society, and I hope I may not be saying anything which can be deemed wanting in affection

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towards my own Church, or disrespectful towards those of others, when I confess that I think great advantage, in every point of view, is derived by all of us, from attending at least occasional meetings like the present, when, without rivalry, without jealousy, in Christian love, and in mutual forbearance, we unite, hand in hand, in promoting "the glory of God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The Bible has been given us for a light to our feet, to direct our path here, and to conduct us to a blessed immortality hereafter. In its precepts, and in its precepts alone, must we seek for comfort and consolation; on it alone can we lay any foundation for our peace and happiness. While, then, woe is denounced to those men who add thereto, and woe to those men who take therefrom, ought we not also to say, "Woe to those men who withhold the Bible?" When I look back to the origin of this Society; when I think of its early days—how, from the simple circumstance of an humble clergyman of the Principality, desiring to get a few Welsh Bibles for his flock, as the grain of mustard seed, it has grown up, and has spread its roots, and as a giant of the forest, has extended its arms, and afforded food and shelter to millions of poor, perishing souls, in all quarters of the globe, am I not justified in saying, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes?" God has indeed sown the seed; God has indeed watered the roots; and God alone can give the harvest. He it is who has poured down, hitherto, His blessing most bountifully on this Society; and let us doubt not that He will at present hear the united cry of Christian brethren, and that He will prosper the work of our hands, for the sake of His blessed Son, our Redeemer.

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AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, LEDBURY.

September 23rd, 1859.

I have been a member of the Herefordshire Agricultural Society for nearly twenty years, and nothing but business of material importance ever prevented my attendance at the annual dinners. I trust that in doing this I have not stepped out of my right position as a Clergyman. Intimately connected with agriculture as are the incomes of the Clergy, it is but natural for us to take a very warm interest in such proceedings. At the same time, I hope a higher, and warmer, and better feeling brings us here—kindness, and sympathy, and good-will towards our friends and neighbours, whom we are glad to meet, and on all occasions which may be fitting, to "rejoice with them that do rejoice."

MASONIC BANQUET AT ROSS.

October 10th, 1859.

There are a few lines in our initiatory hymn which have often struck me as being very apposite. I allude to the lines—

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
That so many great men of our nation,
Should aprons put on
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted Mason.

No doubt, amongst the uninitiated, great astonishment and wonder does exist at the universal commingling of social rank amongst the Freemasons. My reverend friend* has come many miles to hold this Lodge; others have come from London and from Worcester; I have come from the coast of Cardiganshire; many others have come equal

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distances. It is this which astonishes strangers, and which they are not able to comprehend. Some suppose that we come merely for the sake of enjoying the banquet which is placed before us; others suppose that we assemble merely for the purpose of masquerading, of putting on these habiliments, of which they knew not the mysterious meaning. But we (the brethren) know that we do not meet merely for the purpose of gratifying our appetites, or of indulging our love of finery or dress, or for the empty purposes of mere barren society. Freemasonry is supported by my reverend friend in the chair (Rev. Dr. Bowles), and by almost every one in this room, because it has great and lofty objects; because, next to the inspired volume, there is no system more calculated to benefit mankind than Freemasonry. We have but to look upon the precepts it inculcates, to obey its dictates, to study the mysterious meaning of the emblems which are announced to us in its lectures; to do this is to become good citizens, honest members of society, and good Christians, taught to reverence and adore the Supreme Architect of the universe, and to look forward to that time, which sooner or later must overtake us all, when this world and all upon it shall pass away, and we shall stand before the tribunal of the Great Judge, where, whatever may have been our situation here, high or low, rich or poor, we shall all stand equal, as brethren.

In returning thanks for his health being proposed, Archdeacon FREER said: "It is grateful to know that I am somewhat of a favourite with many of those present. If I have acquired your favour and sympathy, I believe it is owing to one cause,—an earnest endeavour to perform my duty, and act up to it consistently. There is one little secret which I have tried to make the basis of my conduct: in all my transactions with other persons, to put myself in

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their place, and therefore to endeavour, as far as I possibly can do, to do unto others as I would they should do unto me. It is a simple rule which, if acted upon, would make us all general favourites with one another."

SOCIETIES FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, AND THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

November 3rd, 1859.

One great fact which we all have impressed on our minds is, that we live not for ourselves alone, but that we are the children of one great family, the family of mankind. Man's home duties are to be his first care; next to that, the duties of his station and neighbourhood. Whether we are the lords of many broad acres, fostering agriculture, dispensing justice, protecting the poor, and setting an example to those around us; whether we are the Clergy, preaching the Word of God, ministering to His sick, His poor, His needy; employed in educating and bringing up His little children, or in the numerous acts of charity which sanctify the minister's office; or whether we are the labourers on the soil, earning our daily bread by the sweat of our brow, still we must remember that we owe a duty to our brethren through the world at large,—to the whole human race for whom Christ died. We must not—we dare not—hold the thought in our minds that we live for ourselves, our friends, or our neighbours alone; we must not rest satisfied with the performance of social home duties, but "love the Lord with all our heart and soul, and our neighbours as ourselves;" for than these two, there is no greater commandment, and "on these two hang all the law and the prophets." We must remember, too, that the great

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God who is our Father, is also the Father of the red Indian, in the backwoods of America, of the swarthy native of Hindostan, of the poor negro on the burning sands of Africa. When we look at the world at large, casting our eyes on the condition of distant nations, we cannot fail to see how great is the want of Christian support and Christian sympathy towards them. It is true, indeed, that we may be told, or we may think, that our individual efforts will avail little; but the vast ocean is but a combination of single drops of water; the shores which surround it, but the accumulation of single grains of sand. Alone, we might do nothing; but united, assuredly our efforts would do much, even in that mighty work of converting the heathen world. I have said this is our duty to our neighbour. We should remember that it is not vicinity of residence, nor kindred feeling, nor identity of religion, which makes a man our neighbour, but it is his want, and our means to aid him; and in this extended sense it is that the heathen is our neighbour, that every living soul who has not heard of God and His Christ is our neighbour, and as such should be the object of that care and love which are inculcated by the Gospel of our Divine Redeemer.

I would impress upon you the desirability of establishing small societies throughout the diocess—if not one in every parish, one for two or three united parishes—in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary, or, if possible, both societies. Such branch societies, small though they might be, would add more than would be generally supposed to the Parent Society. If they did not contribute much in the way of money, their prayers would rise to the mercy-seat on high, and would assuredly bring a rich return to those who prayed, and to those who were the objects of their prayers. Is that

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visionary,—is that a utopian charity, impracticable in real life? I believe not. I believe it is nothing but what the most sober-minded Christian might undertake, and upon which he might fully expect the blessing of Heaven to descend.

CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY.

February 6th, 1860.

There is an old adage that "charity begins at home," and though all must feel quite sure that it ought not to end there, I think all will agree that it is right and proper that it should begin at home,—in other words, that home considerations and home duties should have our first attention—that deeds and acts of love, and charity, and kindness, starting, as it were, from home as a centre, should go on increasing circle after circle, wider and wider, as a pebble dropped into the lake spreads its ripple over the surface, extending more and more until the whole is embraced within it. Deserving of support as are the societies for spreading the Gospel abroad, for converting the heathen and reclaiming the Jew, yet first and foremost stands that society which has for its object the rescuing of the teeming masses at home—masses who are sinking and perishing in the dark waters of ignorance and irreligion, even unto eternal death. To those it is that the Church Pastoral Aid Society holds out her hand, and offers help and security. I say "teeming masses," because it is a well-known fact that the population of this great country has more than doubled itself within the last century. If, therefore, there had been, at the commencement of the period of which I speak, a sufficiency of Churches and Clergy, what must be the case now? But instead of that being the case, the fact is notorious that years ago there was neither a sufficiency of Churches nor of Clergy;

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added to which there is the fact that the population, which has gone on increasing, has not done so regularly over the whole surface of the country, but in vast masses here and there. Many parishes—many, certainly, in this diocess—have not more inhabitants, and some have even less, than they had in 1799; but if we look into our vast cities, our seats of trade and commerce, and our dense mining populations, we see how greatly man has increased and multiplied. In addition to this, up to the period I speak of, an awful state of spiritual slumber seemed to have oppressed the land,—nothing was done. Very few new Churches were built; very few additional Clergymen provided. As to Special-services, Scripture-readers, or lay agents, such things were never heard of; and had it not been for the noble exertions of some few pious, good men (on whose labours the blessing of God has rested), men who were ridiculed and nicknamed by the world as "Methodists," and almost hunted down—religion would very probably have sunk into a shadow—a nonentity—perhaps into the bare registration of respectably-born children; and that not because baptism was valued, but because it was the only means of registration acknowledged by the law of the land. And now what is to be done? As to dividing and subdividing parishes, desirable as that often is, we know that it meets with conflicting interests and rights, and is a very difficult matter to be accomplished. As to building new Churches—at least the requisite number required—with parsonage houses, and providing even a pittance for the minister, the thing is next to impossible. Then what are we to do? Support with earnestness and liberality the Church Pastoral Aid Society—a society which, as its name implies, comes to the aid of the pastor of the parish, and enables him to carry out the parochial system. It comes

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with Ministers and Scripture-readers to the aid of a clergyman who has work which he can by no possibility perform. In no respect will it usurp his office, rob him of his cure, or—unless, indeed, the fault be his own—take from him the affections of his people. Again, the Scripture-reader does not interfere with the ministrations of the clergyman of the parish, but prepares the flock for his reception. Were it otherwise, I am sure that, as Churchmen, we should not be inviting the assistance of lay-agency. My own opinion is that all must acknowledge this truth,—that a house-going clergyman makes a Church-going people.

MISSIONARY STUDENTSHIP ASSOCIATION.

July 4th, 1860.

AS REPORTED IN THE HEREFORD JOURNAL.

Archdeacon FREER being called to the chair, and having opened the meeting with prayer, observed that he scarcely expected on this, the first public meeting of their society, to find the attendance so numerous, because he thought that most of them were aware that its existence had been too short for much to be laid before them in the form of a report. Nevertheless, he was much pleased to see so good an attendance; it showed an interest in the cause—the cause of missions. Missionary exertions had ever been regarded as one of the marks of a true Church; it was an evidence of its vitality, perhaps the most convincing one to its members, who, by their own exertions, would practically be made to feel that their talent was neither concealed in a napkin nor buried. He would briefly observe that the object of this Society was to support young men as students at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and thus prepare them, by a sound education and a virtuous life, for the

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important duties of missionaries to the heathen—a position for which something more than zeal was necessary; not only a preparation of the heart, but that of the mind, as well as the whole frame and manner of life.

VISIT OF THE HEREFORD AND LEOMINSTER VOLUNTEERS TO HAMPTON COURT.—REVIEW AND BANQUET.

August 9th, 1860.

There are, Sir,* few occasions more agreeable or more hilarious than the present. There is no scene which comes nearer home to the heart of every Englishman than the meeting together of a body like the present, who we know have devoted their time and their energies to the service of their country, should they unfortunately ever be required. But at the same time, let it not be forgotten that our debt of gratitude to them, should their services never be required in earnest, is as great as though they were called upon to perform active service. I am sure that the manifestation which you have this day had of the way in which the Herefordshire Companies of Volunteers are able to perform their duties, must have been highly satisfactory to you and to your guests who are here assembled. There is also another satisfaction which I cannot help feeling on an occasion like the present,—calling to mind as I do a painting which I have been told was once hung over an inn-door in Yorkshire, representing three figures, the one being a divine, the other a soldier, and the third a simple countryman, whom we will designate as "John Bull." From the mouth of one of these figures—of course the soldier—were issuing the words, "I fight for all;" from the mouth of the divine, "I pray for all;" but from the mouth

* J. H. Arkwright, Esq.

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of poor John Bull proceeded the emphatic words, "I *pay* for all." I say, therefore, upon the present occasion, that I feel great satisfaction in seeing these Companies of Herefordshire Volunteers assembled at the hospitable board of my very kind friend Mr. Arkwright; and certainly nobody except himself can this day use the words of John Bull, and say, "I pay for all."

THE HEREFORDSHIRE FREEMASONS.—GRAND LODGE. APPOINTMENT OF THE ARCHDEACON AS D.P.G.M.

September 21st, 1860.

BANQUET.

In proposing the health of the P.G.M., the Archdeacon said:—We are apt to suppose—at least many are apt to suppose—that a position of exalted eminence is one peculiarly desirable, and that it possesses nothing but pleasures and benefits; but I for one—and I am sure you will agree with me—am aware that every exalted position carries with it its own responsibilities; and the higher that position is, the greater are those responsibilities. And so it is with my right honourable friend,—occupying as he does a very exalted position, he has duties to perform sometimes, I doubt not, highly pleasurable and satisfactory to him, but at other times grievous and full of care and anxiety. Those duties do not only consist of rewarding, or marking out for reward, those who deserved such acknowledgments—doubtless nothing pleases him better than the opportunity of bestowing honours upon all who were worthy of them—but our Right Worshipful Master has also to mark with reprobation cases which sometimes occur requiring the performance of this painful task.

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In acknowledging his health being proposed, the Archdeacon said :—If we look back to the early records of this country, to France, to Spain, and I believe also to Italy, and other countries, we shall find that Europe is indebted to Free Masonry for the noblest edifices which have been erected throughout this quarter of the globe. The majestic cathedrals of Europe, its abbeys, its castles, its private residences of former ages, of any great extent, owe their origin entirely to our predecessors in the craft. The origin of Free Masonry, as has been observed by our Grand Master, is lost in antiquity; but this we know, that at a very early age, immediately after the first Crusade, large communities of the craft marched from Palestine, and made their way over the whole of southern Europe, enlisting amongst their number men of every country in which they were sojourning; and while sojourning for a time—for they were migratory—in those countries, they erected those noble edifices which are unequalled in their furniture and architectural decorations, and whether looked at as noble ruins, or regarded with an eye to their original grandeur, are still unsurpassed, and never will be surpassed, by any other buildings which can be raised. Free Masons then spread themselves over the country, and it is a well-known fact, to Masons at least, that in the first century after the first Crusade, upwards of 600 of the most magnificent edifices of which Europe can boast, were erected by them. The Free Masons of that time were those with whom were deposited—and with them almost alone—the fine arts, sculpture, painting, and architecture ;—in their exclusive possession were also comprehended the sciences, for mathematics formed no small share of the plans and arrangements which occupied their thoughts in the carrying out of those glorious ideas which resulted in the erection of those

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noble edifices of which I have been speaking. And now, let us look at this great fact. Do we at the present day wish to build a cathedral, a noble edifice, a gothic mansion, or castle? Where do we go to? Have we the architects —so far as originality goes—have we the architects at the present day? No. We refer to the existing monuments of the Free Masons of old. If we want beautiful cornices, proper dimensions, or elegant proportions, we go to them, because they understood these matters, and we cannot equal them in any architectural matter whatever. Do we want authorities in architecture? It is to the Free Masons alone—the Free Masons of old—that we must go. And now, brethren and gentlemen, you will say—or it may be asked,—"But what are the Free Masons now? They are no longer Free Masons as of old, for they build nothing." Do we build nothing? I say we do—we build up the human heart; we raise a glorious temple within man. It is true we no longer erect material buildings of stone and bricks and mortar, but we train up the man; we instruct the child to become a good man; and a good Mason is always a good man. I say we train up the man to be an effective labourer in the service of the Great Architect of the universe, and in the hope that he will ultimately be received, and enter into the eternal mansions prepared above. Who would not be proud to belong to such a community? Who can wonder that we are proud to decorate ourselves with those emblems which we know to have been worn by our predecessors—emblems possessing a secret and mysterious meaning, unknown to the uninitiated, but understood and highly prized by those who wear them and know their worth?

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HEREFORD DIOCESAN EDUCATION SOCIETY.

November 14th, 1860.

You will learn from the report of our indefatigable and able Secretary,* that the good ship of education has now been fairly launched upon our waters; in other words, that a great step in advance has been made by the provision of schools for training up the rising generation, and removing them from that state of rude ignorance which at one time threatened to make our county a bye-word amongst our better-taught neighbours. There can therefore be no need for me to attempt, at this time of day—to use a common phrase—to prove, by any arguments, the utility and advantages of education, or to speak of what I may call the wickedness of allowing children to grow up without the knowledge of the Lord, and I will add also, without that knowledge which will enable them to derive both advantage and comfort from the use of those intellectual faculties with which God Almighty has been pleased to bless them as well as ourselves, and which we may rest assured were never given that they might lie dormant and idle. The hardest—the most difficult—part of our task has been accomplished,—the difficulty of bringing men's minds at all to the consideration of the necessity of this educational movement, and the outlay necessarily called for by that movement. This has, in a great measure, been accomplished, and there are now, I believe, according to the report which I have heard from our Secretary, and from my own knowledge, not more than five or six parishes in this Archdeaconry—which embraces the whole of Herefordshire, at least—which have not schools of some sort or another. This must be satisfactory to all the friends of education, as marking a contrast with the state of things

* Rev. Wm. Poole.

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which existed here twelve years ago; and we must remember that it is in a great measure owing to the exertions made by the Bishop, and to the countenance which he has extended, upon all occasions, to this Society, of which he is the patron, as also the founder. I believe the notion has pretty well subsided that boys cannot make good labourers or good servants because they have received some little culture—because they are able to read their Bibles intelligently—because they have the notion that the sun does not revolve round the earth, and the moon is not made of cheese, and can write their names instead of making a mark. I think the notion of these things has passed away, but at the same time, I am aware that even now there are a few who will talk of what they call over-education, and the folly of teaching children that which is useless—yea, worse than useless—to them. To all such who hold that opinion, I beg leave to say that it is a fallacy—a total fallacy. Like most other fallacies, having something like a fact for its foundation, I believe we can account for it in this way—at all events, I can see no other way of accounting for it:—that we have in many of our schools many excellent, intelligent, and superior schoolmasters—men who are quite capable of giving instruction in the higher branches of education. And most desirable it is that it should be so, because such men have ever been found the most apt and competent in imparting rudimental instruction. But as to over-educating a boy in any of our schools, I would ask of those who talk in this way, where is this *lusus naturæ* to be found? He ought to have been present;—produce him as a specimen to be examined, in illustration of the assertion. The fact is, the boys don't remain at school long enough to acquire a competent share of education. By that, I mean a certain degree of moral culture,

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an acquaintance with the great principles of revealed religion, good reading, fair writing, and a tolerable knowledge—with perhaps the easiest rules—of arithmetic. And this, I believe, is all that any of the most ardent promoters of education call for, or think necessary; and I only wish that those who do make such statements about over-educating children would be kind enough to make a little inquiry, and examine into facts before doing so, and then, I think, instead of hearing about children being over-educated, we should find that for the most part the majority of them leave school before they are ten years of age. I don't know whether I shall be trespassing too long upon the meeting, by mentioning an anecdote which has come into my head, and which I learned while on a visit to a neighbouring county, where the chief landlord of a parish has done much for education, and has earned the gratitude of all around him. He told me that one day, as he was walking over the parish, he met an old man, who, as a soldier, lives on a small pension. This old soldier, pointing to a school which the gentleman had built not long before, said, "There, sir, that is the best thing you ever did for the parish." My friend was surprised to hear this from the old soldier, and he said he was glad to hear him say so; but he asked him why he thought so. "I believe," said the old man, "if that school had been built when I was a boy, I should now be receiving half-a-crown instead of sixpence per day pension." My friend asked for a little information, which was given, and it was briefly this:—This poor man had been a private soldier, and he conducted himself so well as to gain the approbation of his fellow-soldiers and his officers; he had behaved with great gallantry and courage, and his conduct was deserving of reward. Upon one occasion, when he was serving with the Duke of

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Wellington, he showed great courage by advancing singly towards the enemy's line, and there securing the musket of a fallen soldier, his own musket being lost,—a feat which exposed him to the concentrated fire of the enemy, and was therefore an act of great courage. His gallant conduct deserved and received reward, for he was raised from the ranks, and made a sergeant. "I then,"—to give the remaining portion of the anecdote in the old man's words,—"I then," he said, "as sergeant, had to write and keep the accounts. I was kept in the situation six weeks, and received every assistance from my fellow-soldiers, and every consideration from the officers; but unfortunately, it was as much as I could do, by hard study, to read; I could scarcely write at all; and the accounts were of that nature that I was obliged to give up the sergeantship, and return to the ranks; and now as a private I receive sixpence per day of pension, whereas I should have received two shillings and sixpence per day if I had remained a sergeant." I beg your pardon for troubling you with this anecdote, but I think it bears upon the subject, and shows how advantageous education may be to those who occupy the lowest stations in society. One more remark. There is now a cry and a thirst for knowledge throughout the land. That cry has been heard, and the thirst will be slaked. The floodgates have been thrown open, and the waters are rushing forth. It remains for us to say whether those waters shall be directed throughout the land to invigorate, and gladden, and bless the souls of men, or whether they shall go forth as a mad, roaring, devastating torrent, sapping the foundations and overthrowing the banks of all that is dear, sacred, and inestimable to us in our religion and laws, and leaving, instead of ignorance, that which is a thousand times worse—

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anarchy, rationalism, infidelity. This is now our position. Allow the torrent to go on, undirected, for a few years longer, and it will be too late—the waters will be too deep, the current too strong, for us to stem or control. Let me, therefore, exhort you to go and do your utmost in the good cause of education in which we have embarked, and let the ground of our teaching ever be, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE CORN EXCHANGE, ROSS.

MASONIC CEREMONY.

March, 1861.

As a Clergyman, I cannot but add the prayers of myself and brethren, that the building may be for the comfort and advantage of every one in Ross and its neighbourhood; that it may be a house of accommodation to those who traffic therein, and that they may so traffic to their own advantage, and for the benefit of God's poor. I can take this opportunity,—and perhaps it may be some interest to those who are not Masons, if I indulge in a few remarks respecting our ancient fraternity,—and I think, on an occasion like this, it may be permitted. When we assemble as Masons, we talk of Masonry, and we have not many opportunities of doing it to those who are not Masons. You know that the Masons are a secret society, and therefore it is impossible for me to convey to you their secrets. But I will give you something by way of illustration. When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne of the realm, the whole country was aroused with secret convulsions, and she looked with suspicion upon all secret societies, and many of these societies were disbanded, and the members forced

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to leave the country. With the Masons, she, however, took a different course: she sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury, Matthew Parker, and for two or three others, and said to them, "I wish you to become initiated in the mysteries of Masonry, not that you may tell me its secrets, but that you may tell me if they are what I may acknowledge, or such as I dismiss." The result of this was that that great man, and several others, became Masons, and attended shortly afterwards upon Her Majesty, and their report was this:—"Your Majesty asks me what Masons are. I can assure you they are the most loyal subjects your Majesty has; they are the best citizens this land boasts; and there are none more God-fearing people in the realm." The result was what you may suppose, that the Order received her patronage; but, of course, she could not be admitted into the Order. You know ladies are sometimes anxious to gain secrets, and wish to know why they are not permitted to become Masons. If I may say so, this is necessarily a secret society. In the beginning, when we were something more than speculative Masons—when we were operative Masons—when those great buildings, our cathedrals and our churches, were the work of the Masons,—it was a necessary thing that the persons employed as positive and actual masons should be thorough masters of every branch of their art. What would it be if the persons employed did not understand the geometrical principles upon which an arch was raised, and the spire supported on those four slender legs? We should have had, years ago, those noble buildings heaps of ruins. It was therefore necessary that master masons should have some decisive means of knowing if the persons they employed were competent for their duties, and therefore it was necessary that these secrets should be

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known, and members were known by those secret signs, and their competence acknowledged. So much as regards secresy. I know you may ask, "Why not admit females?" We may say, useful and ornamental as they are, we don't know that they could at all have assisted us in raising originally those vast buildings, or that they could now assist us in our more speculative feelings. And let it not be forgotten that the tender sex are more prone to communicate their knowledge than the sterner sex.

KINNERSLEY.—OPENING OF NEW SCHOOL.

May 4th, 1861.

Before I pronounce this building opened, I would occupy your attention for a few moments. We have this day been joining in the services of the Church, and have been offering up our praises to the Almighty for His blessing on the undertaking which has this day engaged us. Let me, however, remind you that it is in vain you ask God for His blessing, unless you place yourselves in such a position as to receive that blessing. You possess the fact of having an excellent school in your parish, and of having good instruction in the midst of you; but this will not make your children one degree better, unless you take care that they are regular in their attendance, and that the examples which they receive at home shall not destroy the good lessons which they learn here. Parents often keep their children from school, from ignorance. I know it is a frequent fact, They think it is a matter of little consequence, and they keep them at home for a day or two, because they are not aware how it breaks up the usual

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routine, and throws them back, and destroys the possibility of affording them a real and sound instruction. There are several little excuses used for keeping children from school —such as planting the garden, or sending messages. Such matters look to be of slight consequence, but in reality they are of great importance, and it is better to go for two months regularly, if you take pains when your children return home in the evening, to ask them what they have heard and learnt at school,—in such a case, they will learn more in the two months than they will learn in years otherwise. I would sincerely hope that our agriculturists would, as much as possible, remit the services of young children for a great portion of the year. In an agricultural neighbourhood like this, I know there are great difficulties, but such things are to be managed, and "where there is a will there is a way;" and any farmer who is friendly to education, who is anxious that the children should be well brought up—such a farmer will do his utmost to forward the attendance of those children at the schools.

Now I have only to ask a blessing from Almighty God on those who have been to these schools, and on the Minister of the parish, with a hope that the Word of God may ever flourish; and also let me beg a blessing on those children, for their education in these schools—that they may grow in grace. It now only remains for me to say that I, the Archdeacon of Hereford, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the ever blessed and undivided Trinity, do declare this building to be set apart for the glory of God, in the instruction of the young, for ever.

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HEREFORD RIFLE VOLUNTEERS' FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

May 18th, 1861.

Perhaps to some it may appear extraordinary that I, a man of peace, and occupying a position of some eminence in a profession of peace, should feel it my proud honour to bear a commission in the Volunteer Rifle Corps of this city; but we must all remember that the only legitimate end of war is peace; that it is peace alone that you are supporting, and that it is peace alone which you will, by your enlistment, further the prevalence of, in this land. Neither can it be considered that there is anything derogatory to the position in the profession which I occupy, in appearing among you on an occasion of this sort. I believe it is a good and salutary thing, on such an occasion, that there should be Clergymen present, and I hope it is a thing which will not be objected to, either by those present or by others. The position you occupy is not only one which you deserve, but one for which you deserve the thanks of your countrymen and your country. You have come boldly forward to fight for your country, and to fight for those who cannot fight for themselves; and I am sure there is many a heart beats more lightly, many a head is laid with greater confidence, and rests more easy at night on its pillow, because it knows that there is a volunteer force ready, in case of danger and alarm, to fight for those who cannot fight for themselves.

OPENING OF FROME BISHOP CHURCH.

June 6th, 1861.

It has been to me a source of delight to see so many Churches restored during the last nine years,—none, however, in the same style of architecture as that which we

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have seen to-day ; and it is to me a peculiar satisfaction to see the Norman style—of which there are not only so few in the county of Hereford, but in England at large—carried out so successfully and so ably, in every feature and respect, as that building in which we have been permitted to assemble for the first time.

KENCHESTER BIBLE SOCIETY.

September 27th, 1861.

I feel sincere gratification at being present here, in meeting you, my neighbours, who worship in this Chapel, my friend Mr. Staples, and other ministers who are fellow-labourers in the cause of the Bible. It is a good thing for all of us; it makes us feel we dwell in a Christian land. I don't mean a land merely nominally Christian, but where the spirit of Christ has at least some effect upon our hearts and principles. There has been a great improvement in these matters within my memory, and I thank God for it, and I hope we shall go on improving till Christians consent to lay aside all differences when they are called on to unite in the circulation of God's Holy Scriptures, which is the text-book and the guide of all who profess and call themselves Christians, except those poor blind Romanists who are not allowed to peruse it. And now, my dear friends, I will tell you what good I think a meeting like the present may do for us. I believe that we are all of us half asleep in matters of religion ; we go dreaming on, day after day, and year after year, and then, when the dream is nearly over, life almost spent, the flame quivering in the socket, eyes growing dim, ears getting deaf, breath becoming short, we begin to think that there is something more in religion than we ever thought of before, and something more to be done than we

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ever saw to; and we send for the Minister, who does what he can to accomplish in a few hours what should have been the constant occupation of our lives. Nothing can be much worse than all this, and it is true we may not have been great and notorious sinners, as far as the world sees; the great moral commandments remain apparently unbroken; but we have been ashamed of Christ; we have not confessed Him before men, and we can have but a faint hope that He will acknowledge us before God and angels. Now, anything that breaks through the dull routine of a godless life, which stirs us up to think but of one duty, is a great advantage; when men begin to think of one duty, and perform that duty, they will naturally begin to think of other duties, and, in time, to perform them also. And so, when we begin to think of the souls of others, and what a shocking thing it is that millions upon millions of men should live and die without one spark of knowledge of the God who made, the Saviour who redeemed, the Holy Spirit who sanctifies, we may be led to think whether our own poor souls, the souls of men who live beneath the blaze of Gospel light, are in a better state than those of the heathen. Well, then, this is one of the great advantages which some even of you, my friends, may derive from being sufficiently aroused out of your usual dream to attend a meeting like the present. If we really, in our hearts, do believe that God willeth all men to be saved; that He knows neither great nor few, "Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, black or white;" that He is no respecter of persons, but would have all men converted and live,—what can be said of us, if we neglect so easy an opportunity of being workers together with God, as by being supporters of an Association such as this? Remember, the days of miracles are past: God no longer works

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especial wonders to convert individuals, or nations. He has given us His Gospel, and He has declared His will, but He has left it to mankind to profit by the one, and carry out the other. Oh! how true are the words of our Lord, in the conclusion of that touching parable of the rich man and Lazarus,—"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead!" Look at the Jews; see how God performed miracles for them, how He led them out of the land of Egypt, how He divided the waters and made a way for them to pass through; how He led them by a pillar of cloud by day, and fire by night; how He smote the rock, and gave them water; how He fed them with manna in the wilderness; how He raised the serpent to heal the sickness of those who looked on it; how, in short, they saw His miracles specially performed before them almost daily, and yet how they hardened their hearts and rebelled yet more against Him. No wonder miracles have ceased. God has not left Himself without witness, but His voice is no more heard speaking with man; His hand is no more stretched out to work wonders. He has given us not only Moses and the prophets, but He has given us His Gospel, and He has bade us go and teach all nations, and extend His kingdom from pole to pole, and entrusted to us the salvation of our brother sinners' souls.

EASTNOR CHURCH FESTIVAL.

September 5th, 1861.

I regard these meetings as most important to the interests of the Church, cementing and binding the Clergy and laity in the bonds of brotherly love, as they do.

Such assemblies tend greatly to strengthen the hands of

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the Clergy, by bringing them into direct union with the laity in the cause of the Church,—and without unity, there is no strength.

HARVEST HOME AT PULL COURT.

September 18th, 1861.

In returning thanks for the Bishop of Worcester and the Clergy:—The Bishop's heart would have been gladdened with the spectacle now before him, he would have rejoiced to see the squires, the tenants, the yeomen, and the labourers of these parishes, assembled together to thank the Almighty for His mercies, and enjoy, as well they may do, with Christian thankfulness and remembrance of "Him from whom all blessings flow," those bounties which His goodness had provided. My brethren, the Clergy generally are deeply and feelingly interested in proceedings such as these, and that not from selfish motives, but because there is nothing in the world more gratifying to them than the prosperity and happiness of their neighbours.

Mr. Dowdeswell and I were at school together, when about twelve years of age, at Westminster; and from that time to this—a long period of years—our friendship has been uninterrupted, unbroken; during that long period, it has seldom happened that our personal intercourse has been suspended for many months—seldom even for many weeks; so that I look upon that long and loving friendship not only as one of the greatest comforts and blessings of my life, but as indeed a very rare event in a world where the dearest friends are so often separated. My feelings, then, are of no ordinary nature when I see Mr. Dowdeswell and Mr. Stone, surrounded as they are this day, and coming forward as they have done now for several years,

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first to institute and then to carry on such festivals as the present one.

A considerable number of those before me now have listened to me while I preached before them at Bushley Church this morning. I will not, therefore, repeat the arguments I then used, or take the high ground of gratitude to Almighty "God who giveth the increase," as that on which I rest my approval and satisfaction at such a scene as that which is now presented, when we have been blest with a harvest which, if not very large in yield, is superior in quality, from the glorious weather which had ripened it, to that of many years. But I will say that the ground of my especial pleasure on this occasion is this: "the rich and the poor meet together," and are here taught that "the Lord is the Maker of them all." There are but few occasions in this world when this is really brought home to us. I use the words of Holy Writ, "The rich and the poor meet together, the Lord is the Maker of them all. Yes, God has made rich as well as poor; let us not forget this fact, nor be carried away, as some are, with the insidious and fabulous notion that God has made all men equal. In a worldly sense, this never was, and never will be true. From the earliest epoch, we hear of different gradations of society,—of princes and lords, as well as servants and bondsmen; and we know that men of old who possessed exceeding store of flocks and herds—nay, even who sat on thrones encompassed with treasure beyond their calculation, were equally the sharers of the Almighty's care and love with the poorest and the humblest of mankind. When, therefore, it is said that God had made all men equal, there is a fallacy in the words.

In this world, He has not made men equal; He has made rich and poor; but if it was said the souls and the

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bodies of men were of *equal value* in His sight, it was truly said, for God is no respecter of persons between those who worship Him with their hearts, and dedicate their desires to His service, however great their worldly difference may be. Now I think that this great and important truth is placed before us this day in a point of view from which there is no escape. We meet this day, not to boast our equality, but as filling various positions, and differing in worldly station—in short, rich and poor. We have assembled to confess ourselves the children of one common Parent, sons of one common Father; not, indeed, all elder sons, though all heirs of one hope,—to acknowledge that we are all the creatures of His bounty, all of us surrounded with blessings, in one shape or other, far beyond our deserts; and now at this festive board as desirous to confess His great and unmerited bounty and gracious goodness as when we knelt in the Churches but a few hours ago.

THE HEREFORD EDUCATION SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING.

October, 1861.

I must make a few remarks as to the new Minutes issued by the Privy Council. I will not profess to say I understand all that has been put forth, but I really think they are not so objectionable as many persons at first sight were inclined to think. If there is any class upon whom they press hardly, and who, I think, deserve a better fate, it is those schoolmasters who have accepted the positions they hold, under the expectation of matters being carried on, as far as they were concerned, the same as hitherto; but as regards the managers of schools, they are placed in a far better position, for, generally speaking, they are

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members of the Church of England, and in most instances Clergymen of the parish, upon whom devolves the religious education of the children in their several schools.

The Government Inspectors, we are told, are only to look after the three points—reading, writing, and arithmetic,—but we can hardly suppose that this constitutes the whole of the instruction necessary for the young; on the contrary, if the Minutes are carried out, the managers will have far greater power in their hands than at present, with reference to the religious instruction their pupils should receive. With reference to the number of Inspectors, I quite agree that it would be quite out of the question to suppose that the same examiner would do for Roman Catholic and Protestant schools, but having given a separate examiner for the former, I cannot conceive why the same examiners will not be able to attend all Protestant schools and examine upon other subjects, religion being entirely out of the question, that being left to the managers themselves. I remember, about two years ago, establishing a night school in the school of which I am a manager, and at which the schoolmaster and pupil teacher gave their services, without in the least interfering with the other duties. The question, however, was put, "Is your schoolmaster employed in any other way? or have you any other school in connection with your parish school?" I was, of course, obliged to acknowledge I had, when down came a rap on the knuckles, "the order that neither the schoolmaster nor pupil teacher must, upon any ground, be permitted to assist in the night school." If this were altered, we should have the power of forming these schools, which would be highly advantageous; for where boys and girls were obliged to leave school at an early age, it is of the utmost importance that they should

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keep up the connecting link, and give them that instruction and advice they so much needed, so that they would not, as the Irishman said to his friend, be enabled to make the boast that he "had forgotten more than ever he knew in his life." It is, however, too often the case that a sharp, clever lad, when he leaves school, becomes a poor, ignorant country lout, for the want of continuing that instruction he received at school, and which the establishment of evening schools tends to remedy. I think, when gentlemen come to study the Minutes, they will not find them so objectionable as at first supposed, except in the case of the schoolmasters, who, no doubt, are very hardly treated.

SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

November, 1861.

Never since the first days of the proclamation of the Gospel to fallen man have the prospects of its achievements been fairer than at the present moment. Missionary exertions are on all sides increasing—I may say, hourly—and the words of our blessed Lord, at once a prophecy and a command, that the "Gospel of the kingdom should be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations," are daily being accomplished. The sound of the Gospel has gone forth into all lands, and the words of God unto the ends of the world. For this great and holy cause, it is our duty to labour, in obedience to the command laid on us by our Heavenly Master, "Go ye, therefore, into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,"—a command from the obligations to obey which we can in no wise be exonerated; even if we know that all the funds collected, all the energies put forth,

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and all the labours undergone, will at last all be in vain for the conversion and salvation of a single soul, for the command remains the same. How far, then, the exertions which are made are such as will be accepted as the utmost of which we are capable, by Him who reads the heart, and from whom no secrets are hid, is a question which must be left *now* to our consciences, for they alone can answer; but it is a question which will meet with its response *hereafter*, and the truth be made manifest, not only to ourselves, but to the assembled myriads who have ever lived upon the earth, when we all appear before the judgment seat of Almighty God. But there is another way in which the truth will gradually display itself, though none of us may live to witness its entire development: I mean in the future destiny of this our glorious country. It has been said, as centuries revolve, the time will come when the New Zealander will stand upon the ruins of London Bridge. Now I do not hesitate to express my deliberate belief that if that day should ever come, that the New Zealander should, from the ruins of London Bridge, contemplate the wreck of that vast metropolis—the greatest, the richest, the most powerful on which the sun ever rose and set—it will be because she had forgotten Him who had made her great—had despised Him who had made her rich, and had rejected Him who had given her power. You may read the same lesson in the history of other nations. Where now were the gardens and palaces of Babylon?—where the temples and monuments of Greece?—where the colossal theatre and the wondrous aqueducts of Rome? Where? Devastated and almost destroyed, with just sufficient remains to tell of former grandeur, the abode of bats and owls; and loathsome creeping things mock their former state, as the worms will our own mortal bodies,

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made in the image of God, when committed to the grave. But why? We know that, as far as our mortal bodies are concerned, there is a law of nature and an ordinance of God, that they shall return to the dust from whence they came; but there is no law of nature that things imperishable of themselves, except from neglect, shall fall into utter ruin. There is no ordinance of God that mighty cities shall become yawning dens of desolation. No! It was because Babylon, and Greece, and Rome had rejected God that He had rejected them. And this is true, whether I regard them as mere heathen nations, who neglected God, inasmuch as God left not Himself without witness among the heathen, or as nations disregarding and rejecting the knowledge of the Most High, as offered to them and exhibited before them by devout Jews, God's servants, before the birth of the Redeemer, or by Christian apostles in later days. Again, let the fate of the Jews be a warning not only in respect of that individual holiness, of so much value as constituting in the aggregate the righteousness of a people, but also as the need of our compliance with the command which is laid on us, as it was on the Jews, to expel heathenism, idolatry, and superstition, and impart the knowledge of Jehovah. The same arguments which were applied by Moses to the Israelites of old, bear equally upon Englishmen; "not for our righteousness, or the uprightness of our hearts," do we possess the far isles, or the vast continent of India; "not for our righteousness, or the uprightness of our hearts," was an opening made for us in China, or were the wilds of Africa ready to receive us, "but for the wickedness of these nations, the Lord our God doth drive them out before us." "But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth, and it shall be if thou do at all forget the Lord thy

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God, and walk after other gods, as the nations which the Lord thy God destroyeth before thy face, so shall ye perish, because ye would not be obedient to the voice of the Lord your God."

This was an awful denunciation of divine wrath, awful to us as individuals, awful to us as a Church and people. O may it have its due weight in our councils and our senate, and may it lead our legislators and our Church and State to reflect that as other nations, who forgot God, and trusted in the arm of flesh, have been swept away from off the face of the earth, so doubtless will it be with us if our sins are the same. And may it sink deep into all our hearts, teaching us more and more the power of our own personal holiness, and to stretch out more cordially and more constantly the hand of love and charity to those amongst whom we live; while we fail not daily to do something by prayer and deed towards the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the bringing the poor outcasts out of distant lands into the Saviour's fold!

CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY.

January 8th, 1862.

I must express my heartfelt thanks that the churches in the Archdeaconry have been vastly improved. Not only have new churches been built, but the state of the churches in the Archdeaconry have been greatly altered. As it is my duty to inspect the fabrics of the churches, I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to those who have acted on my advice, or who have interested themselves in the improvement of ecclesiastical buildings. There is one other remark I wish to make, which is, that

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the day has gone by when Christians are satisfied, as in former years, with only occasional visits to our churches, when we had to go over hill and dale to visit them. That day has long passed away, and there is now a general desire expressed, and call made, that the house of God should be brought nearer to the house of man, for the accommodation of those who are to assemble for worship. You are well aware that if the Church is not brought to the people, and there is not proper arrangement made, there will spring up Dissenters' chapels. Not that I blame Dissenters; on the contrary, I think we ought to be obliged to them for giving us that spur and incentive not to allow a Dissenting place of worship to be erected where a Church ought to be, and to let the Church of England be supplanted by that of any other sect whatever. If we can take a lesson from another branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church on the other side of the water as to the state of their edifices, perhaps you will allow me to say that we may well take a lesson from Dissenters in our own country so far as comfort is concerned, more especially in warming those churches which are cold and comfortless. It is a bad thing to call a man out of his warm lodgings to be frozen. I would make the Church the poor man's palace, more attractive to him than his own house—not only beautiful to the eye, but comfortable. Although my duty is first to look that the walls are straight, the pillars upright, and the arches true, still, after that has been done, I would make them all comfortable and accommodating. Let the work be as good as it can be, and let the preaching be the same.

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CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY.

February 16th, 1862.

The Church Pastoral Aid Society forces its claims upon us, as it will, can, and does give assistance to all those who ask its aid, so far as its means allow. This Society has a peculiar claim on the citizens of Hereford, because in one of the populous parishes a gentleman has been sent down by the Society to assist the resident minister; and his labours have been very advantageous, particularly in visiting those persons who were living without the word of God amongst them. When this Society was first instituted, some people began to take alarm because it employed unordained men as Scripture Readers. I think that the employment of Scripture Readers is a very useful part of the institution, as they often go where the Clergymen are unable to go. The object of the Society is, not to supplant the Clergy of the parish, but to aid them whenever they need assistance. Those sent from this Society are under the Clergyman whom they assist; and they not only work under, but with and for him in that which is at once the greatest privilege and the noblest task which can be allotted to man—the salvation of souls.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

June, 1862.

I must express the satisfaction and pleasure I feel in accepting the invitation to preside at this anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society—a Society for which I entertain the highest respect, as one which, under Divine Providence, has conferred and still is conferring, incalculable benefits on the human race. I say incalculable

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benefits, because this venerable institution, like Charity, is "twice blessed:" not only does she pour forth her Gospel treasures before the heathen—not only does she labour to Christianize distant lands, and exalt to all the glorious privileges of man those who, without such privileges, are unworthy of the name of man—but, by the advocacy of her claims at home, by witnessing against the cold, the lukewarm, and the scoffer amongst ourselves, she gives a depth of vitality to our religion, and shows us how vain and profitless is our creed if we cry, "Lord, Lord!" "and do not the will" and the work "of our Father in heaven." God moves in a mysterious way. This is indeed true, and from small and trifling events He ofttimes produces events the most momentous. Who knows what the advertisement which has called us together this day, or the very placard on the walls announcing our meeting, may, under His blessing, have effected? Who knows what eye may have been arrested, what heart touched? and who can say that the Holy Spirit has not selected these means, so small, and to us apparently so casual, to implant in the hearts of some, good thoughts and desires, holy aspirations, longings after better things, which may spring up and bear fruit hereafter with eternal life? These, I think, are pleasing considerations when we meet on occasions like the present; indeed, the constant feeling of an ever-present and all-seeing Providence ordering all things for the best, bringing good out of apparent evil, joy out of distress, prosperity out of calamity, ever working for us, and the most in seasons when we think all things are working against us, is the greatest consolation we can enjoy. One word more: the great, the International Exhibition is now open—a glory to the country and our countrymen; yet who can forego the wish that there was "such a heart" in

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them that they would take only equal pains in the advancement of true religion as in the advancement of art and science, that while they spread over every clime the knowledge of luxury and the means of ameliorating external condition and increasing earthly comfort, they would unite with as much zeal to spread the knowledge of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, and His truth, teaching goodness and true faith both at home and abroad, and enabling men to "lay up treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal?"

MISSIONARY STUDENTSHIP ASSOCIATION OF THE ARCHDEACONRY OF HEREFORD.

August 4th, 1862.

I hope I may say something with regard to the Bishop of Cape Town, and the trouble he has taken in coming to address this meeting. I beg to put in, as it were, a plea on behalf of our African friends who are now present. On behalf of themselves, and on behalf of their country, they appeal to their religious friends in England to do all in their power to strengthen the hands of their esteemed and beloved Diocesan on his return to their land. I am certain that if these young men were sufficiently acquainted with our language they would tell you of the labour and zeal and love of the Bishop of Cape Town, and of the affectionate interest he had taken in the welfare of themselves and their brethren. They would tell you of his college and school; of the exertions which he, in his humility, refuses to make known; they would tell you much that would interest you; and they would ask you now not to allow their beloved Bishop to leave the meeting without some

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material proof of your love to the cause to take back with him to the country in which he labours, to assist him there with his clergy, students, and college, or in any other work he may have in hand. I must express my agreement in all that has been said respecting the high character that had been given to the two African youths who have resided with me during the last fortnight: their conduct has been such, that I have told the Warden this day that if they should again visit in this county, I shall be most happy to receive them for a still longer period.

FREEMASONRY.—GRAND CENTENARY FESTIVAL.

November 17th, 1862.

ORATION BY R. W. D. P. G. M.

Brethren,—The expression of a wish, on the part of the Palladian Lodge, that I should address them on the present important and interesting occasion having met with the approval of the R.W. the P.G.M., becomes a command to me, which duty, no less than inclination, leads me to obey. Howbeit, I speak before masters in the craft better fitted to be my instructors than I their teacher, howbeit I sit in the presence of the luminaries of our science, before whom my utmost knowledge is as the darkness of the glow-worm beneath the meridian sun, I enter upon my task without scruple and without diffidence, because I have learnt that obedience is the first duty of a Mason. It is, however, to my younger brethren, such as have been but lately initiated in our mysteries, that I would more particularly address myself; and there is another class from whom I would invite attention, those brethren, I mean, who, having entered

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into Masonry, have neglected to pursue its studies; who, having stepped within the portal, have lingered near it without spirit to advance; who have satisfied themselves with placing their foot on the lowest round of the ladder, without courage to ascend its summit; who have remained idle and listless in the outer court when they might have penetrated into the *sanctum sanctorum;* who have heard only the first whisperings of wisdom when they might have learnt the hidden mysteries of science; need I say to such that a man's worst foes are those of his own house, drones in the hive, idlers in the commora, sluggards who, while they neglect the genuine fruits and freely-offered benefits before them, by their apathy and ignorance cause Masonry itself to be evil spoken of? Do I speak hastily? I trust not, but it is sad to see men trifle with solemn obligations, sad to see men rashly take upon themselves the performance of duties with which they never make themselves even acquainted. If a pursuit is to be estimated according to its legitimate results—I mean those results which *ought* to spring from it—Freemasonry may be safely classed amongst the most comprehensive of human sciences, and therefore the best adapted to the state of man on earth, and it is idle to object that its fruits do not appear in every initiated brother, for if it were worth while to investigate the number of mere dabblers in any science, we should find that those who really excel bear no greater proportion to those who fail than may be seen in Masonry. I admit that there are Masons who are contented with very trifling acquirements in the art. It is their loss; but it will not follow that we possess no shining examples of excellence; although, from the nature of the institution, they are necessarily confined to the atmosphere of their own peculiar localities, for no lodge can flourish for any length of time unless it possesses

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some intelligent master spirit to conduct its proceedings. Freemasonry is not a science that admits of itinerant lecturers, and therefore it cannot be expected that the uninitiated world know much about it, and consequently their conjectures are very wide of the truth—they shoot their arrows wildly, and never hit the mark. Freemasonry is a great institution, and its peculiar benefits are limited to its own body, and although we act upon the ancient principle of *inviting* none to join us, yet our lodges are open to all good and worthy men, such as alone ought to be Masons, and our mysteries are hidden from none but those whose presence would be a doubtful benefit either to themselves or to the Order. We do not invite adherence, and therefore none can be disappointed; but we rejoice when men of name in science or literature solicit admission amongst us, because we may confidently anticipate that the expectations of every person who possesses taste and judgment will be fully realized, and the pursuits of Masonry be congenial to his mind. I spoke but now of the secresy and fidelity required of Masons—virtues difficult to be maintained, but ever held in high veneration by the wisest and best of men. And here I would venture to occupy your time with an anecdote of much interest, as related by a Roman historian, Aulus Gellius, and given by the late Mr. Preston, in his "Illustrations of Masonry:"—

"The senators of Rome had ordained that, during their consultations in the senate house, each senator should be permitted to bring his son with him, who was to depart if occasion required, but this favour was not general, being restricted to the sons of noblemen only, who in those days were tutored from their infancy in the virtue of secresy, and thereby qualified in their riper years to discharge the most important offices of Government with fidelity and wisdom.

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About this time the senators met on a very important case, and the office requiring mature deliberation, they were detained longer than usual in the Senate-house, and the conclusion of their determination was adjourned till the following day; each member engaging in the mean time to keep secret the proceedings of their meeting. Among other noblemen's sons who attended on this occasion was the son of the grave Papyrus, a family of great renown and splendour. This youth was no less remarkable for the extent of his genius than for the prudence of his deportment. On his return home, his mother, anxious to know what important case had been debated in the senate that day, which had detained the senators so long beyond the usual hour, entreated him to relate the particulars. The noble and virtuous youth told her that it was a business not in his power to reveal, he being bound by secrecy. On hearing this, her importunities were more earnest, and her inquiries more minute; by fair speeches and liberal promises she endeavoured to break open the casket of secrecy, and at length had recourse to threats, and even stripes. The youth, finding himself in a difficulty, and smarting under the stripes, at last invented the following tale, to preserve his fidelity:—'Madam,' he said, 'it seems necessary to the senate, for the increase of the people, and the public good, that every senator should be allowed two wives, or otherwise their wives two husbands. For my own part, I shall hardly incline to call under one roof two men my father, and would rather salute two ladies by the name of mother. This is the question, madam, and to-morrow it is to be determined.' The lady took this ridiculous tale for truth, and became violently enraged; she sent messengers to all the other ladies and matrons in Rome, and the next day, headed by her, they all rushed

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down to the Senate-house, and demanded, or rather forced, admission. She proceeded to address the assembly, asserting the injustice of a husband having two wives when he could scarcely please one, that she and her companions were determined to resist such an alteration of their laws, but at the same time confessed that they, one and all, had no objection to two husbands. The lady and her friends, after this little exposure, were suffered to depart (the Senate having gained information of the scheme of young Papyrus to preserve his fidelity); with blushing cheeks and downcast looks, they returned to their homes with the just reward of their curiosity; while, for his attachment to his word, and his discreet policy, many honours were conferred on the youth."

This little anecdote, which will at least amuse you, is not devoid of instruction, nor is it devoid of signification towards those who would endeavour clandestinely to penetrate our mysteries, and who, like the Roman ladies, are sure to stultify themselves in the attempt. But I must pass on to other duties which more particularly characterise our order. Freemasonry teaches us the inviolability of our neighbours' property and reputation, which it binds us to protect as if they were our own. It is not enough that no actual encroachments are made on them by violence on our part, or connivance when they are invaded by others. The worthy Mason, who acts according to the instruction which he receives in the Lodge, will not endeavour to profit by his brother's ignorance or inexperience in any worldly transaction, but, so far from injuring him, he will protect him from danger by giving him notice of any attack which may be meditated by others; thus showing to the uninitiated world that we are united by a chain of indissoluble affection, which cannot fail to cement us by its bond while

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we continue to practise the distinguishing duties of our Order, "Brotherly love, relief, and truth." And, further, we are taught that it is our duty to support a brother's character in his absence more energetically than in his presence, because it is presumed that when present he will be able to vindicate his own reputation:—"we are not wrongfully to revile him, or suffer him to be reviled by others, if it is in our power to prevent it." An offence against this precept is committed by misrepresenting the conduct of a brother, or passing unkind remarks and uncharitable reflections on him, by whispering, backbiting, or circulating injurious reports,—all approaches to such conduct are offences against the "tongue of good report," and should be carefully guarded against by every true Mason. Such offences are a breach of the stringent injunction of the grand patron of Masonry—St. John the Evangelist—who, in imitation of his Divine Master, frequently directs us to "love one another," and for this reason, because if the love of God and man be the ground of our actions, it will promote our own happiness, and spread the blessings of peace and unanimity amongst all ranks and conditions of men. This is the true spirit which Masonry inculcates,—it is the disposition of angels, and the practice of every faithful brother. The symbols of Masonry possess the quality, above those of any other society, of exciting, by the sublimity of their nature, and the aptitude of their applications, the character of the Order to its highest point of beauty and utility;—in a word, Freemasonry differs essentially from all other human societies in its moral organization and benevolent character. The pillars of our temple are "Faith, Hope, and Charity," and to this I add, in the words of an inspired apostle, "the greatest of these is charity;" and Masonic charity is that

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of the heart. The Mason thinks no evil of his brother; cherishes no designs against him. It is charity upon the tongue also; he speaks no evil, bears no false witness, defames no character, blasts no reputation; he knows that to take away a good name is to commit an evil the damage of which no wealth can repay, for it is of more value than great riches—rubies cannot re-purchase it, the "gold of Ophir" cannot re-gild it to its pristine beauty. It is charity of the hand, for it relieves a brother's wants,—thus the heart, the tongue, the hands of the really free and accepted Masons are ever engaged and diligently exercised in carrying out the grand principles of their ancient and illustrious Order.

Such are our leading tenets, and these need be no secret; act up to these, and even if "our good be evil spoken of," we shall not smart under the slander; our vindication, and the vindication of our pure and royal Order, like Christianity itself, is better effected by the practice of its professors than by all that could be said or written in its favour.

There remains yet one consideration, Brethren, which must not be passed over amidst this day's solemnities. It has pleased the Great Architect of the universe to establish, in His strength, this Lodge, for the space of one hundred years,—a period of time which, though as nothing in the ages of Masonry, is far more than is allotted to ordinary men. We shall never see, and most probably our children will never see, another centenary of the Palladian Lodge. While, then, with gratitude we bend before the Most High, for the preservation of our Order, and of this Lodge in particular, and for the many blessings we have individually received at His hands, may we prepare ourselves for that last hour when time itself must cease with us for ever; with Hope for our beacon, Faith our guide, and Charity our aid, may we so pass "through

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the valley of the shadow of death," that hereafter, through the merits and for the sake of our only Lord and Saviour, we may shine as the stars for ever and ever!

BANQUET AT GRAND CENTENARY FESTIVAL.

November 17th, 1862.

The plaudits with which you have been pleased to greet me on my standing up to address you on this occasion, are well deserved, for I know they are directed to the R.W.P.G.M. whose health I am about, by his own permission, to propose —at least when I say by his own permission, I mean you to infer that he has granted me permission to speak upon this occasion. The Worshipful Master of this Lodge has requested me as a Past Master of it to become the mouth-piece of himself and the members of the Palladian Lodge upon the present most interesting occasion. Brethren, it was quite impossible that we could permit this high and solemn festival to pass by when we have gained the sanction of the R.W. the Grand Master of England to wear upon our breasts a memorial of this our centenary celebration—it was, I say, quite impossible for us to assemble together in acknowledgment of that advantage without feeling most anxious and most desirous that the R.W.P.G.M. should, if he kindly consented to wear it, be decorated with a jewel similar to that worn by the members of the Lodge in honour of this day. With this view it was that upon our last assemblage in Lodge, it was unanimously voted that a centenary jewel, executed in the very best manner possible, and bearing a suitable inscription, should be prepared and offered for the acceptance of the Grand Master this day. Brethren, I have the honour of bearing in my hand that pleasing, and I am sure it will not be thought inelegant,

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testimony of the gratitude and respect borne to the Grand Master of this Province. To you, most Worshipful Sir, when I turn and see you bearing the decorations which you so well deserve for the progress made by you in Masonry, in the higher branches of science, and the high position you occupy amongst the literary characters of your country, and when I hand you this testimony, I feel, simple as it is, you will value it, not for its intrinsic merits, but for the sake of those who present it to you. They do it in remembrance of the deep gratitude they feel for the many advantages which you have conferred upon Masonry in general, and the Palladian Lodge in particular. We are not unmindful of the fact that when you became Grand Master of this Province only one Lodge—the Palladian—could be said to exist in this county; that you have assisted us repeatedly by your counsels, so that with and under your auspices this Lodge has been resuscitated; and we have seen other Lodges spring up again into existence from the chaos of oblivion. I am sure you will bear with me when I say that we most sincerely wished, indeed, could have desired, that this little jewel which I hold in my hand were more worthy of your acceptance, that instead of gold and silver, it were set in rubies and diamonds—the rubies of wisdom and the diamonds of science—precious emblems of those principles which have so nobly shone forth in that most eloquent, that beautiful, and that touching address we have heard from you this day. Right Worshipful Sir, I will not attempt to enter into my own feelings upon an occasion that gives me so much satisfaction, so much real pleasure, as the present does. I proceed to offer to you this little jewel, a token of the high respect borne by the Palladian Lodge to that high office which you now bear, and at the same time of their regard, their sincere

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affection for you, personally and individually. Before I sit down, permit me to propose a toast which you will, I am sure, receive with the acclamation and delight due from you when I submit the health of the R.W.P.G.M. the Rev. Dr. Bowles.

AT DINNER OF VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.

1862.

I think the single fact of the hearty reception you give to my name at once stamps a very favourable character on the military element of our country. Time was when the military mess-room was not the place where you would expect to find a grave and respectable minister of religion; time was, I fear, when the last person whom a young and joyous band of volunteers would have rejoiced to see at their table, was a clergyman of mature age and fair reputation. But the welcome you have always extended towards me, and the conduct you have at all times exhibited in my presence, shew me not only that this is no unfitting time or place at which to be amongst you, but that you also claim that your manner, your conversation, and your bearing shall be such as become Christian gentlemen, and your society suitable and becoming to be shared in by one of my calling and position. Living in your own homes as private individuals, and therefore each of you under the ministry and guidance of your respective Pastors, the duties I have to perform amongst you are few and far between; but while I bear my commission I must not permit its responsibilities to be disregarded, and therefore I must not allow any opportunity to escape of offering a word in season to those who by their own unsolicited choice have placed me in the position of doing so; you will not therefore think me impertinent or intrusive

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when I say that I believe my presence with you to-day may be of service by tempering any exuberance of spirits, and preventing the slightest transgression of the strictest rules of soberness and propriety.

AMATEUR CONCERT AT MANSEL LACY IN AID OF THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

December 30th, 1862.

AS REPORTED IN THE HEREFORD JOURNAL.

Before the audience separated, the Archdeacon remarked that before they parted he could not help expressing his gratification at the numbers present. They promised them nothing but what native talent could produce, and he hoped none had been disappointed in the performance. If they thought the price of admittance too high, they must remember that every farthing of it would go towards the object for which they were assembled, being the relief of our distressed brethren. There would be no expenses whatever to be paid out of the proceeds, as they would be discharged in other ways. He hoped that God would sanctify the proceedings; the first part was dedicated to Him, and the other parts were harmless and calculated to give them innocent amusement.

CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY.

February 16th, 1863.

I feel most deeply thankful to Almighty God for having so far restored me from a long and serious illness, as to enable me to be present amongst you at the meeting to-day. I cannot but say that the city of Hereford itself has great cause to be very grateful for the assistance

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rendered to it. A curate has been found for the parish of All Saints, and I am sure my friend the Vicar feels deeply thankful. We all know the very small amount in value of the incumbency he holds, and how impossible it is for him, from that, to find a coadjutor in those labours which otherwise would devolve entirely on him. The Church Pastoral Aid Society has been established for very many years, and with great regret I find that there is a considerable falling off in the subscriptions in the North of England. This, doubtless, can easily and readily be accounted for by the dire distress in the Lancashire districts; and now we may expect to suffer something from the privations in the Coventry districts. There has been a great drain upon Charity in this country, and we must be glad to see the noble way in which our countrymen, aye, and our countrywomen too, came forward to succour and support their fellow-creatures. But in this cause, as is generally the case in most others, the willing horse has to bear all the burden, and the principal drain of charity falls almost altogether on the same persons. The advantages to be derived from societies like the one whose claims we are now advocating, are self-evident, but it is not for me now to enter into them. There is, however, one circumstance which I cannot help mentioning, which shows that the present is a time when our efforts should not be withdrawn, or our hands stayed; but, on the contrary, it is one when we ought to redouble our efforts, and to do all in our power to counteract those dangerous and pernicious principles which are being spread over the earth, and which come from a quarter we little expected. It is a lamentable thing to see that we have in the Church of England men who hold such principles—that such publications should have been given to the world by one having a high position in the Church of England, and

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a See in Africa. The publication is of such a character, that I cannot denominate it anything less than Infidelity. It is but a short time since the "Essays and Reviews" appeared; a dangerous book, but one comparatively honest when compared with the one I have spoken of, inasmuch as it is a work of a subtle character, by no means an interesting publication, and therefore not read by the uneducated classes; but this book is a plain denial of the miracles of the Old Testament, and speaks in a disrespectful and flippant manner of things which we have all been accustomed, thank God, to look upon as the sheet anchor of our holy religion. We may expect to see a publication like this spread about in all quarters of the land; doubtless a portion of it will be held up by men who ridicule the Bible, in low public-houses, and it will be printed at a cheap rate, and carried about from mouth to mouth among the masses, and the Bible made a subject of ridicule. In the book we find that the records of the Pentateuch are utterly denied. We are told that Noah and his ark are a fable, and I have read in the last part which was published—that if Noah was able to assemble all the beasts of the field and the birds of the air in the ark, it was impossible for him to find pens for them, or to clean them out in the morning. When we read such flippant expressions as these, we have reason to believe they will be put into the mouths of others, and carried into the humble homes of the poor. Hence we should watch with anxiety the growth of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, in the hopes that it will furnish Scripture-readers and Curates in every part of the land to a still greater extent than hitherto, so as to counteract the fearful principles which would otherwise tend to ruin the souls of millions of our fellow-creatures, and enable those who are sent by this Society to carry on the work of

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proselytizing and Christianizing those who are at present in this Christian land without religion at all. It will enable them, whilst counteracting the principles of infidelity, to teach men to cry out in the words of the father in the New Testament, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

HEREFORD DIOCESAN CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY.

April 8th, 1863.

To me has been awarded the duty (or rather to the office which I have the privilege to hold in the Church in his Lordship's diocess) of proposing the adoption of the report. We are told that the grants for the year are nine in number; in two instances the churches have been rebuilt, and in the others, according to the means of the society, sums have been given for restoration and enlargement. There is one remarkable point in the report, upon which I cannot help touching, viz., that the first two years of the existence of the society correspond with the last two years—that is, that after the space of about twenty years, there remains just the same number of Churches to receive grants as there were when the society began. That circumstance shows that our labours are not yet finished, that there is still much before us. Another point in the report is very satisfactory, the number of new subscribers, viz., 165. This is a condition that I must really state is owing to the energy and activity which have been displayed by our secretary, who has been indefatigable in carrying out the views and objects of this society. The increase in the funds is, of course, a most important point, and in accomplishing that, the secretary has succeeded remarkably well, as also in getting in the arrears, which cannot be otherwise than especially gratifying to me, and I am sure that all feel most grateful to

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Mr. Heather for his services. There is another point in the report which I would just notice, viz., that fifty-four parishes which have been assisted by the society, have made no return in the way of contribution, although, under the sanction of the Lord Bishop of the diocess, requests have been made to them for collections after sermons. I can readily understand how the Clergy at large, who have not received assistance from this society, should waive such an application and not preach a sermon; but I cannot comprehend those who, having received assistance, yet treat the suggestion with silence. There is, no doubt, some little difficulty in such a thing, but I think that some persons are more scrupulous than they need to be—that they are too apt to think people do not like to be asked, and are bored by charity sermons. I believe that the habit of giving is one which grows upon us; and also—which is of more consequence—that the Almighty, in His goodness and mercy, blesses the store of the man who gives liberally and from a right motive, with an increase, like the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal, and I believe that a man is never the worse for giving; indeed, "Charity never faileth." No man was ever heard to say on his death-bed, that he had ruined himself and his family by charity; but, as you well know, many a man has in such an hour expressed the wish that he had done more for God and for his fellow-creatures. I certainly do think that parishes which have received assistance from the society should be expected to make some return. Some people, I know, are afraid to make a return because of the smallness of the amount; but supposing that each of the fifty-four parishes contributed only ten shillings —and there are few parishes in which more than that sum could not be collected—a considerable addition would be made to the income of the society; while the return itself

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would show an appreciation of the benefits which have been received from the society. The Incorporated (or Parent) Society is much in the same position as to returns from parishes which it has assisted. If we look at the returns of the Incorporated Society, we shall see that the number of churches in this diocess and archdeaconry to which assistance has been given, is very considerable—I believe between sixty and seventy—and I do think that people might be at the slight trouble of endeavouring to make some return, because the act itself looks like gratitude, and that is a feeling which is naturally expected to be shown for benefits received. Two of the Churches which have had grants from the Diocesan Society are about to be immediately re-opened, —Stoke Prior and Helenswick; and thus many will have brought before them the benefits which the Society is conferring on the diocess at large. With regard to the state of the Churches in the Archdeaconry, I am happy to say it is one of great satisfaction to me. The wonderful advance in the state of the Churches during the period of upwards of ten years which I have had the honour of holding the office of Archdeacon, is to me a source of much thankfulness. From being almost ruinous barns, with damp pavements, green walls and everything uncomfortable and wretched,—everything, in fact, likely to drive away worshippers from them,—they have in great numbers been restored, some even in an artistic and tasteful manner, while the interiors have been made decent, and provided with such accommodation as we might expect to find in a Church. In the latter respect, Churchmen should certainly take a lesson from those with whom they differ—the Nonconformists—who at least make their places of worship warm. It is, indeed, a great point in this damp climate to have our Churches warmed: to have the damp

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kept from the walls by proper exterior drains, windows to open in fine weather, and doors with gratings to let in currents of air, which are extremely desirable, and which I would strongly recommend to my reverend brethren if they have not already tried them. I know it has been said—and perhaps it may be said by many, but I think by none in this room—that the Almighty God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and that the Almighty can be as well worshipped on the hill-top, in a barn, or in any other place where a congregation may be assembled together, as in the most costly edifice, the most magnificent cathedral which can be raised. That is true in one sense, but it is untrue in another. If our necessities are such that we have not the means—if our position is such that we have not the power—if, from any cause whatever, we have no place to assemble in, doubtless the Almighty would be as worthily worshipped on the hill-top, or in the barn, as in a Cathedral; but if we have the power and the means, and if, by the indulgence of our own selfishness, by our own love of ease and comfort, by our love of spending our own money in the way which pleases and gratifies ourselves—if, for those reasons, we do not erect edifices which are not in some respects worthy of that God to whom they were dedicated, then we are so far deficient in our duty. The truth of that is to be found by analogies in the Old and the New Testament. I need not refer you to the temple of Solomon, with the magnificence of which you are all so well acquainted; or how our blessed Lord defends the sanctity of that temple when He said, "My Father's house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a place of merchandise,"—clearly meaning that the house of prayer is to be set apart, and considered as wholly devoted to the worship of God; although worship may be offered to Him

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in any way that necessity requires, as we read of the early Christians worshipping in the upper room, and afterwards in the caves and underground catacombs of Rome. Necessity required it of those early Christians, and necessity we know will sanction that which our own hearts and feelings tell us would, under other circumstances, be without any justification whatever. The influence of a Church re-built, restored, or newly erected in a parish or village, is of a character of which the Clergy are well aware. There may have been no Church in the parish; a wild set of people may have lived in the neighbourhood, perhaps attending no place of worship; their attention becomes attracted by the Church bells, and, if only out of curiosity, some at least will attend the service; and it may be, that those who "come to scoff may remain to pray." When a Church has become wretched and ruinous, people are generally unwilling to attend; and I believe the opposite rule will equally apply. I recommend that in every Church everything be as good as means and circumstances will allow, for I hold that nothing can be too good for the House of God. We should endeavour to have our music, our psalmody, and our hymns as good as we can. Why should we listen, in our places of worship, to music which we should not tolerate in our own houses? We go to Church and hear music which, if it were not profane to do so, we should positively laugh at, and should not allow elsewhere. Let us endeavour to make the House of God worthy of that worship to which it is consecrated—worthy of Him who is to be worshipped there,—and by its fitness and appropriateness, show that we are conscious of Him from whom all blessings flow, and that we love the beauty of His house, the place where His honour dwelleth. Within the last century, domestic architecture has made

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great strides. Our houses, if not larger, are much better built, more commodious, better arranged, and we have more luxuries of every description than our fathers had. This improvement is not only applicable to gentlemen's houses, or to those of the class below them, but also to working people's houses, which are now very different places to what they were in my younger days; and if I were to double that time, the change would be still more striking. I would therefore say, only let our love for the House of God follow in the same ratio as that love which we have for our own houses, and our Churches will be well and properly fitted for the purpose to which they are appointed. A very affecting and amiable feeling is the love of one's own house. It shows man to be a domestic creature, and that he wishes to have everything comfortable around him. It shows, too, a feeling of hospitality in gathering things around us to make our houses comfortable for the reception of our friends. Why, then, should not the same feeling prevail as to the House of God? Why should we not endeavour to do something to make it more comfortable? Don't let any one of the people say, "I can't go to Church, because I shall catch my death there." Don't let the House of God be the only house in the parish bearing the signs of ruin and decay, where the rain comes in, where cobwebs gather, and where all is cold, damp, and uncomfortable.

RE-OPENING OF HELENSWICK CHURCH.

April 10th, 1863.

The Archdeacon, in return for his health, said:—In all cases where I have been—and I think there are no Churches which have been altered or restored but what I have taken

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an interest in,—I have considered it a pleasure to give my small alms, and all the encouragement and assistance in my power. I feel grateful to Mr. Hopton for the manner in which he has placed my health before you, because he spoke with the kindness of a friend when he alluded to my late trip, which was somewhat unfortunate, as I never recovered my usual health. The Churches in America were different to any in this country. In America, there was no parochial feeling; and when in New York, I was told that was the time when the Clergymen went out for a few months, and the Churches were closed. This, I think, did not occur so much in the Episcopal Church, as amongst the Nonconformist body, in whose places of worship newspapers were put in the seats. If there happened to be a dry sermon, the newspaper was read, and if anything particular or out of the common order were said by the minister, the newspaper was laid aside. It is gratifying to know that a far higher feeling exists in this country. To say the least of it, the conduct of these Americans was very irreverent.

I must congratulate the Rector upon the admirable way the restoration has been carried out, and which reflects great credit to the architect. The diocess is under great obligation to the Rector for the thorough and substantial manner in which he has restored the Church. There is a moral influence connected with the undertaking: as a change is made in the material building, so it will lead you to think of the need of change in the heart. Your example will also have a good effect upon other parishes, the inhabitants of which will be stimulated to imitate you in restoring the House of God. I trust the event we are now celebrating may have a good effect upon the parishioners and their children.

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MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF SIR G. C. LEWIS, BART., M.P.
May, 1863.

In a letter received from the Archdeacon, who was prevented from attending the meeting by illness, he said:—It would indeed have been a pleasure and a sort of consolation to me to have said something of him with whom I had the privileges of friendship and intimacy for more than thirty years. We shall never see his like again. Where shall we look for such singular uprightness and fidelity? Where shall we look for temper exhibiting invariable mildness amongst differences of opinion? Or where shall we find a man actuated by one sole endeavour, in every question that divided society, to discharge his conscience? There was no mixture of pride, of obstinacy, of love of power, no impatience of opposition, no separate interest or selfish motive ever intruded in his dealings. He had at all times a respect for the judgment of others, a readiness to compare opinions, and a liberal disposition to concede whenever he thought his conscience not involved in the support of his own judgment. Such was he whom we have lost, to all men; but to us who knew him intimately, he was far more,—a most kind, firm, and true friend, one who was without guile, and could speak the truth even to a friend.

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ADDRESSES & LECTURES,

BY THE ARCHDEACON.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS TO THE HEREFORD LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND ANTIQUARIAN INSTITUTION.

February 17th, 1852.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—In assuming the chair to which your too partial kindness has appointed me, I will not detain you by any remarks on my own inadequacy to fill it with justice towards yourselves. It has been *your* pleasure, unsolicited on my part, to place me here,—it is *my* pleasure to obey your wishes. Yet I cannot enter upon my duties without referring, for a moment at least, to those who have occupied this chair before me,—some, alas, now taken from us, and others living to adorn our nature and benefit mankind, by the example and practice of their learning and their virtues. Amongst the first, the name of Merewether* must ever be remembered in this room, as the unwearied patron—the founder, I may almost say—of our Institution.

"Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,—
A sigh the absent claim, the dead a tear."

Nor can I forbear from congratulating our Society, and myself especially, on the appearance amongst us this evening of the Very Rev. Gentleman† (who I am proud to call my friend), who has been my immediate predecessor.

* The Very Rev. John Merewether, D.D., Dean of Hereford, died 1850.

† Richard Dawes, M.A.

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His name has won a well-earned fame throughout the length and breadth of our land, for his unrivalled exertions and his well-directed endeavours in the great cause of general education.

Having said thus much, I will venture to address you further. I will make a few remarks upon the first germ of real knowledge, and then, drawing nearer to our own day, illustrate my subject with the name of England's greatest Philosopher.

Literature and Archæology, both of which are professed by our Society, are the handmaids of Philosophy, that Mother whose ample bosom embraces every class of learning; and let us all bear in mind that, as individual members of this Society, there is, in truth, something required of each of us, to make us at all worthy of the name we bear.

What is Philosophy, but knowledge in all its varied depths? And what then the character of a society which claims its honourable adjunct as its title?

Though we cannot embrace all knowledge, even upon human subjects,—for the life of man is too short for its acquirement, and the capacity of man's mind too small for its comprehension,—yet our acquiring powers, our capabilities of memory; our every organ of discernment, must be stretched to their very utmost to receive, to hold fast, and to investigate, all that the labours of our predecessors, the mighty dead, have accomplished, and all that the living generation, still great in energy and research, are daily doing in the paths of knowledge. And here, I am sure, I may observe before this society, indeed before that of any body of Christian believers, that the ground of all human society is laid in faith on an unseen Being; that by this faith man is raised above his

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own animal nature, and the animal natures which surround him; that by this he is preserved from the fear of the grand operations of nature, which are continually passing before his eyes in the heaven above, and in the earth below. This is the principle of that great covenant between God and man, the principle of the whole Bible, the principle upon which we shall find all history, and the history of man's enquiries respecting himself especially, illustrating and embellishing. The transaction of the tower of Babel is the practical rejection of this principle:—a portion of the descendants of Noah, in their journey through Mesopotamia, lose their confidence in the promise which was the bond of their connection with an unseen Lord, the promise that He would not henceforth let loose the waters for the destruction of mankind,—fall into a slavish dread of the powers of nature, and attempt to provide against the evils which those powers threaten them, by brick walls.

"The Father of the gods His glory shrouds,
Involved in tempests, and a night of clouds;
And, from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits He deals His fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry God:
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And lying beasts in forests seek abode.
Deep horror seizes every human breast;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd;
While He from high His rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountain with repeated blows;
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment;
The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar."

POPE.

The result of the attempt of defying the Almighty, is a dissolution of society, indicated by the rupture of that which is the great bond of human fellowship—communion

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of language. This event has always been connected with the establishment of that Babel, or Babylonian monarchy, which is spoken of throughout the Scriptures as one, under all its changes of dynasty, because it preserved the same identical features, because it was originally established, and continued to rest upon that principle against which the Jewish nation was the abiding witness; the disbelief of a Fatherly Government. The acknowledgment of power, and not of righteousness, as the idea of Godhead; the consequent worship of the powers of nature; the reverence for mere power in men;—these are the characteristics of that system of which the building of the tower of Babel was at once the commencement, and the permanent symbol. Under such a system of tyranny and superstition, language in its proper sense does not exist, words are merely the utterances of animal necessities, no bonds of feeling and society, nor, without that Divine interference which is revealed in the next passage of the book of Genesis, wherein God is said "to have scattered" the people "abroad upon the face of the earth," have we reason to suppose that man would long have had any instrument for expressing even those wants which are common to him, with the brutes; far less that he would ever have found any method of communicating his deeper wants, or that he would even have been conscious of them; this interference, then, is not only the commencement of Hebrew history, but also that of the philosophical history of mankind.

But I will not detain you with Jewish history, beautiful and illustrative as it is of the ways of Him "whose ways are not as our ways," nor endeavour to explain, what were indeed difficult, the mysteries of Ægyptian art, or worship, or polity,—of which, however, some hints are thrown out in

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the touching history of Joseph, and the influence he acquired on the mind of Pharaoh—an influence gained by the children of Abraham afterwards, not by teaching astronomy and geology to the Ægyptians, as fancied by Josephus, but by leading them into that position in which men are able to seek out for themselves at least that portion of knowledge which raises them above mere savage dependence upon mere chance supplies of daily food; enables them to sow lands in expectation of a harvest; to feel that there is an order in the world; to consider the past, and to look forward to the future.

> "Thus, then, to man the voice of Nature spake—
> 'Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
> Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield,
> Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
> Thy arts of building from the bee receive,
> Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
> Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
> Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.'"
>
> POPE, Ep. iii. 171.

The consideration of the past, and the argument to be derived from it as to the future, is a knowledge which only becomes possible when truths relating to the connexion of man with his Maker, and consequently his superiority to the world around him, have been diffused.

But I must carry you forward, pausing for a moment on those two wondrous works of sacred philosophy, the book of Proverbs and the book of Ecclesiastes. In the Proverbs, wisdom is brought before us as a personal object, wooing the man to its embraces, delivering him from all his seducers, satisfying him with its own perfect love. It is addressed to a man entering upon life, who has as yet no experience of good or evil influences. In the book of Ecclesiastes, we have the mental biography of a

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man who has merely exulted in knowledge as a power, which was not to deliver him from the world, but to make him master of it. In the very first verses of it, he tells us the subject of it,—it is vanity; the world and all its proceedings, regarded out of their connection with God, —man attempting to re-create by his wisdom that which he finds established, making himself the centre. The maxim of the book is this,—you can find no centre of things in the world around you; you yourself are not the centre of the world; you must refer yourself, and all things that you see, to a Being above you, or all is vanity and vexation,—yourself hopeless and helpless, dwelling amidst—

> "Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
> And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
> That comes to all."
>
> MILTON.

Let us proceed to another clime, and a more advanced period.—Socrates was the son of a statuary and a midwife; he was born in a little town of Attica. When he came to Athens, we know not, with any exactness, probably about the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, when Pericles was still living, and Anaxagoras teaching; that he frequented the school of the latter has been often asserted, and is at all events no improbable surmise; nor is it at all unlikely that he may have entered with considerable ardour into the studies of his master, and may have carried away from him much valuable knowledge of mathematical and physical science; but no one who has considered his character as it is presented to us in the writings of *either of his disciples*,* or even in *the play of his great satirist*,† can doubt that from the first he must have looked upon these acquirements as subsidiary to

* Xenophon's "Memorabilia," and Plato. † Aristophanes' "Nubes."

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another and higher design. The main effect of all physical speculations upon his mind was, it would seem, to awaken the enquiry, What are all these to me?

> "Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
> From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head,
> And found that one first principle must be."

Let atoms be connected by what law of affinity they will; let them whirl at random through space, or be guided by a directing intelligence, still the question remains, What am I? We know that such a thought arose in the mind of a Jewish sage,* who was destined to be the deliverer and lawgiver of his people, and to hear from a divine voice a direct answer to his enquiry. What a reality and meaning does it give to that history and that revelation, to find the same feeling awakened under circumstances so different, in a person not partaking the blessings of a divine covenant, though happily not removed beyond the reach of divine influence! Not in a lonely desert, but in a crowded city; not to the member of a rude tribe, but to a man dwelling among the most intellectual of all people, at the moment when their civilization had reached its highest pitch; not to one led by exile and want of other sympathy into meditation upon his human and domestic relations, but to one who was estranged from them, as well by the condition of society around him as by his own peculiar position, did this wonderful thought present itself. In the midst of the gossip of the Agora, and the bustle of the Piræus, where every person had to tell of some new speculation, or was preparing for some new enterprise—amidst crowds who were rushing to the popular assembly, or the judgment house, or the theatre—did this man begin earnestly, and with his whole soul, to dwell upon the

* Exodus, iii, 11.

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thought that he was something, and that to know what he was, was more important to him than to know aught else that men could teach him. This question Socrates was led to ask himself; and let it not be thought that it was one to which he gained no reply. The deep and satisfying answer, indeed, was wanting, but he learned a lesson which, whether the language in which he expressed it were correct or not, was in itself most true, and proved its truth in his life. He found that he had a companion, a teacher, with him, reproving him when he had erred, warning him of evils about to be done, approving, censuring, judging his thoughts, and words, and deeds. Xenophon asks with plain, soldier-like honesty, whether his accusers could really believe that he told a lie about this matter, and hints that it would shake his faith in all reality, to suppose that a false impression on the mind of a man so clear-sighted and free from superstition, could produce the effects which he himself had witnessed. That Socrates, however he may sometimes have expressed himself, did really mean to describe this gift of conscience (for so we may be allowed in plain words to call it) as a special gift vouchsafed to himself, we gather from the simple fact that the whole labour of his life was, to interest others in that enquiry which had led him to his first apprehension of it. What charms he used to draw a circle about him, whose thoughts he could lead in this, or in any other direction, might seem at first inexplicable. Most of the sophists were men advanced in age and reputation when he first appeared in Athens. They promised to fit men for being politicians, orators, generals, and offered very plausible evidence to prove that they could do what they professed. "He promised nothing." He was come, he said, to exercise his mother's profession, on behalf of those who had thoughts

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of which they wished to be delivered. His line of teaching was inexplicable, varying by turns, definite or constant, apparently in no single course. Personal gracefulness and beauty were great recommendations among the Athenians, but we are told that he had large projecting eyes like those of a bull, a flattened and upturned nose, a protuberant stomach, he wore a tattered cloak, and was seldom seen with sandals. Nevertheless, the youth of Athens began to flock around him, even noble young men believed that he had something to teach them, and that by some means or other he would be able to impart to them the art of governing, better than the more regular doctors. It is true he was a humourist, and the Athenians loved humour; and had besides a most hearty, genial way of interesting himself in whatever interested those with whom he was mixing, and as little of solemn quackery as was ever found in the composition of any man. Add to this that he was a thorough, genuine Greek,—Greek in all the habits of his mind, Greek in his taste for society, Greek in wit and argument, Greek in a brave unflinching love for his own country, Greek in making freedom (to a much greater degree than is usually observed or acknowledged) the passion and end of his life. But all these circumstances together would not have availed to counteract the many disadvantages under which he laboured, if he had not possessed the real magnet which must draw the hearts of men after it, be they never so reluctant—a knowledge of the things which they are really wanting, and which they have been toiling in vain to find.

> "Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan,—
> The proper study of mankind is man."
>
> POPE.

It was by repeated experiments only, that Socrates convinced himself of the immense importance of the habit

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of recollection; how the mind that wants it is at the mercy of all accidents, how the mind that possesses it is continually realizing its own possessions, receiving them as if they were then for the first time bestowed;—upon this principle the greatest part of his moral discipline depended. It is in trying to understand all common things—what the blacksmith, the carpenter, the shoemaker, and the mason do with their iron, their wood, their leather, and their bricks and stones, where these things come from, and what they are,—it is by really getting to know what we mean when we talk of all these things, that a man learns to understand himself,—

> "Not to know of things remote, but know
> That which before us lies in daily life,
> Is the prime wisdom."
>
> MILTON.

Dr. Watts, enlarging somewhat on this scale, gives us advice concerning the direction and storing up our ideas:—"Furnish yourself with a rich variety of ideas. Acquaint yourself with things ancient and modern, things natural, civil, and religious, things of your native land, and of foreign countries, things domestic and national, things present, past, and future; and above all, be well acquainted with God and yourselves, with animal nature, and the workings of your own spirits. Such a general acquaintance with things will be of very great advantage."

But I must not detain you on the philosophy of Socrates, or the well-known circumstances of his life, and the ungenerous conclusion it received from the hands of his own countrymen. The crime showed how little that national liberty, which the Athenians had just recovered, could avail, without the higher liberty of which Socrates had spoken; and it stands as a warning to all subsequent

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generations, how little gratitude may be expected by a wise and honest man, from those for whose sake he has lived.

Let us quit the porticoes of Athens, and the stately groves of Academus, where Plato first taught; we must not dwell on scenes of Latin lore, nor repose upon the banks of the golden stream, where Cicero discoursed and Horace sung. Yet let me venture a remark on the study of ancient literature, which, if not an exercise of the intellect, is a discipline of humanity,—if it does not strengthen the understanding, it softens and refines the taste; it gives us liberal views; it accustoms the mind to take an interest in things foreign to itself; to love virtue for its own sake; to prefer glory to riches; and to fix our thoughts on remote and permanent, instead of narrow and fleeting objects. It teaches us to believe that there is really something great and excellent in the world, surviving all the shocks, and accidents, and fluctuations of opinion, and raises us above that low and servile fear, which bows only to present power and upstart authority. Rome and Athens filled a place in the history of mankind which can never be occupied again. They were two cities set on a hill, which cannot be hid; all eyes have seen them, and their light shines like a mighty sea-mark into the abyss of time.

"Still green with bays each ancient altar stands."

But now, overstepping these countries, whose sun has risen, shone, and sunk again, ages which have been adorned by the philosophy and eloquence of those giants in wisdom, who, though dead, yet speak, let us with one huge stride approach our own shores, and times of which the ancestral memory is not yet departed.

Without examining the metaphysics of the great Bacon, who, after all, followed in the train of Plato, and who, with

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him, sought for some well-grounded purpose, some distinct impression of the probable results of every idea, proposed as a mental experiment,—let us hail the advance of science, and of—

"Knowledge, the wing whereby we fly to heaven."

What name, then, must first rise upon our lips, but that of Sir Isaac Newton?—the greatest philosopher, I believe, of this or any other land, whose reputation, after a lapse of two hundred years, still maintains the elevation which neither rivalry nor presumption have ventured to dispute, the pre-eminence of genius, the highest ornament of mankind.

Let me mention a singular anecdote of his early days, related by himself:—At the grammar school at Grantham, he paid but little attention to his books, and disregarded the instruction he might have received from the master; he was inattentive to his studies, and very low in the school. The boy, however, who was above him, having one day given him a severe kick, from which he suffered considerable and lasting pain, Isaac laboured incessantly till he got above him in the school; and from that time he continued to rise till he was the head boy. From the habits of application which this incident had led him to form, the peculiar character of his mind was speedily displayed. (Is not this a beginning from small things, and from strange motives? Who is able to read the ways of Providence, or unravel the windings of man's heart?) During the hours of play—(I quote from Sir David Brewster's interesting life, which forms a delightful volume in the Family Library)—when the other boys were occupied with their amusements, his mind was engrossed with mechanical contrivances, either in imitation of something which he had seen, or in execution of some original conception of his own. For this purpose, he provided

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himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and all sorts of tools, which he acquired the art of using with singular dexterity. The principal pieces of mechanism which he thus constructed were, a windmill, and a water clock, and a carriage put in motion by the person who sat in it. When a windmill was erecting near Grantham, on the road to Gunnerly, Isaac frequently attended the operations of the workmen, and acquired such a thorough knowledge of the machinery, that he completed a working model of it, which excited universal admiration. Not content with this exact imitation, he conceived the idea of driving it by animal power, and for this purpose he enclosed in it a mouse, which he called the miller, and which, by acting upon a sort of tread-wheel, gave motion to the machine. According to some accounts, the mouse was made to advance by pulling a string attached to its tail; while others allege that the power of the little agent was called forth by its unavailing attempts to reach a portion of corn placed above the wheel. His water clock was formed out of a box which had been given him at his request; it was about four feet high, and of a proportionate breadth, somewhat like a common house-clock. The index of the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by the action of dropping water. As it stood in his own bedroom, he supplied it every morning with the requisite quantity of water, and it was used as a clock by the family with whom he resided, and remained in the house long after its inventor had quitted Grantham. Dr. Stukely, in a letter to Dr. Mead, says that Sir Isaac in after years talked of these kinds of instruments, "that he observed the chief inconvenience in them was, that the hole through which the water is transmitted, being necessarily very small, was subject to be furred up by

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impurities in the water, as those made with sand will wear bigger, which at length causes an inequality in time."

Although Newton was at this time about twelve years old—"a sober, silent, thinking lad," who scarcely ever joined in the *ordinary* games of his school-fellows, yet he took great pleasure in providing them with amusements of a scientific character. He introduced into the school the flying of paper kites, and is said to have been at great pains in determining their best form and proportion, and in ascertaining the position and number of the points by which the string should be attached. He made, also, paper lanterns, by the light of which he went to school in the winter mornings; and he frequently attached these lanterns to the tail of his kites in a dark night, so as to inspire the country people with the belief that they were comets.

How cheering, how full of interest, how natural is this account of the early years of our great philosopher! When we hear of his paper lantern to go to school on the dark wintry mornings, who can fail to draw the contrast between the hardiness and rigour with which education was conducted then, and now?—when, I believe, no master dare expect his pupils to arrive, at least, before daylight, and every parent who insisted upon very early hours would be thought guilty of barbarity towards his tender offspring; but hear our poet Thomson:—

> "It was not by vile loitering in ease
> That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art—
> That soft, yet ardent, Athens learnt to please,
> To keen the wit and to sublime the heart.
> In all supreme! complete in every part!
> It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
> And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart.
> For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows,
> Renown is not the child of indolent repose."

It was in the year 1666, when Newton was four-and-

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twenty, the plague having driven him from Cambridge, that, sitting alone in his garden at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, his native hamlet, he was led by the simple accident of some apples falling from a tree, to reflect on the nature of gravity, that remarkable power which causes all bodies to descend towards the centre of the earth. As this power is not found to suffer any sensible diminution at the greatest distance from the earth's centre to which we can reach, being as powerful at the top of the highest mountains as at the bottom of the deepest mines,—he conceived that it must extend much farther than was usually supposed. No sooner had this happy conjecture occurred to his mind, than he considered what would be the effect of its extending as far as the moon. That her motion must be influenced by such a power, he did not for a moment doubt, and a little reflection convinced him that it might be sufficient for retaining that luminary in her orbit round the world. Thus, after many experiments and calculations of the greatest nicety, Newton had discovered the true cause of all the celestial motions.

The influence of such a result upon such a mind may be more easily conceived than described; the whole material universe was spread out before him,—the sun, with all his attending planets; the planets, with all their satellites; the comets, whirling in every direction in their eccentric orbits; and the systems of the fixed stars, stretching to the remotest limits of space,—all the varied and complicated movements of the heavens, in short, must have been at once presented to his mind as the necessary result of that law which he had established in reference to the earth and the moon. The result was, the publication of his "Principia," a work which is memorable not only in the annals of one science, or of one country, but which will form

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an epoch in the history of the world, and will ever be regarded as the brightest page in the records of human reason.

There is but one other trait to which I will now allude, as beautifully characteristic of true philosophy. I mean that modesty which arose from the depth and extent of his knowledge, which showed him what a small portion of nature he had been able to examine, and how much remained to be explored, in the same field in which he himself had laboured. In the magnitude of the comparison, he recognised his own littleness, and a short time before his death, he uttered this memorable sentiment:—"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself, now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell, than ordinary; whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." No comment of mine shall spoil the beauty of this passage.

Time warns me to conclude.—In offering to your notice the remarks which I have made on the rise and progress of philosophy, I have placed before you the names of some of its most eminent professors, doing little more than advancing a hasty sketch, or rather a rugged outline, which by each of you individually may be completed and filled up with little difficulty.

Inexperienced myself in the paths of literature and science, I must not presume to be a teacher, where I feel so deeply my own deficiency; but I should be wanting in respect, were I to fail in returning my cordial thanks for the patience with which you have borne with me so long, while at the same time I assure you that my time is ever at the disposal of this learned society, and that my abilities and endeavours, so long as they may be deemed of benefit, may ever be commanded, and will ever be freely given.

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ADDRESS TO THE HEREFORD LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND ANTIQUARIAN INSTITUTION.

December, 1852.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—The period has now arrived, after an interval, I believe, of its usual length, when upon me devolves the pleasure of congratulating you upon the resumption of the soirées of the Hereford Literary and Philosophical Institution, and meeting you here again.

During the time that has passed since we parted, much, doubtless, has occurred to occupy our individual attention, but as a body there are also circumstances calling for our notice. I cannot but regret that excursions, during our recess, have not met with that acceptance with which they were formerly welcomed. I believe almost the only cause of this has been the unfavourable state of the weather during the summer and autumn, the almost impossible anticipation of a fine day, and the consequent unwillingness, and even fear, of "*al fresco*" undertakings during such a season. The extraordinary rains which have fallen during the last months, and the inundations with which we have been surrounded, call also for a remark, and I hope we shall have an opportunity of knowing, through some of our members, the amount of rain which has fallen, and have the means of comparing it with the average of former years. Neither must we pass over, unmarked by the expression of our grief, that awful catastrophe by flood, which has deprived us of a valued and respected member* of our institution; an event which, while it calls for our

* Mr. THOMAS HARDWICK, Solicitor, of Hereford. He was, on the 12th of November, travelling in the mail-coach between Ledbury and Hereford, when it got into the flood caused by the washing away of a bridge. Mr. Hardwick, as soon as he was rescued, unhappily breathed his last.

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deepest sorrow, should warn us also of the uncertainty of all things here, and teach us how frail is that tenure by which we hold even our lives.

I think that I may fairly congratulate this learned body, on the establishment of a "School of Design" in this city. Such an institution cannot but be productive of good effects. It is at present so much in its infancy, that I will not enter into its details, but I would invite all who may be able, to co-operate in the undertaking, not only as tending to elevate the art-education of the rising generation, but as a useful branch of that *general* instruction, which should be placed within the reach of every ordinary intelligence in this mighty nation.

Amongst the various monuments which have been adopted in various ages as records of the dead, there are none which call for our attention, for many reasons, more than those which are usually termed Sepulchral Brasses. Considerably more than two centuries have elapsed since any memorials of this kind have been executed till within these few years, when a taste for mediæval art, more especially in ecclesiastical matters, has greatly revived, and it is for this reason that I thought it would be interesting to you to see the rubbing of a brass, which I have recently placed in Yazor Church, as a memorial of the late Mr. Uvedale Price, to whose piety and munificence we owe the erection of that building. Its character is that of the middle of the fourteenth century; in the centre of the cross is an elevation of the exterior of the Church: beneath, the inscription, together with the armorial bearings of the deceased. You will acknowledge, from an inspection of it, that neither the art nor the feeling are lost. It was executed by Mr. Hardman, of Birmingham, to whose skill the beautiful brass work in the new Houses of Parliament are

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to be attributed. It was designed, or at least approved of, by that eminent authority in matters of mediæval art, Mr. Pugin. Had a portraiture of the individual been thought desirable, there would have been no difficulty in effecting it; the folds of the academic costume being arranged to conceal the modern dress, which might appear at variance with the style of monument adopted. With regard to females, the difficulty would not at all exist, the costume of the present day harmonizing, without any alteration, with everything that the eye would require. As to the male figures, the unsightliness of modern habits would render an effigy of the description I am speaking of, ludicrous in its effect; but it is observed by Mr. Pugin scarcely possible to find any person sufficiently dignified in station to warrant such an effigy, who does not hold some official situation, either ecclesiastical, civil, or military: the robes and insignia of these, if properly and severely represented, would produce effigies little inferior in solemn effect to the ancient ones. While upon the subject of sepulchral brasses, I cannot refrain from alluding to our own Cathedral, which must at one time have been peculiarly rich in these beautiful specimens of ancient art. That eminent antiquary, Dr. Rawlinson, in his "History and Antiquities of the City and Cathedral Church of Hereford," published in 1717 (a book by no means common to be met with, as there were only two hundred copies printed), says that there have been several brasses stolen from many monuments in this Church, of which take the following account:—In the body of the Church have been visibly lost eighty-five; in the choir, one; in the south aisle, eight; in the south cross aisle, seven; in the south aisle near the choir, four; in the south-west aisle, ten; in the aisle facing the library, seven; in the north-east aisle, ten; in the north aisle near the choir, twelve; in the

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north cross aisle, twenty;. in the north-west aisle, six. In another account, we are told that when the Parliamentary soldiers occupied the city in 1645, no less than 170 brasses were taken away. Several brasses were likewise displaced when the Cathedral underwent its extensive repairs subsequent to the fall of the west end in 1786, and no less than two tons weight sold to a brazier. Gough mentions that "at the beginning of the fourteenth century, brass figures were so common that in 1308, a Canon of Hereford could afford a very handsome one, though it is the oldest sepulchral brass now entire, and well preserved, that I have seen." There is also one of great beauty of design and execution now lying in the north transept, to the memory of Richard Rudhall, Archdeacon of Hereford, and Canon Residentiary. It represents the figure of a Priest under a canopy with upraised hands, while in niches of rich tabernacle work, supporting the canopy, are figures of St. Thomas of Hereford, St. Catherine, St. George, St. David, St. Ethelbert, St. Thomas of Canterbury, the Blessed Virgin, and St. John. I only mention this as one out of very many, all worthy of attention; for I am not now about to occupy your time with a disquisition upon sepulchral brasses, however interesting such a subject might be in the hands of a well-skilled archæologist; but I would observe that the number of these monumental memorials still abounding in almost every part of England, the facility with which fac-simile impressions can be produced, and the accuracy and durability of the impressions themselves, form a strong inducement to a pursuit which never fails to repay us with diversified, but always valuable, always attractive and interesting information.

I should remark that the brass from which the present rubbing has been taken, has been placed for additional

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preservation against the wall,—not altogether in conformity with ancient practice; their position for the most part was on the floor, which they richly adorned; and it was also the best that could be adopted for commemorating the departed, and also at the same time bringing practically before the minds of the living, the stern lesson—

Memento homo qui pelvis es, et in pulverem reverteres.

ADDRESS TO THE HEREFORD LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND ANTIQUARIAN INSTITUTION.

November, 1853.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Upon me devolves again the honour and the pleasure of opening the Session of our Institution. I had at one time almost flattered myself that I might have had the satisfaction of welcoming you to a new home, a home which would really be your own, a home of Science, of Literature, and Art, more worthy of yourselves, and more worthy of this ancient city.

Hereford is not always, I trust, to have a name alone for its antiquity, or be for ever associated in our ideas with dust and cobwebs, rust and mouldings. Antiquity is venerable, and, as one of the titles of our Institution, we are bound to show it respect. But to the honourable prestige of antiquity may be superadded the glories of still increasing prosperity and ripe maturity; the age of our foundations, if indeed they are securely laid, only gives us cause to have faith in their steadiness, to uphold the structure we intrust to them; but the base without a superstructure is useless, and cities which speak of the past alone, whose honours have faded with the centuries which have gone by, and have left neither honour nor stability

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behind them, though objects of interest to the antiquary, call for the commiseration, if not the sneer, of the utilitarian age in which we have the happiness to live.

> "Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
> O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
> And say 'Here was, or is,' where all is doubly night?"
>
> CHILDE HAROLD.

Let us fervently hope—and do more than hope,—let us use our utmost exertions that the coming years may be those of renovated youth; nay, years of more than pristine vigour to our ancient city;—may all that is beautiful, and venerated, and holy be restored, and new buildings and accommodations, suited to the requirements of the age, spring up around us, to receive and welcome the operations of commerce, and the traffic of the busy world from which we have been so long excluded, but which now approaches us on every side; and may we be ready to receive with open arms the fair attendant handmaids on successful commerce, Science and Art.

I am not about to enter upon a discussion on the merits of the scheme which has been proposed for the erection of a building dedicated to the purposes of our Institution, because I conceive my doing so would be an infringement upon our rules; but I may venture to express (taking somewhat more liberty as a President whom you have honoured with the election of second year), I may venture to express my warmest wishes for its success, and my sanguine hopes that the inhabitants of Hereford, even if unsupported where they expected co-operation, will with united efforts carry through this undertaking, which, after all, is not of a very gigantic size, and which if only fairly apportioned and discreetly executed by themselves, cannot fail of being, even in a pecuniary view, remunerative.

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In my address to you last year, I spoke of the extraordinary rains, and the devastating inundations which were then permitted to afflict and alarm this land, and I briefly alluded to the distressing circumstance of the decease of a member by the terrific flood which destroyed a bridge, not far distant from this city, and engulphed the mail. I have now the satisfaction to tell of fair heavens and a propitious season, with bright prospects of a fruitful harvest another year, under the protecting mercy of "Him, from whom all blessings flow."

But our feelings must not be those alone of exultation. Since we last met within these walls, we have lost a brother. To the memory of Mr. Scobie I feel it due to pay this last sad homage of sincere regard and unaffected grief. His name will long be cherished, not only in the remembrance of our Society, but in that of Science at large, more particularly of geology, that branch to which he more especially devoted himself, as a man of indubitable talent and unwearied zeal, of great simplicity of character and amiability of manner. He was taken from us at an early age, and in the apparent enjoyment of health. But a fortnight before his lamented decease, he was consulting in our Committee with his wonted energy of mind and singularly practical good sense, on the projected scheme of our new building, and before that brief space of a fortnight had elapsed, he was summoned, almost without warning, to that land where no buildings made with hands are needed. Alas! how fearfully and wonderfully are we made! *Nontam mori videretur quam dulci et alto sopore excissi*,—bearing us another evidence, if evidence were wanting, of the truth of that most solemn declaration of Holy Writ,—"In the midst of life we are in death."

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"What is Grandeur, what is Power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good."

GRAY.—Ode xi.

There is one point upon which I must congratulate our Institution, it having entered into union with the Society of Arts, Manufacture, and Commerce, of London,—a Society which, having existed nearly a hundred years, has now entered upon a course of energy, under the Presidency of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, and fulfils its mission of utility by adapting itself with readiness to the exigencies of a people gradually becoming more scientific and more intellectual, in a greater degree than at any former period. I had the honour of attending its congress in the spring of this year, not only in my individual capacity as a member, but as the representative of this Institution, and taking a share in its discussions on the best mode of giving aid to Institutions such as our own at a distance from the metropolis; and I have every reason to hope and believe that when the railways to this city are completed, we shall be able to avail ourselves of the advantage of able lecturers, upon many subjects of interest, which the seclusion of our locality, from want of means of transit, now compels us to forego. Deeply indebted as indeed we are to some of our own members, and to other gentlemen who with such kindness and ability come forward to give us the advantage of their learning and attainments,—I feel that we shall stand better with ourselves, and with the public, when we have the means of commanding instruction and information, at times when there is a difficulty of obtaining it from those who, though not less capable of bestowing it, are too much occupied in their own honourable avocations to afford the needful leisure.

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I must not, however, trespass longer upon your time than to mention to you one of the officers of our Institution, of whom, if he was not present, I should venture to speak in terms of eulogy; as it is, I shall content myself with saying that our thanks are eminently due to our honorary Secretary, Dr. Gilliland, for the interest he has ever taken, and the trouble to which he has so willingly submitted, in behalf of our Institution. These labours have been thus far increased to a great extent, by a constant, and sometimes difficult, correspondence with the Society of Arts, and also by the frequent meetings, and amount of business entailed on him by the projected scheme of our new buildings; for the time which he has devoted to us, and the manner in which he has transacted those affairs which, as our honorary Secretary, were in his province, I feel certain that you will permit me to offer him our cordial and grateful thanks.

ADDRESS TO THE HEREFORD LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND ANTIQUARIAN INSTITUTION.

1854.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I feel myself utterly at a loss for words to convey to you the high sense of gratification I entertain at the flattering treatment I have received at your hands, neither have I the power to express to you the deep gratitude which I really feel. Permit me, however, to thank you for the kind forbearance you have exhibited towards me in the fulfilment of the very important duties of your President, and the hearty co-operation with which you have ever met my feeble, though, I assure you, most anxious endeavours to serve the best interests of our Institution. Without your forbearance and your co-opera-

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tion, any endeavours I could have made must have been futile,—with them, my year of office has run smoothly its appointed time, and if no meteor-like brilliancy has signalized its progress, yet I believe that no dark shadow, no dreary dulness, or want of vigour, in contrast to former years, can mark its course.

Thus much might I venture, were I now addressing you as President for the last year, and resigning the office into your hands, to add in the words of Prospero—

> "I'll break my staff,
> Bury it certain fathoms in the earth;
> And deeper than did ever plummet sound
> I'll drown my book."
>
> SHAKSPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

But this, ladies and gentlemen, by your decree, I must not say. Though I bear not the enchanter's wand, and have no charms to break, I have the chair of your Institution to occupy, and the staff of office to carry (God willing) for another year. For this mark of your esteem, and too favourable consideration, no words of mine can make an adequate return. As time steals on, the remembrance of the kind acts and good feeling shown to us by those amongst whom we live, must be ever a sweet solace, and I am tempted to exclaim, in the beautiful and touching lines of Moore—

> "Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
> Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
> Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
> And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
> Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
> Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd—
> You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

May I be allowed to express a gratification of another kind, which I cannot but feel in witnessing the proceedings

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of our Institution, and more particularly its evening assemblies? I see myself surrounded by men of very opposite political opinions; by those whom the different judgments they form of public events, whose different views of national interests, might naturally be expected to lead them into contention and debate,—how gratifying is it to find that on occasions such as this, all differences and distinctions are forgotten!

We appear to rise into a higher region of light and truth, of genius, and of science, where none of those baser emotions discompose the atmosphere, that are generated in the tumults of the vale below; without a discordant opinion, we gladly unite in the glorious pursuits of science and of art, and, without one spark of jealousy, walk hand in hand, at one time around the tottering ruins of antiquity, at another amid the sun-lit bowers of poesy.

If, of an Institution such as ours, we could say no more than "*emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*,"—if its sole benefit consisted in softening the asperities occasioned by our contact in the ordinary affairs of life,—if it did no other good but to bring together as friends, those who elsewhere might never meet as such, and teach us to forget, in the furtherance of one common object, the variety of feelings and opinions which on many points ever must exist,—who could say that such an institution was not worthy of our warm support, who, that it did not confer a blessing upon our city and its neighbourhood?

But such is not our only aim and object. Evenings passed as those of our last year have been, in listening to well-matured and able papers on Geology, Natural History, Phrenology, and Botany, experiments in Galvanism and Electro-Magnetism, in dissertations on objects of Antiquity, on the early Religion of this country, on spots of local

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interest in our county, on Music and its language, and readings with our Poets,—bespeak our occupation in the field of philosophy and literature, and prove that we possess no empty claim to the title which we bear.

For evenings spent as I have above stated, let it also be remembered that we stand indebted not to public professors, or practised lecturers, but to gentlemen of our city and neighbourhood, friends and companions, for the most part members of the Institution—another feature which I cannot but look upon as highly honourable to ourselves, though I would by no means disparage the great advantage to be derived from professional lecturers, and even hope that during our present session we shall be enabled to present such to some of the soirées of our society.

From a new President, you would expect an inaugural address, and to an old one re-elected, perhaps a little more may be allowed than the brief remarks which usually open our evening meetings.

First, then, of Geology,—that wondrous science, the researches of which can only terminate with the duration of man himself upon our globe,—I would humbly venture a few words. How difficult it is for a man to divest himself of notions, whether right or wrong, formed during the early years of education! How natural is it for a man to acquire an indiscriminate and almost superstitious reverence for the ideas which he has imbibed in youth, which, however capricious and absurd in themselves, are not only familiarized by habit to all his thoughts and feelings, but are consecrated in his mind by an indissoluble association with duties which nature recommends to his affections, and which reason commands him to fulfil! And it is on these accounts that an honest zeal against innovation, even when it is evidently grafted on piety to God and good-will to

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man, however it may excite the sorrow of the more enlightened philosopher, is justly entitled not only to his indulgence, but his honourable esteem. What we have learnt in early years, or what we have believed, becomes almost a part of our constitution, by being indissolubly united with truths which are essential to our happiness, and which we are led to reverence and to love by all the best dispositions of the heart. The contradiction of such early lessons, and the attempted overthrow of our early creed, appear as the flagrant breach of some moral duty, or some direct act of impiety to Heaven.

"Is it possible," said the old and expiring Bramin (in one of Marmontel's tales) to the young English officer who had saved the life of his daughter,—"Is it possible that he to whose compassion I owe the preservation of my child, and who now soothes my last moments with the consolations of piety, should not believe in the god Vishnou and his nine metamorphoses?" It is, then, most necessary for us, in the formation of our philosophical principles, to examine with care all those opinions which in early years we have imbibed from our instructors, or which are connected with our local position. The universality of an opinion among men educated in the same prejudices as ourselves, affords no presumption in its favour, for however great the deference is which a wise man will always pay to common belief upon those subjects which have employed the investigation and unbiassed reasoning of mankind, he certainly owes it no respect when he finds that it is the offspring of carelessness and prejudice, engendered by ignorance, or, at least, want of discriminate research. Nothing can be more just, says Dugald Stewart, than the observation of Fontenelle, that "the number of those who believe in a system already established in the world, does

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not in the least add to its credibility; but that the number of those who doubt it has a tendency to diminish it." Geology has shared the fate of other infant sciences, in being for a while considered hostile to revealed religion; but like them, when fully understood, it will be found a potent and consistent auxiliary to it, exalting our conviction of the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty Architect of the universe.

"No reasonable man," observes Buckland, "can doubt that all the phenomena of the natural world derive their origin from God, and no one who believes the Bible to be the word of God, has cause to fear any discrepancy between this His word and the results of any discoveries respecting the nature of His works; but the early and deliberative stages of scientific discovery are always those of perplexity and alarm, and during these stages the human mind is naturally circumspect, and slow to admit new conclusions in any department of knowledge." The prejudiced persecutors of Galileo apprehended danger to religion from the discoveries of a science in which a Kepler and a Newton found demonstration of the most sublime and glorious attributes of the Creator. A Herschel has pronounced that "Geology, in the magnitude and sublimity of the objects of which it treats, undoubtedly ranks in the scale of sciences next to astronomy." And the history of the structure of our planet, when it shall be fully understood, must lead to the same great moral results that have followed the study of the mechanism of the heavens. "Nothing," says Mantell, "is more unwarrantable than attempts to identify theories in science, with particular interpretations of the sacred text. and the caution of Lord Bacon, uttered a century and a half even before Geology had a name, cannot be too often repeated."

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"Let no man," says Lord Bacon, "upon a weak covert of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word, or the book of God's works, —Divinity or Philosophy; but rather let men endeavour an endless progress and proficiency in both, only let them beware that they apply both to charity and not to arrogance—to use and not to ostentation; and again, *that they do not unwisely mingle or confound these learnings together.*" The doubts and difficulties respecting Geology arise, for the most part, from the disclosures which have been made respecting the lapse of very long periods of time before the creation of man. Minds which have been long accustomed to date the origin of the universe, as well as that of the human race, from an era of about six thousand years ago, receive reluctantly any information which, if true, demands some new modification of their present idea. "But," says a learned and religious Prelate, "as we are not called upon by Scripture to admit, neither are we required to deny the supposition, that the matter without form and void, out of which this globe was framed, may have consisted of the wrecks and relics of more ancient worlds, created and destroyed by the same Almighty Power which called our world into its being, and will one day cause it to pass away." By Mantell it has been said, "While the Bible reveals to us the moral history and destiny of our race, and instructs us that man, and the existing races of living things, have been placed but a few thousand years upon the earth, the physical monuments of our globe bear witness to the same truths; and as Astronomy unfolds to us innumerable worlds, not spoken of in the sacred records, Geology in like manner proves, not by arguments drawn from analogy, but by incontrovertible physical evidence,

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that there were former conditions of our planet, separated from each by vast intervals of time, during which this world was teeming with life, ere the creation of man, and the animals which are his contemporaries."

> "These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good;
> Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
> Thus wondrous fair."
>
> "PARADISE LOST," Book v.

I will not longer occupy your time on this point, convinced as I am of the utter impossibility that there can be any collision between the purest piety and sound philosophy; and though I by no means pledge myself to the belief of all the notions and self-invented theories, which may by some have been mixed up with the history of the earth as given by inspiration, I feel certain that a just view of the nature and limits of Geological science warrants no reproach.

As regards antiquities, generally speaking, and architecture, we have not had any very large portion of our time consumed in their consideration. I am not inclined to regret this, because our evenings have been so agreeably, and I trust profitably, engaged in other pursuits, and because the more that has been left hitherto undone leaves the more to be expected for the future.

"The passion for antiquity," says Madame de Stael, "is no idle prejudice; the erudition derived from Archæology is far more animated than that we acquire from books,—we seem to revive what we unveil, and the fact appears to arise from the dust which concealed it."

The day has long passed by, and we may congratulate ourselves it has, when the study of antiquities was laughed at, and the professors of it deemed as wasting their time on illegible manuscripts, mutilated statues, obliterated ruins, and broken crockery. The investigation of these and other even apparently more trivial matters, have

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conduced more perhaps than any other means to the knowledge of the past; it has given us an insight which nothing else could give us into ecclesiastical doctrine and discipline,—into the state of the fine arts, more particularly of sculpture, painting, and architecture, as existing during the classical and mediæval eras, and into a familiar knowledge of household matters full of amusing and not useless information to us, who live in days when domestic matters have reached a convenience, a refinement, not only which could not have been credited, but would have been utterly unintelligible to our ancestors. Nor, indeed, do I think in these days that we have need of the caution so gravely put forth by that really eminent and pains-taking antiquarian of a past age, Grose, when there were but few to assist or appreciate his labours, who observes,—"In cultivating the study of antiquities, care must be taken not to fall into an error to which many have been seduced, I mean that of making collections of things which have no other merit than that of being old, or having belonged to some eminent person, and are not illustrations of any point of history,—such is the skull of Oliver Cromwell, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and pieces of the Royal Oak, hoarded by many loyal old ladies. That Oliver had a skull, and brains too, would have been allowed without this proof; and those who have considered the Royal Oak do not, I believe, find it essentially different from the wood of a common kitchen table! These may be rather styled relics than pieces of antiquity, and it is such trumpery that is gibed at by the ridiculers of antiquity." Such, however, are not the objects of our pursuit: though objects such as have been referred to are, without doubt, objects of curiosity, they are not those from which information is to be derived; and it is to those more

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especially that our research is directed. The benefits which have accrued to every country by the advancement of its polite arts, are now so perfectly and so generally confessed, that words would be vainly expended by an endeavour to prove them, and perhaps it would be equally unnecessary to show that any particular art had more or less claim in a general point of view than another, to be regarded as the medium of the greatest benefit to a country; but a correct perception of all that is beautiful and worthy of admiration in the fine arts can never be obtained without the study of antiquity, and there is scarcely a fragment which we may exhume, or an ancient edifice which we may examine, which will not tend to the increase of our knowledge, the refinement of our taste, and the better direction of our judgment.

I must not, however, close my remarks without referring to a subject to which I alluded on a former occasion,—the establishment in this city of a School of Design, under Government superintendence,—an object which I cannot but think of great public utility and advantage. It may indeed be said we are not manufacturers; we carry out no works, decorative or otherwise, in brass or iron; we weave no silks, we stamp no cottons, we manufacture no paper hangings,—true; are we then to remain in ignorance of what constitutes the fitness and the beauty of such things? Are there no talents which, elicited and educated here, may not go forth to gain elsewhere credit and honour for themselves and for their native place? Or are there none who have not a few spare hours to dedicate to studies which will open to them a wide sphere of the purest enjoyment, the appreciation of what is just in taste and excellent in art?

As somewhat analogous to the subject of the design, I cannot forbear from quoting a passage from the discourse

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of Mr. Redgrave, the Art Superintendent, delivered at Marlborough House, in the autumn of last year. Speaking of colour, he says:—"Colour has its laws of harmonious arrangement and disposition, and requires to be present in definite quantities in any distribution to please and satisfy the eye. Now although it would not be true to say that this subject has had no consideration among artists or designers, since no arrangement of colour in any composition, either *pictorial* or *ornamental*, can be made without a consideration of some of these *conditions*, it would not be too much to say that the arrangement of colour has been far too often considered an affair of the eye only, both by them and by the public, and that he who is born with a fine eye for colour—as of course everyone thinks himself to be—has no need of rules to guide him. Thus too many have been accustomed to proceed empirically, and to laugh at laws they are not at the pains to understand. However, all classes have more or less to do with colour, either in the choice of their furniture, their dresses, or the decoration of their houses, apart from any necessity which may belong to their occupations as workmen, manufacturers, designers, or tradesmen; it must at once be evident that a knowledge of those natural laws which regulate the harmonies of colour, and their just distribution, while it is valuable to all, must be an absolute necessity to those whose business is connected with the choice or arrangement of colour, and *that* taste in colour will rarely be correct which is not founded on a knowledge of these immutable laws. It is necessary therefore to make this more generally known, not only to designers, but to all classes who are called upon more or less to judge of its employment."

To give, however, some idea of the public education, and the public taste as to colour, Mr. Redgrave gives the

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following incident:—"Being by accident early in the morning, as a casual and unknown customer, in the rooms of a carpet warehouse, doing perhaps as large an amount of general business as any house in London, whilst making my own purchase, I was led to look round, by overhearing a dialogue between the principal of the house and a manufacturer's agent, who had brought up a number of pieces of carpet as new patterns for the tradesman to choose from. His judgment was no doubt regulated by what he could judge would be the taste of his customers; when I looked round I found to my surprise (although perhaps it may not so greatly surprise you), that these several patterns consisted of but two showy designs with very brilliant colouring, applied with perfect indifference to the same ornamental forms, so what was green in one was blue in another, and red in the third, at random. Now as harmony under these conditions must be impossible, and as all could not be right, whilst all might be wrong, I think it may illustrate the value that the knowledge of the laws of colour would have been, both to the manufacturer and the trader, and how little their choice could be consonant with what was really good taste, from their want of knowledge of those laws. I have said already that the public pays dearly for its want of instruction in those laws, pays not by hundreds and by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands; and this might be proved in a multitude of ways. I have just been speaking of colour; now the least knowledge of its laws will show that the simplest combinations of colour are the most harmonious; yet the paper stainer, the calico printer, the silk and ribbon weaver, the carpet manufacturer, and a host of others that I need not enumerate, are striving to gratify the public by introducing the largest possible number of colours into

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their patterns, thus throwing away useless labour, rendering costly those few to which fashion gives a certain amount of success, but still further increasing their price by those numerous patterns, which are failures in the market, being such faulty, over-coloured efforts after novelty, such careless and abortive productions, that even our uneducated public cannot tolerate them, and they are sold off at the end of the season at a 'tremendous sacrifice,' their cost, by the immutable laws of trade, becoming an extra charge, reckoned beforehand, on those which were at least less unsuccessful, which cost of course comes out of the pocket of the untaught public." Now if there is this loss on one kind of manufacture and fabrics, what must be the loss on all, when we consider the fearful over-ornamentation they too largely display, the carving, inlaying, gilding, and burnishing that are thrown away upon them? For where there is much ornamentation we may be pretty sure that it is in bad taste, or ill applied.

I have already occupied too much of your time.—I commend to you the studies of philosophy, of antiquity, of the sciences, of the arts, as all tending to ameliorate and elevate human nature, and therefore in an emphatic sense to fulfil the great duties allotted to us. As regards the study of art, I will conclude with the expressive words of M. Guizot, in the preface to his interesting work on the fine arts:—

"The study of art possesses the great and peculiar charm that it is absolutely unconnected with the affairs and the contests of ordinary life. By private interests, by political questions, and by philosophical problems, men are deeply divided and set at variance. But beyond and above all such party strifes, they are attracted and united by a taste for the beautiful in art; it is a taste at once engrossing and

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unselfish, which may be indulged without effort, and yet has the power of exciting the deepest emotions; a taste able to exercise and to gratify both the nobler and the softer parts of our nature, the imagination and the judgment, love of emotion, and power of reflection, the enthusiasm and the critical faculty, the senses and the reason. The very differences and debates arising from an intellectual exercise, at once so varied and so animated, have the rare advantage that they may be eager without becoming angry, that in their pertinacity there is nothing of rancour, and that while they rouse the passions, they at the same time disarm them of their bitterness."

Again, "It is the high privilege of art, that it has fallen to its lot to contribute to the happiness and prosperity of men, in the most different epochs and states of society. Whether under republic or monarchy, liberty or despotism; whether the minds of men be at rest or in agitation, in every case, but where suffering or oppression has crushed and frozen the whole body of society, a love of art has been able to develop itself with effect. Art shed its splendours over the Roman empire and the great Commonwealth, and flourished equally in the bosom of the turbulent republics of the middle ages, and under the majestic sway of Louis XIV."

Ladies and Gentlemen, forgive the length of my address, and allow me to express a fervent hope that the philosophical soirées of this year may at least equal those of the past.

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LECTURE ON FICTILE VASES.

DELIVERED TO THE HEREFORD LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.

December 4th, 1855.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—In offering myself before you with some account of Ancient Fictile Vases, I ought candidly to tell you that the information I may be able to impart upon this interesting subject is not the result of my own antiquarian researches, or deep investigations;—the labours of a whole ordinary life would not suffice to unravel the mysterious and tangled web which unites us with the past, or examine all the sources from which a ray of light may gleam even upon the subject before us.

What I can give you is but second-hand, containing scarcely an original idea, yet collected with some care, and, I hope, some accuracy, from many authors, and artists, and antiquarians, whose lives have been dedicated to its elucidation; and as such, I trust it may prove not altogether unworthy of your acceptance.

Few remains of antiquity have excited more interest than Fictile Vases. The variety and the elegance of their forms, the singularity of the designs, the beauty of the compositions with which they are adorned, and the important instruction which the subjects of these pictures convey, have conspired to render them peculiarly attractive.

By attentively studying the stories they record, the scholar has been enabled to throw much light upon the mythology, the history, and customs of the ancients; the artist has derived high improvement, from copying beautiful designs; and the manufacturer, in the imitation of their forms, has materially improved the shapes of many of those vessels and utensils which administer to the comforts

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or the elegancies of life. Vases such as those before you, —some of which are original, but the majority faithful copies,—passed for a long time under the title of Etruscan, from their having been discovered first in Etruria, or Tuscany; and Mr. Winkleman was the first person who showed the absurdity of calling those things exclusively Etruscan, which are found so plentifully in numerous other places. The greatest number has been found not only in various parts of Italy, but also in Sicily, and amidst the ruins of different cities of Greece. Since, therefore, they are not peculiar to Etruria, they are more properly denominated Greek; and the following circumstances confirm the propriety of this appellation:—The subjects which are represented on them are, I believe, invariably taken either from the fabulous or real history of Greece; the manners they illustrate are, with scarcely an exception, Grecian; and the inscriptions which have been found upon them are universally in the ancient Greek character. By what has been said, it is not meant to assert that none of these beautiful works of art were fabricated in Etruria, for it is well known that Grecian artists settled early in Campania, and on the borders of the Adriatic, and that all the Grecian colonies who established themselves in those places cultivated the fine arts to a very high degree, and that they made a greater progress in these new colonies than in Greece itself. If, then, any of these vases were made by the Etrurians, they must at least have acknowledged that from Greece they derived their art. Objections have been made to their being called Grecian Vases because they are found also in other countries than Greece; and M. Visconti has suggested the name of Græco-Italic, or Italo-Greek. These vases range in date from the fifth or sixth to the second century before the birth of Christ. To state fully the

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various purposes to which they were applied, or to ascertain in all cases the peculiar use of many of those which have descended to our time, would be a vain attempt. From what may be collected from the works of the Greek and Roman writers, and from the representation of their uses as far as they are recorded upon the sculptured or painted remains of antiquity, it appears that they were employed for a variety of domestic purposes in the Greek household; they were also used in the temples for containing the lustral water required for the various purifications of the ancients, in receiving the blood of the victim to be sacrificed, or in holding the consecrated wine which was to be poured on its devoted head; those in the form of bottles, or jugs with long necks, seemed also to contain the oil to feed the lamps which burned before the shrines of the deities, together with rich perfumes; others served for the presentation of the first products of the harvest, of the fruit of the vine, of the flowers, and other things which were offered by the grateful worshippers.

A number of votive vases were to be seen in the Lariaries, or domestic chapels, where, the images of their gods being very small, the vases consecrated to them were proportionately small. They were used in the celebration of the Eleusinian and other mysteries, were carried in the public processions, were given as rewards in races and gymnastic sports, were customary presents to a friend, or new-married couple; they were presented to a mother on the feast of the "decate," or tenth-day, when the name was given to the new-born child, and to a youth upon his taking the "toga virilis," or leaving off the dress of a child and assuming that of a man; they were used for many purposes in the public and private baths, and at feasts and entertainments. The larger vases were placed for decoration in the

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halls and courts, or ornaments in the garden, probably containing shrubs and flowers.

For their preservation in such numbers at the present day, we are indebted to a custom suggested by the simple piety of the ancients. In their rite of burial, it was usual, as we learn from various authorities, to place in the grave those objects to which the deceased had attached the greatest value when living. Mr. Charles Newton, a gentleman of this county, an antiquarian of no mean erudition, observes, in the preface of his translation from the German of Theodor Panofka, on the manners and customs of the Greeks, that "nearly all the more fragile and elaborate works of ancient art that we possess, such for example as the gold and silver ornaments, have been preserved by means of the custom I have mentioned; and the fictile vases in the various museums of Europe have, without a single exception, been discovered in places of interment, standing or lying near skeletons, or in some instances containing the ashes of bodies burnt upon the funeral pile."

The rites of sepulture among the nations of antiquity were so various that even their languages scarcely present a stronger characteristic of each individual people. While the Egyptian filled the corpse with costly gums and aromatic substances, and swathed it in countless bands of linen rendered imperishable by asphaltos, the Jew contented himself with a more superficial mode of embalming;—both deposited their dead in caves or subterranean recesses. The Romans burnt their dead, having received the custom from their Trojan ancestors. The Heraclidæ introduced it into Greece from the example of the founder of their race, who constructed for himself a funeral pile upon Mount Œta. It seems, indeed, that cremation and interment were indiscriminately practised in Greece; the epochs might, indeed,

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have been different, but it is certain that vessels of the class I am speaking of have been found in tombs where the skeleton has been entire, and some have been found with calcined human bones in them; but it is probable that the practice of cremation became less frequent as the doctrines of Eleusis obtained a stronger influence on the public mind; the notion of combustion was inconsistent with the doctrines alluded to, or the painted vases. The custom of depositing vases in sepulchral chambers, where they are supposed to have held the provisions, and the offerings which it was customary to present to the dead, or were deposited as favourite and valuable property of those entombed, is thought to have been introduced into Sicily and Magna Grecia by the early Greek colonists.

The manner in which these vessels are disposed in tombs is thus described:—The body of the deceased was deposited in the centre of the vault, or upon an embankment raised against a side wall of the structure; it was surrounded by the painted earthen vessels, some of which had particular positions assigned to them, one being placed on the chest of the corpse, and another between the legs, and (occasionally, at least) a lamp near the crown of the head. Sometimes, in the sepulchres of rich and illustrious deceased, persons were employed to watch the flame, and keep it perpetually burning. Instances are upon record, in which the opulent at their death released by will some of their slaves from servitude, provided they attended to the testator's sepulchral lamp: thus Mænius, the would-be poet, who is ridiculed both by Virgil and Horace, has the following passage in his will:—"I set free Saccus my slave, with Eutychia and Irene my female slaves, on condition that each of them, in their turn, shall from month to month supply with oil the lamp which shall burn in my tomb."

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And it was, doubtless, also an office of duty and affection of near relatives or friends, to visit the tomb of the departed, carrying with them a lecythus of oil with which to feed the lamp, and probably depositing the vessel afterwards as an offering in the sepulchre, which will account for the great number of vessels of this kind which have been found. A notion formerly prevailed that the ancients had the secret of making lamps that were inextinguishable, alleging several that had been found burning on the opening of tombs fifteen or sixteen hundred years old; but these relations have long since been treated as fables.

The figures upon vases or other vessels are generally of a reddish colour, sometimes relieved by white and black, upon a dark or black ground, but in some of the oldest vases, the figures themselves are black, and the ground yellowish red; in those of the latest, blue, white, and other colours are used, the ornaments becoming more elaborate. and the forms less pure and beautiful.

The following, by Monsieur D'Hancaville, which is founded upon the examination of various specimens, seems to have been the manner in which they were made:— "The earth, or clay, was extremely light and porous, and of a light yellowish red colour; when made and dried, but probably previous to undergoing the action of the fire, some instrument rather hard, and capable of containing a portion of black liquid pigment of a certain consistency, was employed by the artist in drawing the outline of the figures and composition. The reason for supposing that the instrument was pointed and hard, and the pigment rather thick, is, that upon a careful examination of some vases, a sort of sulcus or furrow is observable in the centre of the line which is made by the pressure of the instrument, and which the thickness of the pigment did not fill up, or

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perhaps the vase itself was so porous as to absorb the moisture of the paint almost immediately. The artist then, probably with a brush, laid on a coat of the black close to the outline, of a certain width, and some inferior person filled up the other parts. The reason for supposing that this plan was pursued is, that upon accurately examining the vases, there is almost always observed to be a thicker coat of the black paint close to the outline, from one eighth to a quarter of an inch in width thicker than in other parts, showing that it had at the edge of this first black been twice laid on;—they were then done over, perhaps, with a sort of varnish of a reddish tint, with but little polish—some scarcely with any—although the later vases, and those found at Nola, Capua, and Naples have a most perfect and enduring gloss." They vary exceedingly in their form, though universally full of grace. They vary, too, from each other in the number, in the position, and in the shape, of the handles, which are, in general, two, never exceed three, and sometimes only one.

The paintings upon the exterior surface of vases are deserving of the most particular regard. Where the subjects are mythological, they convey much important information relating to the history of the gods, and to the rites and ceremonies used in their worship, particularly those observed in the sacred and solemn mysteries of the Greeks, and the frantic orgies of Bacchus. They commemorate also the fabled achievements of the heroic ages, the labours of Hercules, the adventures of Theseus, the valorous acts of the Amazons, and the renowned events of the Trojan history. In the multiplicity of designs which these and numberless other subjects have suggested to the fancy of the artist, there is detailed a vast variety of particulars relative to the history, the dresses, and the

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customs of the Greeks, which, but for these precious monuments, would have been entirely without a record. These designs, as they exist upon vases, are not always original; they were often copied from pictures of the most celebrated antiquity. Vessels such as I am speaking of, are not unfrequently adorned with single heads, masks, wreaths, borders of flowers, and various fanciful designs. Whatever these subjects may be, they were for the most part selected with a reference to the purpose for which the vase was designed. Those which were set apart for sacred use were adorned with designs bearing an allusion to the mythological history or the religious ceremonies of the deity in whose worship they were to be employed. If intended as prizes to the victors in the public games, they contained allegorical representations of virtues which the gymnastic youth should be emulous to imitate, or actions which they should studiously avoid. If designed for funereal purposes, subjects were chosen which were illustrative of the history of the deceased, or adapted to the mournful ceremonies of the tomb. Inscriptions are often found which announce the names of the persons represented on them, and they are in many instances worthy of notice, as they record names not mentioned by any of the ancient authors whose works have been preserved to our own times. Sometimes the inscription only commemorates the name of the artist who made, or painted, the vase, and sometimes it contains a moral sentiment, or an affectionate remembrance to some departed friend, to whose memory the vase was consecrated. An instance of this latter kind occurs in a vase in the British Museum, on the bottom of which was traced with a pointed instrument, before the clay was baked, an inscription to the following purport, "My dear Philo, adieu. This vase to be placed in the second

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sepulchre." The flat, paten-shaped dishes were used as salvers for offerings, and as dishes at banquets, while many of the lesser articles contained perfumes and unguents, and were used upon the toilet tables of the Greek ladies, as Bohemian glass and Dresden china appear in the boudoirs of the present day.

Of all the vases to which I shall now allude, the most celebrated is that known by the name of the Portland Vase. It cannot, indeed, be called "fictile," in the more confined sense of that word, as being formed upon the potter's wheel, but is of glass, and therefore blown, though afterwards worked upon the lathe. This vase was long supposed to be an onyx, or other stone, but it has been discovered to be of glass; the ground is a very dark purple, approaching to black when not placed against a strong light, and the lower part of a semi-opaque white vitreous paste must have been fused upon it when blown, forming a distinct strata like a cameo, like which it has been cut away, leaving the blue ground to appear below, and the figures appearing in bas relief of minute and delicate finishing, equal to the best class of gems.

This vase was discovered in the neighbourhood of Rome, between the years 1623 and 1644, by some labourers, who met with a vault, or sepulchral chamber, on the Monte del Grano, about three miles from the city, on the road to Frascati. It was deposited in the library of the Barberini family, and continued for above a century one of the most admired pieces of that celebrated collection. After the dispersion of this library, the vase was purchased at Rome by Sir William Hamilton, to whom this kingdom is indebted for so many other of the finest remains of antiquity. The transfer, it is said, was occasioned by an ill-run of cards in a Roman Princess, the representative of

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the Barbèrini family, who on that account was under the necessity of selling her finest antiquities. By Sir William it was disposed of to the late Duchess of Portland, but with so much secrecy, at her Grace's request, that she was never known, even by her own family, to possess it. At the sale of her Grace's very curious and valuable museum, in 1786, it was purchased by the Duke of Portland, for a thousand guineas, and afterwards generously deposited in the British Museum. Till within a very few years it was at all times open to the public inspection, when a young man whom we cannot suppose to be otherwise than insane, seizing a block of sculpture placed near, hurled it against the vase, and dashed it into almost countless atoms. It is wonderful to think what the ingenuity and perseverance of man can achieve,—the apparently hopeless task of repairing it was undertaken, and, strange to say, completed with such skill as almost to elude ordinary observation. The mischievous maniac who destroyed it was fined £5, the value of the glass shade which protected it,—being the greatest punishment the law then awarded to such an offence; or, in default, a month's imprisonment. An Act of Parliament, however, has since assigned a far heavier penalty to offences of this description. The vase is not now usually shown, unless to persons requesting it, which was the case with myself about a fortnight since.

Many opinions and conjectures have been published concerning the figures on this celebrated vase. On one side are three figures; in the centre, under a tree, is a recumbent female figure, naked to the waist, supported by the left arm, while the right is lifted up, and the hand laid upon the head; in her left hand is a torch inverted, but not extinguished, and her countenance bears an expression of grief. On her right is a male figure, naked, seated, and

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looking towards her; and on her left a female figure, seated on a bank, and apparently looking at the male figure on the opposite bank. This scene has been held to be emblematical of human life: the lady is dying, and the attendants on her express the terror with which they look at death. On the other side of the vase the principal figure is seated on the ground, with a serpent rising from her lap, her right hand extended towards the arm of a young male, whose entrance from a portico she appears to welcome; over her head is a Cupid flying, and on the left side an aged male figure, contemplating with complacency the scene before him. This was thought to represent immortal life, expressed by an hero entering the gate of Elysium, conducted by divine love, and received by immortality. Thus considered, the figures of this funereal vase do not represent the history of any particular family or event, but allude to some of the ceremonies performed, or doctrines entertained, in the Eleusinian Mysteries. This was the opinion of Dr. Dareirn, and has been thus elegantly versified by him in the Second Canto of the "Botanic Garden:"—

"*Here*, by fall'n columns and disjoin'd arcades,
On mouldering stones, beneath deciduous shades,
Sits *Humankind* in hieroglyphic state,
Serious, and pondering on their changeful fate;
While, with inverted torch, and swimming eyes,
Sinks the fair shade of *Mortal Life*, and dies.
There, the pale *Ghost* through death's wide portal bends
His timid feet, the dusky steep descends;
With smiles assuasive Love Divine invites,
Guides on broad wing, with torch-uplifted lights;
Immortal Life, her hand extending, courts
The lingering form, his tottering steps supports,
Leads on to Pluto's realms the dreary way,
And gives him trembling to Elysian day.
Beneath, in sacred robes the *Priestess* dress'd,
The coif close-hooded, and the fluttering vest,
With pointing fingers guides the initiate youth,
Unweaves the many-colour'd veil of *Truth*,
Drives the profane from Mystery's bolted door,
And silent guards the Eleusinian lore."

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A novel and certainly a very ingenious elucidation of the figures on this vase has lately been suggested by Mr. Windus, which I will now lay before you;—the story is at all events curious. He conceives that the vase once contained the ashes of the celebrated physician Galen, and though the place of his death is unknown—probably Pergamus, his native country—still, as he was esteemed above all others while living, and was worshipped almost as a divinity after his decease, his ashes might have been brought to Rome in this vase, and placed in the sarcophagus in which it was discovered. We read in the life of Galen, that "the cure on which he valued himself most was the case of a lady, who was said to be in a very dangerous condition, whose disease he discovered to be love, the object of which was a rope-dancer, thus rivalling the discovery of the love of Antiochus for Stratonice, which had given so much celebrity to Erasistratus." This remarkable case is thus portrayed upon the vase before us. The desponding female in the centre, with an inverted torch, is presumed to represent either Lucilla or Fadilla, daughters of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina. We know that Galen was on terms of intimacy with this Prince. The flame of the torch not being extinguished, but feeble and flickering, beautifully expresses a declining state of health, confirmed by the languor of the countenance, and resting position of the arms; it may also be noticed that all the characters are cross-legged,—the usual attitude of affliction. The male and female figures on the right and left are sympathising relatives, whose faces bear evident marks of anxious solicitude to learn the malady of the noble lady, the nature of which naturally rendered her unwilling to reveal the cause. These may represent Marcus Aurelius and Faustina, but certainly

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regal or noble personages, from their graceful position, appearance, and attributes; on the right of the male is a column, emblem of fortitude, power, and dominion; the female holds majestically the "*hasta pura*," or pointless spear, properly an ancient sceptre, resting on her arm, as a symbol of her dignity. The ruins of architecture on which they are seated, describe, and with good effect, the broken, invalid state of health of the noble lady. Much has been written respecting the square perforated stone at the bottom of the sculpture, without coming to any conclusion; —this may be the base of a column, with a mortice to receive a tenon; or it may represent, as oftentimes described, the top of a cippus, to place over a sepulchral vase, through which to pour libations. The friends or relatives, unable to learn the secret malady of the noble lady, send for Galen, the great physician of the period; and the other side of the vase shows us that he has discovered the cause, introduced his remedy, and is here represented as watching its progress. The noble lady appears rapidly restored by the approach of the object of her affection, allegorised by the circling serpent rising from her lap, a type of health. Pylades, the rope-dancer, is advancing timidly from the Grecian portico, although encouraged by the lady, who takes him by the arm; he appears to hesitate, and look for advice with a very anxious countenance to Galen, the great physician, who, in a contemplative attitude, and with an appearance of great dignity, stands on the other side of the lady, and regards his approach. Cupid, god of love, soars above with a blazing torch (in contrast to the one in the first compartment nearly extinct) expressive of the complete restoration of health, as well as the torch of Hymen, and is looking back on the youth whom he is alluring forward with his smiles. The sculpture

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upon the vase exactly tells this interesting incident in the lady's life, as well as the physician's skill, with considerable aptitude; but whether it be the true version or not, I shall not pretend to say;—it is borne out partly by the masks under the handles, which are allegorical of Æsculapius, Hippocrates, or Galen, there being two leeches dropping from the beard of one, as they were supposed to be by the late Josiah Wedgwood. I may add that this gentleman had the vase in his possession for twelve months, to model copies from, which never exceeded the number of fifty, were very correct representations, and are now of considerable value; these were made for subscribers, and the mould then broken. Those that are now to be met with are of much later date, and of very inferior workmanship.

I forgot to observe that at the bottom of the vase is represented a female figure, representative of secrecy, and certainly would be appropriate enough if the tale I have now related be the true one. The bottom appears to have been joined by cement to the upper part of the vase; whether this was occasioned by its being fractured, or whether it was so designed originally, it is difficult to conjecture.

I will now bring my essay to a conclusion, and occupy only as short a time as you may please in endeavouring to explain the ancient vases, and the faithful copies of them which we have before us. I have avoided in my address, as much as possible, the use of Greek terms, and altogether classical quotations, which might be used largely and beneficially towards the illustration of our subject,—my only object being to enlist your attention towards a very interesting and elegant branch of antiquarian study, from which much is to be learnt, and to enable those who have not leisure to enter into it deeply, to enjoy a popular view of it, and to avoid forming an inaccurate and erroneous opinion.

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LECTURE ON ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Delivered at the St. Peter's Literary Institution, Feb. 24, 1862.

The Archdeacon said,—The age we live in is one of progress and improvement, so doubtless have others thought before us whom we have far outstripped, so doubtless thought Queen Elizabeth when she donned her first pair of silk stockings before breakfasting on beef and ale, and yet I think I may say with truth that the nineteenth century does as far surpass all former ones in the changes it has introduced, not only in science and locomotion, but in the alteration of the habits and manners of the people, as the express train contrasts in speed with the flying waggon which brought its passengers from York to London (God willing) in a fortnight.

It occurred to me, then, when invited by my excellent friend, your worthy President, to give a lecture here, that it might be no unpleasing recreation, and perhaps fraught with some advantage, to look back upon the doings, the customs and manners, both public and private, of our ancestors. I shall sometimes go far back for the purpose of giving greater contrasts with the present. I am not going to touch upon any serious matters, and while we enjoy a hearty laugh at what was no laughing matter when it occurred, you will not think me irreverent to our ancestors, or teaching you to ridicule old people; my own propinquity to that respectable body will at once acquit me of the charge.

Well, then, with your kind permission, I will enter upon my subject. In the first place I shall allude to food and feeding, which is one of those matters in which there has been perhaps as much change as in anything.

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I will go back to the days of Rufus, and his wondrous banquettings in Westminster Hall, that magnificent room, exceeding, I believe, any in the world, unsupported by pillars (for we cannot call railway stations rooms), being 275 feet long, and 74 feet wide. But let us not forget that that mònarch one day exclaimed,—"This halle is not bigge enough by one half, and is but a bed chamber in comparison of what I minde to make." But I will proceed to the time of Queen Elizabeth. She, we are told, was exceedingly and habitually abstemious, seldom eating of more than two or three dishes, and partaking moderately of those. A certain refinement in the table seems to have been introduced by Cardinal Wolsey; and yet the wholesale devourings and enormous quantity of provisions consumed by the English Court, in the reign of Queen Mary, astounded foreigners, though the quantity did not reach a fourth part of what had been usual: the moderation spoken of can have been, therefore, only by comparison.

The same spirit of magnificent hospitality and generous profusion, reigned amongst the clergy; it has been the fashion to accuse the clergy of that day, and I fear, their successors, as being too much addicted to the pleasures of the table, yet, in some degree, the obloquy is wiped away by the recollection of their hospitality, which they were ready to show to every description of people. At a time when the communication between distant parts of the kingdom was difficult from the licentious manners of the age, the want of roads, and the want of inns, the friendly gate of the religious house was open to the traveller. Many of these houses, particularly the larger, dedicated an ample portion of their revenues to the entertainment of accidental guests; and if we turn to the higher clergy, we find Robert Winchelsey, at the close

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of the 13th century, Archbishop of Canterbury, with a grandeur of hospitality that astonishes us, provided daily victuals for 3,000 poor people; immense crowds of the sick and infirm who were unable to attend at his gate, were supplied with necessaries at their own homes; a loaf of bread was also ordered every day to any person who would be at the trouble to fetch it; and on every great festival, a distribution of 160 pence was made to as many poor people. Lavish and unwise expenditure perhaps; but there is no sign of gluttony here, neither the parsimony or provision for families which has not unfrequently, in later times, reflected but little credit on our highest ecclesiastics. The personal expenses, or extravagance of the higher clergy in this respect must, however, have continued very considerable after the Reformation, since Archbishop Cranmer found it necessary to regulate the expenses of their tables, which he did by a constitution, in the year 1541, which is given by Warner, I believe, from Ireland, in his "antiquities culinariæ." The document is so curious that I am tempted to quote it, I hope not, to the weariness of my auditors:—

"In the yeare of our Lord, MDXLI., it was agreed and concluded upon, as well by the common consent of both the archbishops and most part of the bishops within this realme of Englande, as also of divers grave men at that tyme, both deanes and archdeacons, the fare at their tables to be thus moderated:—First, that the archbishop should never exceede six divers kinds of fleshe, or six of fishe, on the fishe days; the bishop not to exceede five; the deane and archdeacon not above four; and at others under that degree, not above three; provided also that the archbishop myght have of second dishes four, the bishop three, and at others under the degree of a bishop

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but two; as custard, tart, fritters, cheese, or apples, peares, or two of other kindes of fruites. Provided also, that if any of the inferior degree dyd receave at their table any archbishop, bishop, deane, or archdeacon, or any of the laitie of like degree, viz., duke, marques, earle, viscount, baron, lorde, knight, they might have such provision as were mete and requisite for their degrees. Provided alway that no rate was limited in the receaving of any ambassadour. It was also provided that of the greater fyshes or fowles, there should be but one in a dishe, as crane, swan, turkey cocke, hadocke, pyke, tench; and of lesse sortes but two, viz., capons two, pheasants two, conies two, and woodcockes two. Of lesse sortes, as of partriches, the archbishop three, the bishop and other degrees under hym two. Of blackburdes, the archbishop six, the bishop four, the other degrees three. Of larkes of snytes (snipes) and of that sort but twelve. It was also provided, that whatsoever is spared by cutting of, of the olde superfluitie, should yet be provided and spent in playne meates for the relievyng of the poore. Memorandum—that this order was kept for two or three monethes, tyll, by the disusyng of certaine wylful persons, it came to the olde excesse."

The ceremonial observed by the Tudor Sovereigns approached absurdity. When the sisters of the young King Edward VI. dined with him, they were not permitted even a chair, but sat on a bench, sufficiently distant from the King for his canopy not to overhang them; and when Elizabeth dined with Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, though heiress presumptive to the throne, and treated as such, she was carefully placed outside the cloth of state. But James I. carried the etiquette quite as far, for we read that on the 4th of June, 1610, he created his son Prince of Wales, having previously knighted him, without

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which honour he was incapable of sitting at dinner with his Sovereign, though his own father.

The enormous amount of food used, and of course the vast number of people fed, upon great occasions, is almost beyond our comprehension. When Queen Elizabeth visited Sir Nicholas Bacon at Gorhambury in 1577, the following appear in the list for consumption:—27 bucks, 8 oxen, 60 sheep, 18 calves, 34 lambs, 26 pigs, 741 rabbits, 130 geese, 380 chickens, 206 capons, 152 herons, 144 ducklings, 235 pigeons, 29 pheasants, 201 quails, 600 other birds, besides sea fish and fresh water fish. Gammons of bacon and flitches of bacon, and neats' tongues, sheep tongues, cow udders, and calves' feet; added to which, in liberal proportion, were butter, eggs, cream, milk, confectionery, herbs, flowers, artichokes; and, besides many other things, beer, ale, and wine in profusion.

When the Queen visited Lord Montague at Cowdrey, the proportion to breakfast was 3 oxen and 141 geese. Her Majesty, moderate as was her appetite generally, did not always content herself with satisfying it at the table at which she was the honoured guest: when she was feasted at Sandwich in 1573, at a table containing 140 dishes, "she was very merry, and did eat of dyvers dishes without any assaye (*i.e.*, without being previously tasted by an attendant for that purpose), and caused certain to be reserved for her and carried to her lodgings."

Paul Hudtzner, a German, who came into England in this reign, gives an account of the pomp and ceremony of a banquet to the Queen:—

"In the same hall (this was at Greenwich) were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great number of counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the Queen's coming out, which

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she did from her own apartment when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:—First went gentlemen, Barons, Earls, Knights of the Garter, all richly dressed, and bare-headed; next came the Chancellor bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two, one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard, studded with golden fleurs-de-lys, the point upwards; next came the Queen, in the 65th year of her age, as we are told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet small and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar); she had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; she had a small crown of gold; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have until they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine pearls; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a Marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, and then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian; for besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch; whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Salawata, a Bohemian Baron, had letters to present to her, and she, after pulling off her glove, gave

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him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favour; wherever she turned her face as she was going along, everybody fell down on their knees. The ladies of the Court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and for the most part dressed in white; she was guarded on each side by gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle axes; in the ante-chapel, next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth;' she answered it with, 'I thank you, my good people.' In the chapel was excellent music; as soon as it and the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the Queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out with the following solemnity." This part of the account being more applicable to the subject of our discourse, it is given without further apology. It displays that tedious ceremonial, which was observed in everything that regarded the service of the Royal table during the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. The frequent genuflexions and prostrations, made on these occasions, bordered very nearly on impiety; and when we consider that these ceremonies were performed in an empty room, and to an empty table, we cannot help exclaiming, with some degree of indignation, *O quantum in rebus inane!*

"A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others—one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate and bread. When they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed

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what was brought upon the table. they too retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a Countess), and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much care as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little time, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of four-and-twenty dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt. These dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order; they were brought and placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettledrums made the hall ring for half-an-hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court. The Queen sups and dines alone, with very few attendants, and it is very seldom that anybody, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."

The accounts transmitted to us of the royal revels of this reign, are little more than details of gross and extravagant flattery, indecently offered and indelicately received, although the Queen was considered in her day

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as the best informed woman in Europe. Dreadful as Elizabeth was to her enemies, masculine in her understanding, enterprising in her spirit, and great in her political character, yet an excessive vanity tarnished all her brilliant qualities. Though the mirror must every day have convinced her that an old woman with a wrinkled forehead, hooked nose, diminutive eyes, and black teeth, could never be an object of admiration, yet so blind was she to her own defects, that no sound was so grateful to her as the voice of adulation, no subject so pleasing as gross commendations of her form and beauty. Compliments of this nature, Hollingshead tells us, were paid to her even by ambassadors at their first audience; and no pageant or entertainment afforded her delight unless in the course of it some fulsome incense was offered to her vanity.

Many of the most favourite dishes of those times have fallen into disrepute, as the swan, the crane, the heron, the peacock, and a variety of smaller birds, which now are considered all but uneatable; and what to our custom seems equally strange, the fish course was sometimes served last—at an earlier period, very usually so. But if we think with disgust of swans and herons, what shall we say to seals and porpoises, which were once favourite dishes at an English nobleman's table? Lady Fanshawe speaks of dolphins as "excellent meat." She ate them in Spain, and time was, when snails stewed with spices, oil, and vinegar, and fricasseed frogs, were accustomed delicacies. At the time of which we treat, it was usual (not perhaps in England, but on the Continent), to eat cats, horses, and lizards; the Guiana lizard is now, we believe, a favourite article of food in the West Indies. Don Anthony of Guevara, the chronicler of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, thus writes of a feast at which he was present:—

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"I will tell you no lye. I saw also at another feaste, such kindes of meates eaten, as were wont to be sene, but not eaten; as a horse rosted, a cat in gely, little lizars with what (hot) broth, frogges fried, and divers other sortes of meates, which I saw them eate, but I never knew what they were till they were eaten."

The above-named tempting viands were *bonâ fide* what they professed to be; but when we read of lions, dragons, and leopards, we must in charity suppose that they were usual and Christian-like viands, formed by the skill of the cook into miniature resemblances of these animals.

One of the most magnificent feasts of Elizabeth's time was that given by the Earl of Leicester, at Utrecht, during his government of the Low Countries, on St. George's Day, 1586. "A cloth of estate, with the Queen's arms and style, and a table, were laid for her as if she were in presence. Then began the trumpets to sound in the service, which was most prince-like and aboundant, served on the knee, carved and tasted to her Majesty's trencher; the side-tables being furnished all in silver plate, and attended on by gentlemen. Sundry sorts of musickers continued the entering of the first course, which done and avoided, the trumpets sounded in for the second, which was all baked meats of beasts and fowles; the beasts, as lions, dragons, leopards, and such like, bearing phaines or armes; and the fowles, as peacocks, swans, pheasants, turky-cocks, and others, in their natural feathers, spread in their greatest pride; which sight was both rare and magnificent. This service being placed on her Majesty's board, the beasts on the one side and the fowles on the other, the lion laying couchant at her Majesty's trencher, the ushers cryed 'A Hall!'"

We could lament the disuse of the lordly peacock, the "feast of lovers" and the "meat of lords." A noble

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bird he must have been in all his plumage (for the skin and feathers, most carefully stripped off, were replaced after the bird was roasted), his tail spread, and a piece of cotton, dipped in spirits, flaming in his beak, as he was borne into the dining-hall amid the clangour of trumpets and musical instruments, and preceded by the server on horseback, all the company rising to receive him. Really we could regret this; and it would seem that we are not singular in our regrets, or at least in our admiration.—My hearers are perhaps not aware that there has been a peacock feast in our own times, given by the Governor and Council of the Island of Grenada to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence (late William the Fourth), at which this kingly bird was served in right regal style, with his tail spread. The donors of this memorable feast borrowed another dish from our ancestors. A large pye was placed on the table, from which, when opened, flew a covey of birds, somewhat, we are told, to the amazement of the guests. But this was quite a usual dish at the feasts of Elizabeth's days. So literally and historically true is that ancient nursery ditty, which, perchance, we have stigmatized as absurd—

"Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
And was not this a dainty dish
To set before a King?"

But if we think this strange, what shall we say to baking, or at least enclosing, a dwarf in a pie—a real live man? The celebrated Geoffrey Hudson was served up in a cold pie, by the Duchess of Buckingham, when she entertained

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King Charles I. and his Queen, and the instance does not appear to have been an isolate one.

Another most strange custom at this period, but which seems to have prevailed more, or at least to have continued longer in the city than the court, was to have a huge "Quaking Custard" on the table, into which, at a private signal, the City Fool suddenly leaped over the heads of the astonished feasters, who were instantly bespattered with this rich and savoury meed.

The earliest banquets on record, after the accession of Charles, are two given by the loyal Duke of Newcastle; one to the King at Welbeck, on his way to Scotland to be crowned; another at Bolsover Castle, in Derbyshire, when he made a progress northward with the Queen. The latter entertainment, where all the gentry of the county were invited to come and wait on their Majesties, and on which Ben Jonson was employed in fitting scenes and speeches, cost my lord nearly £15,000, one suit of table linen alone costing £160. Passing strange were the vicissitudes of those days! This princely nobleman lived to see his beautiful and accomplished young wife steal out in the dusk to *pawn* even his apparel, for the food they could not otherwise procure.

Meagre as is the account which the Duchess has bequeathed to us, of her husband's hospitable and magnificent entertainments, it yet gives the clue to what formed so peculiar and beautiful a feature in the banquets of that time, more especially in those given by the accomplished Duke of Buckingham. "Ben Jonson," says the Duchess, "was employed in fitting such scenes and speeches as he could best devise." There can, indeed, be no doubt that Buckingham's banquets at York House were the most elegant, recherché, and costly entertainments

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at that time. Bassompierre, the French Ambassador, was inexpressibly struck with them. Never before, perhaps, and most certainly never since, has the matter-of-fact process of eating been rendered so poetical by its accompaniments. But nothing of this kind was exhibited in the republican times. Cromwell's banquets, plentiful but plain, were as stern and unattractive as himself, and decidedly *not fashionable.* They were occasionally varied and enlivened by a sudden eruption of his guards, who, at an understood signal from him, would seize and demolish all on the table; or by a sudden game, pell-mell, with the fruits and sweetmeats, which he and his friends would throw at each other. But these elegant facetiæ did not take place very often: they occurred only when the Prince of the Ironsides was in a very happy mood.

Meanwhile, for the behoof of all who may feel interested in the matter, we beg to perpetuate the record handed down to us of the taste of his Highness the Lord Protector, who was fond of an orange to a loin of veal, but her Highness the Lady Protectress saw fit to refuse him this luxury, because "oranges were oranges now, and crab-oranges would cost a groat."

There can be no doubt that one of the most important agents in effecting the change from the strong and gross feeding of our ancestors to the more refined cuisine of these days, was the introduction of tea and coffee beverages, which, not merely from their rarity, but from their expense, did not immediately win their way to general use, but which are now of universal adoption. So early as 1652, a servant of Sir Nicholas Crisp, a great Turkey merchant, had opened a house for making and selling coffee,

> "Coffee which makes the politician wise,
> And see through all things with his half-shut eyes;"

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and coffee-houses, at this time, were literally and merely what they professed to be, houses where a person might purchase the then unaccustomed luxury of a cup of coffee. It was many years later before they had the signification which now attaches to them of places for social reunion, conversation, and news-mongering. Queen Catherine, the wife of Charles II., used coffee and chocolate habitually, and to her also has been ascribed, though erroneously, by the poet Waller, the introduction of tea. Walpole tells us, on what authority he does not say, that the single article of coffee, for the daughters of Louis XV., amounted to £3,000 sterling a-year. At its first introduction into private society, coffee doubtless was ground at the table at the time of using, as it still is in many places abroad, and as it still will be everywhere where it is possible, by those who love to taste the juice of this aromatic berry in its highest perfection.

The much-abused, much-slandered, and most grateful beverage of tea was naturalized in England much about the same time. Why so many enormities have been attributed to this innocent infusion, it is impossible to say; but tea and scandal are almost inseparably united in the mind, and almost invariably uttered conjointly by the tongue.

> "And stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
> Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
> And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
> Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
> That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

On the 25th of September, 1661, Mr. Pepys says, "I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drank before;" a pretty sure sign that it was then a great novelty, for, by hook or by crook, worthy Mr. Pepys

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contrived to inhale the scent of every coming fashion. In 1667 he writes, "Home, and there find my wife making of tea—a drink which Mr. Pelling, the potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions." At first it seems the infusion was sold, not the tea itself. Most amusing are the blunders made on the introduction of this novelty. One country lady who had received a pound as a present from a fashionable friend who had neglected to give any instructions with it, boiled the whole quantity, and served it up as a vegetable at dinner, throwing away, of course, the beverage. Another supposed it was a dried fruit, and to be eaten as such, but acknowledged that she was unable to reconcile her palate to it, and at length obtained a further insight into the mysteries of its preparation. London belles were early and scientifically instructed in the art; as it was usual at some celebrated India shops to have a kettle boiling in a back shop, where dignified and dainty customers might be regaled with a cup of this novel and then costly beverage.

In 1664, we are told, the East India Company, with all their appliances and means, could procure only two pounds two ounces when they wanted to present some to the king. For this they paid forty shillings a pound; and a year or two after, they paid fifty shillings for some for the same purpose. Shortly after this they began to import it with a view to commerce; but we may infer how slowly it came into general use, from the circumstance that in 1678 an importation of between 4000 and 5000 pounds glutted the market for years. After the revolution, however, the consumption became more general, and has long been universal, to our great comfort.

Previous to the days of Elizabeth, a nobleman or a gentleman of property resided on his own estate, and there,

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reigning as almost paramount, he was in every respect a great man. But London was the seat of business and of law. Accident, or a suit to be pressed at Court, took a man to town; he returned and astonished his country friends with the airs of superiority he assumed, and the new fashions he brought with him; people became ashamed of their rusticity, London was inundated, and the country mansions forsaken. An order was issued that "the gentlemen of Norfolk and Suffolk are commanded to depart from London before Christmas, and to repair to their counties, and there to keep hospitality amongst their neighbours." The order was, however, in vain. The evil went on increasing, and was at its height in the reign of James I. Emulation and rivalry led to their inevitable results, undue and reckless expense; and in order to maintain an exterior of magnificence in dress and equipage in the metropolis, all sorts of underhand economy and degrading contrivance were resorted to by those who in generous independence on their own estates would have scorned to have done anything mean. Neither was London then advantaged by this influx; the metropolis was not then the great market of the kingdom; the scarcity of food was severely felt; younger sons who had spent their all, were thrown loose upon society; cast off servants, retainers discarded by those whose London expenses compelled them to retrench their country establishments; and we are told that twenty thousand masterless men, who had been brought up under the wing of plenty, knew neither where to lodge to-night or eat to-morrow. The smart man in the days of Elizabeth exhibited himself, when his toilet was completed, in St. Paul's Churchyard, the great mart of trade and lounge of fashion, and then sauntering into a sempster or a bookseller's shop, indulged in the fumes

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of that fragrant weed which the fashion of our own days has again brought into such general use. In Elizabeth's days, the habit of smoking tobacco had, undoubtedly, some attractions; it had, for instance, the very great one of novelty. Indeed, so utterly unheard of and unthought of was such a practice, that the introducer of it, Sir Walter Raleigh, for a long time preserved the most utter secresy on his own habit of smoking. This led to a ludicrous mistake, as probably my hearers are aware. His servant entering the room suddenly with a goblet of ale, saw a cloud of smoke issue from his master's mouth, and supposing his brain was on fire, immediately discharged the whole content of the jug on his head. Besides the attraction of novelty, smoking had formerly the recommendation of being decidedly an aristocratic pursuit; it was expensive: a plebeian could not afford it. The beaux of that day frequently consumed £300 or £400 a-year in tobacco alone. The smoking of Elizabeth's and James's day (for the sensitive monarch's "counterblast" was quickly puffed to the winds) was widely different from ours. It was an elaborate art, difficult of attainment, and scarcely indeed to be conquered without the aid of a master, a "professor" of the art, of which there were several.

The *Times* newspaper of that day, the "great advertising medium," was one of the pillars of St. Paul's Church, where, amongst other innumerable notices, inquiries, and notifications, such as the following would appear:—"If this city, or suburbs of the same, do afford any young gentleman of the first, second, or third head, more or less, whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come into his hands, that, to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are, is affected to entertain the most gentleman-like use of tobacco; as first,

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to give it the most excellent perfume; then, to know all the delicate sweet forms for the assumption of it; as also the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban ebolition, euripus, and whiff, which he shall receive, or take in here at London, and evaporate at Uxbridge, or farther, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamoured of these good faculties, may it please him, but by a note of his hand to specify the place or ordinary where he uses to eat and lie, and most sweet attendance, with tobacco and pipes of the best sort, shall be ministered."

Not only the smoking of tobacco, but the taking of snuff, was taught systematically; and in a play of that day, which most accurately paints "the Cynthia of the minute," the fleeting fashion of the time, a "Professor" is represented as opening the nostrils of his pupil with a poking-stick to give the smoke more free delivery, or to make a railroad for the snuff. Then there was much room for coxcombry in the mode of drawing forth and displaying, "revealing while they seemed to hide" the implements or "artillery" of these fashionable occupations, which with first-rate gallants were often of gold, set with costly jewels or richly enamelled. There was the tobacco-box, the ladle for the cold snuff to convey it to the nose, the tongs and the prining iron for the hot tobacco, the former to apply a live coal to the pipe without injuring the fingers, the latter, probably a tobacco-stopper, from prine, or proin, to trim, dress, or adjust, whence prime. Being thus accoutred, and every necessary laid in order, the smoker addressed himself to his task, a very grave and philosophical one then, for even the whiffs were arranged in classes, and the smoke ejected with most edifying solemnity and regularity. It was a point of skill to retain the smoke for a certain length of time, and then

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discharge it slowly, surely, and regularly, in a certain number of seconds, neither less nor more.

"Do you profess these sleights in tobacco?" says an aspirant of fashion to an adept.

"I do more than profess, Sir; and if you please to be a practitioner, I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any ordinary, theatre, or the tilt-yard, if need be, in the most popular assembly that is."

"But you cannot bring him to the whiffle so soon?"

"Yes, as soon, Sir, he shall receive the first, second, and third whiffe, if it please him, and upon the receipt, take his horse, drink his three cups of canary, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Staines, and a third at Bagshot."

I must observe that tobacco, as well as wine, was at this time sold by apothecaries.

And now let us leave Paul's walk, *i. e.*, the nave of the cathedral, and sally forth with our smart man, for it is now past eleven o'clock. It was as necessary for a gallant of that day to dine at an ordinary, as it is impossible for a gentleman of this to relish anything which has not been cooked at his Club. The diners usually assembled soon after eleven, and whilst waiting for the dinner to be served, *he* was supposed to show most fashion who paid least regard to the feelings or convenience of those around him. Bravadoing and swaggering and noise were the order of the day, and manners such as now would not be tolerated in a common tap-room, frequented by drovers and dustmen, were then the type of high rank and good, no—high breeding. They were the fashion. "Nay, look you, Sir," says Carlo Buffone, "now you are a gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, change your mood and habit to a more austere form; be exceeding proud, stand upon your gentility, and scorn every man." "And the fashion is,"

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continues he, "when any stranger comes in amongst them, they all stand up and stare at him, as if he were some unknown beast brought out of Africk; but that will be helped with a good adventurous face. You must be impudent enough, sit down, and use no respect; when anything's propounded above your capacity, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent; they'll think you have travell'd; tho' you argue a whole day in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill pass; only now and then give fire, discharge a good full oath, and offer a great wager, 'twill be admirable." By this true picture, we learn that every sort of assumption was not merely practised and tolerated, but admired—was "admirable." Dekker instructed his aspirant after fashion thus:—"Discourse as loud as you can, no matter to what purpose; if you will but make a noise and laugh in fashion, and have a good sour face to promise quarrelling, you shall be much observed." The beau, after having behaved with the utmost rudeness over the viands, calling loudly for the game when others had hardly commenced the previous course, and so on, would then, whilst coolly picking his teeth, make some very flagrant assertion, for the purpose, as it would seem, of picking a quarrel; but knowing precisely how and where to stop short of the cartel, he would resort to dice, or cards, or go to the theatre. Gaming was pursued to an excessive extent: usurers and money changers never were so numerous or so prosperous. Nor was strict honour by any means an unfailing attribute of a fashionable gamester, for very commonly the dice were loaded. Fighting and swearing were indispensable accomplishments in those days. The latter had the stamp of the highest fashion, for Elizabeth was not only well known never to spare an oath either in public or private, but her

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asseverations were such as one shudders to commit to paper. King James was in the habit of swearing, both vulgarly and blasphemously, yet he writes to his son, Prince Henry, who on this point was immaculate, "Beware to offend your conscience with the use of swearing or lying, suppose but in jest," &c. Of course, a habit sanctioned by the *practice* of these high authorities, how much soever it might be discountenanced in their orations, became an absolutely necessary accomplishment for a finished gallant of the day,—it became even the language of compliment:—

> "Mark but his clothes,
> His new stampt compliment, his *canon oaths;*
> Mark those."

Military men, and those who would be thought so, had a style of swearing peculiar to themselves, and a man was considered no better than a coward "who could not interlace every sentence with an oath or two." And a courtier was one who "speaks good remnants, swears tersely, and with variety." But I will say no more on a subject far removed from joke. Originating as swearing did, in a solemn and serious covenant and obligation, it is unspeakably painful to any Christian man to hear asseverations used in ordinary conversation, which are a wanton insult to Him who has thus recorded His command—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

During the reigns of which we treat, music was considered a necessary part of the education, not merely of ladies, but of gentlemen. It was probably a requisite qualification in a gentleman of the privy chamber; and dancing, which an obscure author of that day so exquisitely terms "the mirth of feet," had long been a very favourite and important courtly amusement and requisite accomplishment. King James's children were all carefully instructed in music and

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dancing. Prince Henry's dancing was remarkably good; and the Earl of Strafford, the sacrificed friend of Charles I., shows some anxiety about the latter accomplishment for his daughters. "Nan," he writes thus of them, "Nan, they tell me, danceth prettily; which I wish, if with convenience it might be, were not lost. Arabella is a small practitioner that way also." Queen Elizabeth's dancing is almost as celebrated as herself,—a taste she seems to have inherited from her father, whose passion for that exercise was extreme. Is there any one who has not heard of her dancing for Sir James Melvile, in order to extract from him a compliment at the expense of his own Queen? The courtly ambassador extricated himself very well: "Her Majesty danced higher, and not so disposedly as the Scots Queen." Elizabeth could not be offended at a remark which, however it might infer the superior grace and ladylike dignity of his own Queen, left the palm of *fashion* to her; for it was then, and had been, the great desideratum in English dancing, to leap or jump high, and the highest springer was the best dancer.

There was a great revolution in Elizabeth's time in that very necessary article of attire—a stocking. Only conceive the discomfort and the clumsiness of a cloth stocking, glowing though it might be in the richest embroidery. Elizabeth had but once to wear a pair of knitted silk, presented to her by Mrs. Montague, to declare she would never wear cloth ones again. Knitted and woven ones soon then became common. The Earl of Pembroke has been remarked as the first nobleman who wore worsted stockings in England, for at first none but nobles could obtain them. But, on the Queen's visit to Norwich, in 1570, eight children were introduced in one of the pageants, knitting yarn hose.

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Before this period stockings were made of cloth, silk, velvet, or damask, by a tailor; for male attire the breeches and stockings were at first in one piece, but the lower part was sometimes renewed, which was called "stocking the hose;" when they were habitually divided into two portions they were called upper and nether stocks, and the lower part at length stockings. In male attire, too, garters were a great test of expense and fashion. They were worn externally, and below the knee, and so expensive in quality that we are told that men of mean rank wore garters and shoe-roses of more than £5 in price. A writer of the time of James I., when the extravagance in dress was unparalleled, though uniform in fashion much the same as the period of which we treat, says, that these "broad garters" were made of gold and silver, or of satin and velvet, with a deep gold fringe.

Perfumes and cosmetics of all kinds were necessarily in very general use, and the most luxurious baths were used with a view to embellish the complexion. Mary, Queen of Scots, was in the habit of bathing in milk, and so excessive was the consumption of this article for her use that the expense of it formed matter of complaint with her jailor, the Earl of Shrewsbury. Elizabeth, whose age was considerably more advanced, bathed in wine, which not only gave a glow to the complexion, but was supposed from its astringent qualities to smooth wrinkles. The cosmetics and other smaller accessories to a lady's toilette, were kept in boxes, strongly impregnated with some favourite odour, and were called "sweet coffers."

This term occurs perpetually in the old writers. They were reckoned a necessary part of the furniture in all state bedchambers, and a fair criterion, by their form and richness, of the taste and liberality of the owner of the

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house. The bottles of perfume connected with the common labours of the toilette were called "casting bottles." The pomander, which originally was meant but as a preventive of infection (as a camphor bag is now), but became an article of fashionable luxury amongst people of rank, was a little ball of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or hung round the neck. They soon became mediums for the most exquisite devices in jewellery, and were frequently offered as complimentary tokens. Many "pomanders" were presented to Elizabeth as new year's gifts, and amongst the list is the somewhat puzzling item of "a fayre gyrdle of pomander." There were various economical ways of resuscitating their virtue when it was a little decayed by time. In one work we are told that six grains of musk, ground with rose water, and tempered with a little civet, shall fetch *her* again presently. Elizabeth had a cloak of Spanish perfumed leather, and shoes were even perfumed. There is on record an anecdote of some suppliant, who, in his haste, approached this Queen in travelling boots, and lost his suit in consequence of the offence to her nerves. It is well known how Cecil extricated himself from a most hazardous position, by declaring to Elizabeth that a packet of letters which she was on the point of opening, had an ill-smell. They would have revealed his secret correspondence with James of Scotland. It is said that Lord Bacon never allowed a servant to approach him save in shoes of Spanish leather.

Moreover, perfumes were in constant use in the days of Mary; for when Elizabeth visited her at Hampton Court, she supped at the same table in the hall with the King and Queen, next the cloth of State; and after supper, was served with a perfumed napkin, and plates

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of confects by the Lord Paget. Though it is evident that the Earl of Oxford was not the first introducer of perfumes and sweet gloves; still we may readily believe that they became now much more refined and costly; for now they were the most complimentary offering possible. They were used as favours at weddings, they were even considered by the Universities as the most suitable testimonial of respect that could be offered to the Queen and her Ministers. Lord Chancellor Burleigh wrote in 1598, to the heads of the University of Cambridge, "That they should do well to provide for the Earl of Leicester, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl of Oxford, some gloves, with a few verses in a paper joined to them, proper to every of their degrees; so that in number they exceeded not eight verses. That for himself, he could spare them, so that others might have them; and that if Mr. Vice-Chamberlain might have a pair with some verses, it should do well to conciliate his good-will, being a lover of learned men." The Lord Chancellor's instructions were of course obeyed: the Vice-Chancellor of the University kneeling at the Queen's feet, presented her a Greek Testament in folio, printed by Robert Stephens, bound in red velvet, and lymned with gold, with the Arms of England on each side. At the same time he presented a pair of gloves, perfumed and garnished with embroidery, and goldsmith's work, price 60*s.*, and also some verses. In taking the book and the gloves, it fortuned that the paper in which the gloves were folded came open, "and her Majestie, beholding the beautie of the said gloves, as in great admiration, and in token of her thankfull acceptation of the same, held up one in hir hands, and smelling unto them, putt them half waie upon hir hands." All those around the Queen were likewise complimented with gloves, in price

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suited to their various degrees; nor was Lord Burleigh forgotten, although he had politely said, that "he could spare them, so that others might have them." All the gloves were accompanied by a copy of complimentary verses, containing generally some witty or flattering *equivoque* on the arms and crest of the donee, which were emblazoned with the verses. There can be no doubt that these gloves were Spanish, which were by far the most beautiful, and embroidered in the Moorish fashion; the odour, too, was probably more attractive than could be prepared in England, as may be inferred from the following commission given by Sir Nicholas Throgmorton to Sir Thomas Chaloner, the Ambassador to Spain: "I pray you, good my Lord Ambassador, send me two pair of perfumed gloves, perfumed with orange flowers and jasmin, the one for my wife's hand, the other for mine own: and wherein soever I can pleasure you with anything in this country, you shall have it in recompence thereof, or else so much money as they shall cost you, provided always that they be of the best choice, wherein your judgment is inferior to none." Setting aside the exquisite scent (which we need hardly remind our readers, was in old times considered an admirable medium for poison), the Spanish gloves had a delicacy in the material, and a chaste richness in the embroidery—whether it were done with silk, gold thread, or jewels—unattainable here, and probably derived, like the handkerchief embroidery, from the Moors, those exemplars of everything exquisitely beautiful in art. Seldom was it in those days that persons of fashion possessed the moral courage of Benedict, who declared that his wife's "hair shall be of whatever colour it may please God." For the flaxen, or auburn, or dark tresses, each in their way so beautiful, as usually adapted by nature

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to the complexion of the original owner, were almost invariably disfigured among the votaries of fashion by various dyes. The red dye we might have supposed to be in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, did we not learn that she herself possessed eighty wigs of various colours. Indeed, it was the despotic dictum of fashion at this period, that nature and simplicity should be utterly exploded in the toilet of her votaries; and if ladies, in obedience to her decrees, would wear ruffs, stiffened with coloured starch, of such an enormous size that they were compelled to feed themselves with a spoon two feet long, we cannot wonder that at the behest of the same imperious potentate, they not only dyed their own hair of various colours, but even had it shaved off to wear false. This practice became so general, that it was quite common to allure children who had beautiful hair to private places, in order to steal it. Nay, even the sanctity of the tomb was invaded, and the dead were robbed of their hair to adorn (for so the fashion went) a living, and even a youthful head. Thus Shakspeare:—

> "So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
> Upon supposed fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head,
> The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre."

Beards about this time flourished abundantly, and it would seem that if nature were chary in her favours, art was resorted to, viz., false beards were worn. So indeed it would appear from the following advice of Dekker to a gallant who had gambled away his last shilling:—"If you have a beard that your friend will lend but an angel upon, shave it off, and pawn it, rather than go home blind to your lodgings." He could hardly pawn the beard if it

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were not a marketable commodity, and its only possible use seems to garnish the chin of a smooth-faced man. Harrison, in his strictures on dress, declines to "meddle with the vanity of your beards, of which," says he, "some are shaven from the chin, like those of the Turks; some cut short, like to the beard of Marquis Otto; some cropt round like a rubbing brush; others with a *pique de vant*, now and then suffered to grow long, the barbers being now so cunning, in this behalf, as the tailors. And, therefore, if a man hath a lean or straight face, a Marquis Otto's cut will make it broad and large. If it be a face like a platter, then a long slender beard will make it fashionable narrower. If he be weasel-necked, then much hair left on the cheeks will make him look big, like a bowdel'd hen, and as grim as a goose."

But I must pause,—enough has been said, though on matters light and trifling, to enable the younger amongst us to observe the contrast between England as it is, and England in the olden time Who does not feel himself blessed to live in the day of Victoria, rather than Elizabeth? Who does not feel, as he witnesses the progress of civilization, the amelioration of manners, the improvement of morals, and the advancement of religion, that this world, in which we have our being, with all its faults, and all its shortcomings, is still God's own world, and that it is gradually progressing by such steps as seem to Him to a more perfect development of His will, and consequently the increased happiness of His creatures?

But, my dear friends, if we are thankful that our own lot is cast in the present rather than in the earlier day, let us not allow even such an occasion as this to pass away without the entertainment of a sympathizing feeling towards that benign and gracious Monarch under whose

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mild sway we live—that Sovereign who now occupies a widowed throne, and who, to use her own expressive words, is by the "afflicting dispensation of Providence, bowed to the earth." Let neither thought, nor word, nor act of any subject, add another pang to the sufferings of one who, in sad bereavement, walks her Queenly path alone, unaided by the support, the counsel, and the love of him who sustained so ably, advised so wisely, and was so worthy of the unutterable affection of her heart. If the tears and lamentations of a nation, if the uplifted woe of a whole people, can assuage one sorrowful reflection, or soothe one bitter thought as it arises, let not ours be wanting; nor also our earnest prayers that the Great Disposer of all things will, in His own good time, for the sake of His dear Son our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, pour into her heart "that peace which the world cannot give," even His peace; blessing her in her children and her subjects; prospering her reign in this world, and finally, when her allotted task is done, reuniting her to him who cherished her on earth, in those blest realms where all tears shall be wiped away, where there is no more parting, where the just shall reign for ever:—the throne imperishable, the crown eternal, the kingdom infinite!

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LADY JANE GREY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE LADIES' COLLEGE, HEREFORD.

October 25th, 1862.

There is no branch of study more attractive than that of biography—none better calculated to impress history on the mind. In this place it would be superfluous for me to observe that the history of our own country forms an essential branch of a liberal education.

The reader of history in its usual form views things in so generalized a light, that he is apt to feel the study grow heavy on his attention, as if it were a system of abstract science. We want, on the contrary, to connect ourselves with the fortunes of individual men and women, with whom we can identify ourselves in thought, and in the vicissitudes of whose lives we can take a homefelt and immediate concern. If, therefore, we can combine a personal interest with public events, we render history more fascinating by enabling our students to sympathise more completely with the great actors in the drama before them, and at once direct their eyes to the governing springs in its great movements, while its moral lessons are brought home more powerfully and directly to the heart. It is on this principle that I shall now endeavour to present to you a brief sketch of the life of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey; because there is no period of the history of our country more interesting than that in which she lived, and because it is impossible to select a more perfect model of those virtues and accomplishments which adorn and embellish the female bosom, and confer dignity upon the most elevated rank, than her character exhibits. Possessed of every claim to admiration, such was the inscrutable will of Heaven (to whose will none could be disposed more willingly to

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submit than herself), that her brief existence was not only embittered by unusual and almost constant misfortunes, but it was terminated by a violent, and in the eye of moral justice, an unmerited death.

Lady Jane Grey, born at Bradgate Hall, Leicestershire, in the year 1537, was the daughter of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and Frances Brandon, daughter of Mary, Queen Dowager of France, sister of King Henry VIII. She exhibited, from her very infancy, great quickness and comprehension of mind, inasmuch that on comparison with King Edward VI., who was about the same age, and looked upon as a marvel in learning and understanding, the superiority has been assigned in every respect to her. Her early skill appeared in the works of her needle, in the beautiful character she wrote, in playing admirably on various instruments of music, which she accompanied with exquisite sweetness; and in every grace that art could bestow. These, however, were only the lesser ornaments which adorned her character; she never prided herself upon such matters, and indeed the extreme rigour with which they were exacted from her by her parents, rendered them in time the source of far more grief to her than pleasure. Her father was himself a man of some learning; he had two chaplains,—Harding, and Aylmer (afterwards Bishop of London), both men of distinguished literary abilities, whom he employed as tutors to his daughter, and under whose instructions she made such proficiency as amazed them both. We read that "her own language she spoke and wrote with peculiar accuracy; the French, Italian, Latin, and it is said Greek, were as natural to her as her own; she not only understood them, but spoke and wrote them with the greatest freedom. She was versed likewise in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic,

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and all this while a mere child." But here, if we would be searching after truth, let us pause a moment. Surely the above assertion, though made by several writers, must be received with the greatest caution. That Lady Jane Grey possessed acquirements now deemed neither requisite nor useful in female education, cannot be doubted, but surely it would be absurd to attribute to her any great proficiency in seven languages in her childhood, while a long life would scarcely be sufficient to attain even half that number with correctness. The fact probably was, that the pedantry which in that age was frequently mistaken for learning, had caused the tutors of Lady Jane to give her a slight knowledge of each of the different languages in question, but for any purpose of utility, it can scarcely be conceived that her knowledge extended beyond Greek, Latin, and French; and to have acquired these, she must have possessed, as indeed she did, no common abilities, and no ordinary assiduity. Her fondness for literature was heightened as well by the severity of her parents in the feminine acquisitions, as by the gentleness of her tutors in theirs. In 1551, Roger Ascham, Lady Jane's early tutor, visited her at Bradgate, previous to his departure for Germany; and his account of the interview affords interesting information of her pursuits and disposition. He states that on his arrival he found that the Marquis and Marchioness of Dorset, with their attendants, were hunting in the park, and that Lady Jane was in her chamber, reading the Phædo of Plato, in Greek; and to his enquiry why she did not join in the amusement in which her family were engaged, she replied with a smile, "I wisse (*i.e.*, I think) all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure means." Ascham

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then asked, "And how came you, madam, to this deep knowledge of pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," she replied, "and tell you a truth, which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster; for when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so deeply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name, for the honour I bear them), so without measure disordered, that I am most miserable till the time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently and so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him; and when I am called from him I fall on weeping; because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of great trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me; and thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

Does it not make one's heart ache to hear such sad words from the mouth of an amiable and accomplished child? A long letter from Ascham to Lady Jane, after this interview (which is the last he ever had with her), dated January, 1551-2, is extant, containing the most encouraging expressions to prosecute her studies, but mixed with the grossest, and, when it is considered that it was addressed

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to a girl not quite five years old, the most injudicious flattery. If such was the tone in which her tutors addressed her, she must have been endowed with an extraordinary strength of mind not to have become a most conceited lady; and from this and other specimens of the homage paid her by several learned men, our contempt for these literary sycophants is lost in admiration of Lady Jane's character, who, though thus courted and thus flattered, retained her native mildness, modesty, diffidence, and humility. It has been suggested that the extraordinary, if not ridiculous, attention paid her also by the most eminent reformers, with whom she was contemporary, arose from an idea that she was destined to have been the consort of her cousin, Edward VI. If such was the cause of these fulsome addresses, the motive may lessen, but it cannot excuse, a recourse to means so disgraceful, to induce her to become the champion of their party. The advocates of the Reformation with justice claimed Lady Jane Grey as a proselyte to their faith. This attachment to the Protestant doctrines may be attributed to her tutors, and her intercourse with Queen Katherine Parr; and it became so deeply rooted in her heart, that as she afterwards evinced, not even the promise of life and fortune was sufficiently powerful to induce her to abandon them; and she has consequently been considered by the reformed writers as fully entitled to the crown of martyrdom. Indeed, it is recorded of her, when little more than fourteen years of age, that being invited by Lady Anne Wharton, one of the attendants of the Princess Mary, to take a walk, on passing the Princess's chapel, Lady Anne made the customary obeisance of a Roman Catholic to a place of worship where the host, or consecrated wafer, or bread, was contained. Her companion, not comprehending the object of

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respect, asked if the Princess Mary were in the chapel, and was answered in the negative, with the explanation that "she had made her curtesy to Him that made us all!" "How can He be there that made us all," observed Lady Jane, "and the baker made him?" "This answer," Fox asserts, "coming to the Lady Mary's ears, she did never love her after, as is credibly reported, but esteemed her as the rest of that Christian profession." A short time before this event, her maternal uncles, Henry and Charles Brandon, both dying at Buckden, the Bishop of Lincoln's palace, her father was created Duke of Suffolk; and on the same day, Dudley, Earl of Warwick, was created Duke of Northumberland; and in November of the same year, the Duke of Somerset, the Protector, though he had before resigned that important position, was arraigned on charge of high treason and felony. To the great grief of the nation, this once powerful nobleman was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 22nd of January, 1553. The health of the young monarch, Edward VI., who was naturally of a weak constitution, and also had in the preceding year been attacked both with measles and small pox, had now become the subject of considerable anxiety, as symptoms of a consumptive nature showed themselves, and though much hope was placed in his youth and temperance, great fears were felt as to the result of his illness. It was now that the Dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland, grown to the height of their ambition in power, began to think how to prevent that reverse of fortune which, as things then stood, they feared must happen upon the King's death. To this end, no other remedy was deemed sufficient but a change in the succession of the Crown, and transferring it into their own family; and thus the excellent and amiable qualities of

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the Lady Jane Grey, which had rendered her dear to all who had the happiness to know her, joined to her near affinity to the King, subjected her, poor amiable and humble-minded girl, to become the chief tool of an ambition notoriously not her own. On the demise of Edward VI., his half-sister Mary was the undoubted heiress to the throne, according to the law of descent, and also by the will of Henry VIII.; but as Henry's marriage with Katharine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn had both been declared null and void, the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth were thereby rendered illegitimate. Therefore it was that Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, was anxious to secure the hand of Lady Jane for his fourth son, Lord Guildford Dudley, his three other sons being already married; and as no objections were raised by her parents, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp in the latter end of May, 1553, so much to the King's satisfaction that he contributed largely to the expense of it, from the royal purse and wardrobe. In the mean time, though the people were far from being pleased with the exorbitant greatness of the Duke of Northumberland, yet they could not help admiring the beauty and innocence which appeared in Lord Guildford and his bride. But the pomp and splendour attending their nuptials was the last gleam of joy that shone in the palace of Edward, who grew so weak in a few days after, that Northumberland thought it high time to carry his project into execution. Accordingly, in the beginning of June, he broke the matter to the young monarch, and having first made all such colourable objection as the affair would admit, against His Majesty's two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, as well as Mary, Queen of Scots, he observed that the Lady Jane, who stood next upon the royal line, was a person of extraordinary qualities,

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that her zeal for the Reformation was unquestioned, that nothing could be more acceptable to the nation than the prospect of such a princess, that in this case he was bound to set aside all partialities of blood and nearness of relation, which were inferior considerations, and ought to be overruled by the public good. To strengthen this kind of argument, care was taken to place about the King those who made it their business to touch frequently upon this subject, enlarge upon the accomplishments of Lady Jane, and describe her with all imaginable advantages. Edward would probably gladly have settled the royal dignity on the Princess Elizabeth, whose attachment to the Protestant religion was generally admitted; but the injustice would have been too flagrant, had the Act of Parliament which incapacitated Mary been revived, whilst that which created a similar inability in Elizabeth remained unnoticed; so that at length the King consented to overlook his sisters, and set aside his father's will; agreeably to which, a deed of settlement, being drawn up in form of law by the Judges, was signed by His Majesty, and all the Lords of the Council.

Edward VI. died on the 6th of July, 1553, and it of course became necessary that the new succession should be made known. Historians concur in stating that until the monarch's decease, Lady Jane was not only totally uninformed of the important measures which her father-in-law had taken in her favour, but that she received the intimation of them, and of the greatness which awaited her, with the deepest sorrow. Her excellent judgment probably taught her the real dangers of her situation; and the humility of her heart prevented that judgment from being blinded by the dazzling offer of the imperial diadem. We are expressly told that at first she resolutely declined

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the proffered dignity, urging, with no less good sense than justice, the superior claims of her cousins Mary and Elizabeth; and in reply to their arguments, Heylin states, "Northumberland's speech being ended, the poor lady found herself in great perplexity, not knowing whether she should more lament the death of the King, or her adoption to the kingdom,—the first loss not to be repaired; the next care, possible to be avoided. Half drowned in tears, either as sorrowing for the King's death, or foreseeing her own, she returned an answer in these words, or to this effect:—That the laws of the kingdom, and natural right, standing for the King's sisters, she would beware of burthening her weak conscience with a yoke which did belong to them; that she understood the infamy of those who had permitted the violation of right to gain a sceptre; and that it was to mock God and deride justice, to scruple at the stealing of a shilling, and not at the usurpation of a crown. 'Besides,' said she, 'I am not so young, nor so little read in the guiles of fortune, as to suffer myself to be taken by them. If she enrich any, it is but to make them the fruit of her spoil; if she raise others, it is but to pleasure herself with their ruins; what she adorned but yesterday, is to-day her pastime; and if I now permit her to adorn and crown me, I must to-morrow suffer her to crush and tear me to pieces. Nay, with what crown does she present me? A crown which hath been violently and shamefully wrested from Katharine of Arragon, made more unfortunate by the punishment of Anne Boleyn and others that wore it after her; and why, then, would you have me add my blood to theirs, and be the third victim from whom this fatal crown may be ravished, with the head that wears it? But even in case it should not prove fatal unto me, and that its venom were consumed; if

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fortune should give me warranty of her constancy, should I be well advised to take upon me these thorns which would dilacerate, though not kill me outright; to burthen myself with a yoke which would not fail to torment me, though I were assured not to be strangled with it? My liberty is better than the chain you offer me, with what precious stones soever it be adorned, or of what gold soever framed. I will not exchange my peace for honourable and precious jealousies, for magnificent and glorious fetters; and if you love me sincerely and in good earnest, you will rather wish me a secure and quiet fortune, though mean, than an exalted condition, exposed to the wind, and followed by some dismal fall.'"

Poor lady! happy would it have been had she persevered in so wise a determination; the solicitations of her father and her father-in-law ultimately overcame her reluctance; they explained to her the disposition the late king had made of his crown by letters patent; the clear sense entertained by the Privy Council of her right; the consent of the magistrates and citizens of London; and finally the two dukes fell on their knees and paid homage to her as Queen of England. A husband's has been said to have been added to parental authority on this sad occasion, and it is not to be wondered at that Lady Jane yielded. With a heavy heart she suffered herself to be conveyed by water to the Tower, where she entered with all the state of a Queen, attended by the principal nobility, and, which is very extraordinary, her train supported by the Duchess of Suffolk, her mother, in whom undoubtedly, if in any of their line, the right of succession remained. About six in the afternoon she was proclaimed with all due solemnity in the city; the same day she also assumed the regal authority, and proceeded afterwards to exercise many acts

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of sovereignty. The commands of the Council that she should be proclaimed throughout the kingdom were not executed except in London and its neighbourhood, and the eloquence of the pulpit zealously exerted in favour of her title was in vain, and the sermon of Ridley, Bishop of London, produced no effect on his audience.

Meanwhile Mary was neither an unconcerned nor an idle spectator of this serious attempt to deprive her of her birthright; at Framlingham Castle, in Suffolk, she assumed the Royal title. The inhabitants of that county tendered her their homage as their legitimate sovereign, though they mingled their declarations of alarm for the reformed religion, with the assurance of loyalty; but when she pledged herself that she never meant to change the laws of the late monarch, they enlisted themselves in her cause with ardour, many of the chief nobility and gentry daily flocked to her standard, and in a very short time she found herself in a situation to enforce by arms the pretensions which her birth and the laws of the realm so unequivocally afforded her. Rapid success attended Mary's efforts to dispossess her rival of the power which she had usurped, and even the veil of ambition which had hitherto blinded Northumberland was at last removed by a conviction of his dangerous situation. He had levied forces with which he proceeded to meet those of Queen Mary at St. Edmund's Bury, but he quickly found his army too small to cope with that of Mary. He wrote to the Council desiring reinforcements, but it was their first thought to concert measures for their own safety, or as Hume expresses it, "to shake off the usurped tyranny of Northumberland." Lord Arundel took the lead, and he who, with the most contemptible hypocrisy, had a few days before boasted of his readiness to spill his heart's blood in

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Lady Jane's cause, now urged that the only means of atoning for their crime, was by an immediate return to the duty which they owed to their lawful sovereign; others shortly followed, the Mayor and Aldermen of London were sent for, and Mary was proclaimed with a zeal and affection that formed a striking contrast to the manner in which the unhappy Jane had been announced a few weeks preceding. This important change took place about the 19th of July. Northumberland himself, with a meanness no less disgraceful than unmanly, proclaimed Mary Queen of England at Bury; he was, however, arrested, brought to trial, and condemned. It only remains to be said that when this worthless man implored the mercy of the Court for his children, he had the honesty to assure them that Lady Jane herself was so far from aspiring to the crown, "that she was by enticement and force made to accept it." On the 22nd of August, in pursuance of his sentence, he was executed on Tower Hill.

At this crisis of her life, Lady Jane Grey becomes an object of the deepest interest; and she has been described to have made misery itself amiable by her patient and pious behaviour. The first person who acquainted her with the events which had taken place, is said to have been her father, the Duke of Suffolk, who entering her chamber, told her that she must now divest herself of the royal robes, lay aside the state and dignity of a Queen, and be contented to return to a private station. She received the information even with joy:—"I better brook," she exclaimed, "this message than my former advancement to royalty. Out of obedience to you and my mother, I have grievously sinned, and offered violence to myself; now I do willingly, and as obeying the motions of my soul, relinquish the crown, and endeavour to salve that fault committed by

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others (if, at least, so great a fault can be salved), by a willing relinquishment and ingenuous acknowledgment." Thus ended her reign, but not her misfortunes. She saw the father of her husband, with all his family, and many of the nobility and gentry, brought prisoners to the Tower, where she herself had now become a prisoner. She saw her father-in-law led out to execution, and her father and her husband captives. She was then called on to deliver up to the Marquis of Winchester all the crown jewels; and it has been conjectured that under that pretence, both she and her husband were divested of every shilling they possessed. On the 3rd of October, Mary was crowned; soon after which, measures were adopted for the arraignment of Lady Jane and Lord Guildford Dudley, together with his brothers, Lord Ambrose and Lord Henry Dudley. Fully sensible of the uselessness of a defence, they pleaded guilty, and after sentence of death was pronounced on each of them, the unfortunate Lady Jane and her husband were conducted back to their solitary abode in the Tower. On this appalling occasion, she was said to have evinced the most perfect coolness and intrepidity, and even to have offered to her companions in misfortune that consolation of which, from her youth and sex, she might naturally have expected to have stood in need. During their return, the public sympathy was loudly expressed; and the uniform testimony of historians assures us that, but for the subsequent attempt of her father, their youth and innocence would have moved even the unfeminine heart of Mary to have spared their lives. During her confinement, Foxe and other writers have positively asserted that the Queen made frequent efforts to convert her to the Romish faith; and they have even gone so far as to state that the most solemn promises of life

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and fortune were made, if she would yield to their solicitations. Of the truth of these statements, which are certainly probable, we have now no means of deciding; but to her eternal honour, and doubtless to her eternal advantage, the sin of apostacy was not hers; no temporal advantage could induce her too well regulated mind to forsake its God; and if the allurements alluded to were really held out to her, few have higher pretensions to be ranked among the martyrs to their faith. The warmth with which Mary's accession had been received by the nation, abated when her attachment to Popery became so decided, and her projected marriage with Philip of Spain filled all classes with great alarm. No sooner was it celebrated than another insurrection was formed, and of which the ill-fated Lady Jane—ever a sufferer by the follies or the crimes of others—was destined to be the victim. Lady Jane's father, the Duke of Suffolk, was a party in the insurrection. It was quickly quelled, and he was brought a prisoner to London; and it was now resolved to carry the sentence into execution which had been passed on Lady Jane Grey, on which an old writer quaintly observes, then was verified, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." The innocent lady must suffer for her father's fault; for if her father, the Duke of Suffolk, had not this second time made shipwreck of his loyalty, his daughter, perhaps, had never tasted the salt waters of the Queen's displeasure; but now, as a rock of offence, she is the first that must be removed; and on the 8th of February, Feckenham, the Queen's confessor, was sent to announce to her the awful tidings, that she must prepare herself to die the following day. She received the information with resignation, and told Feckenham that she had long expected it. He then used every argument

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of which he was master, to persuade her to change her religion; and, construing her reply that she had now no time to think of anything but to prepare herself to meet her God, into a request that her execution might be delayed, applied to the Queen, who granted a reprieve of three days. The desire of making her a convert to the Church of Rome was in all probability the sole motive of this indulgence, which Feckenham instantly announced to her; but to his surprise she mildly observed, "You are much deceived if you think I have any desire of longer life; for I assure you, since the time you went from me, my life has been so tedious to me, that I long for nothing so much as death; and since it is the Queen's pleasure, I am most willing to undergo it; neither did I wish the Queen to be solicited for such a purpose." Her sentiments having been communicated to Mary, she became inflamed in an increased degree with the wish to induce Lady Jane to renounce her religion; and under colour of the most tender concern for her eternal welfare, persecuted her with the visits of priests, who disturbed her devotions, and harassed her with disputations. In this trying scene, however, she remained inflexible, and displayed a fortitude never surpassed; and, anxious to avoid controversy, she observed that "she had no time to spare,—that disputation might be fit for the living, but not for the dying, and that therefore the surest sign of their having compassion upon her, of which they made such strong professions, would be to leave her undisturbed in making her peace with God." The respite offered by the Queen was, notwithstanding its refusal by Lady Jane, confirmed by the council, and she consequently lived to be aware that her father, who had been brought to the same prison as herself, was also sentenced to undergo a similar fate.

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It was on Saturday, the 10th of February, 1554, that the Duke of Suffolk, together with his brother, Lord John Grey, were conveyed to the Tower, and the Monday following was appointed for the execution of Lady Jane, and her husband, Lord Guildford. On Sunday evening, which was the last she was to spend in this world, she was employed in her religious duties. Having taken up a Greek Testament, and attentively perused it for some time, she discovered a few blank pages of paper at the end of the volume; she wrote a letter in the Greek tongue on them, and bequeathed the book as a legacy to her sister, Lady Catherine Grey,—a letter of the highest interest, displaying the perfect self-possession of the writer, and affording a lesson no less impressive than essential, for it teaches us the powerful solace which religion imparts in so momentous an hour. Even on the last evening of her existence, it is asserted that she was harassed by new persecutions from the Romish divines; for no sooner had she finished her letter, than two bishops, with some other priests, entered her chamber, and employed more than two hours in the effort to convert her; but her strength of mind remained unimpaired, and we are thus presented with a glorious example of female constancy and firmness in one who had scarcely attained her seventeenth year. Her tormentors, worn out by a resolution which no arguments could shake, left her, as they styled it, in her obstinacy; though it is said she was not permitted to pass the brief share of her existence which remained, without experiencing similar attempts.

The fatal morning at length arrived. It was originally intended that Lord Guildford and Lady Jane should suffer together on Tower Hill; but the council, dreading the effect of their youth and innocence on the populace,

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changed their orders, and it was determined that Lord Guildford only should be executed on that spot.

Guildford, on the morning of his execution, urgently requested to be allowed to bid a last adieu to the cherished partner of his heart; and although his wishes were not refused by the Queen, the gratification of them was denied by his wife. Her strong judgment at once decided the effects of an interview which was likely to overwhelm them with unavailing sorrow, and thus to destroy that firmness which was so necessary to enable them to bear the trying scene before them; she reminded him that their separation would be but for a moment, and that they would soon rejoin each other, where their affections would be united for ever, and where neither misfortunes nor death could reach them, but where their felicity would be eternal! Lord Guildford was first led to his fate, and when passing under the window of his wife, obtained one last token of her love and remembrance.

What tale of sorrow, it may be asked, has ever equalled this heart-rending scene? But her cup of bitterness was not yet full, for besides her own sufferings, she experienced the agony of seeing the headless corpse of her husband conveyed in a cart, lying upon straw, from the place of execution. As soon as the closing scene of Lord Guildford's life was over, the sheriffs announced to Lady Jane that they were ready to attend her to the scaffold; nor did this awful summons shake the fortitude which she had displayed throughout her imprisonment. A contemporary writer* describes her conduct on the occasion in the following words:—"Being come down and delivered into the hands of the sheriffs, she exhibited a countenance so gravely settled with all modest and

* Phœnix.

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comely resolution, that not the slightest trace of fear or grief could be perceived, either in her words or actions; but like a divine body, going to be united to her heart's best and longest beloved, so shewed she forth all the beams of a well mix'd and well temper'd alacrity,—rather instructing patience how it should suffer, than being by patience any way able to indure the travail of so grievous a journey." With this blessed and modest spirit, undaunted and unaltered, she went to the scaffold. She was conducted to the place of execution by the lieutenant of the Tower, and was entirely occupied in the perusal of a book of prayer, though Fox asserts that she was continually interrupted by Feckenham, the Romish priest, and confessor to the Queen. On reaching the scaffold, she mounted is without hesitation, and addressed the assembled crowd in a short speech, in which she admitted her crime against the Queen, but protested that she was innocent either of wishing or procuring the royal dignity; and after requesting those who heard her to bear witness that she died a true Christian woman, and that she expected salvation only through the mercy of God in the merits of the blood of His Son Jesus Christ, she confessed that when she did know the Word of God, she neglected it, and loved herself; and that therefore the punishment had happily and worthily happened to her for her sins; she thanked God for His goodness in giving her time to repent, and concluded her speech by requesting them to assist her with their prayers. She then knelt down, and addressing Feckenham, asked if she should say the Psalm, "Misereri mei Deus"—Have mercy upon me, O Lord,—to which he assented, and she repeated it in English in the most devout manner. When it was concluded, she arose, and began to prepare herself for her fate by giving Mrs. Tylney, one of her maids, her

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gloves and handkerchief, and her book to the lieutenant's brother; and proceeding to untie her gown, the executioner offered to assist her, but she requested him to let her alone, and turning towards her gentlewomen who assisted her, they gave her a handkerchief to tie round her eyes. The executioner now fell on his knees, and desired her pardon, to which she replied, "Most willingly." He desired her to stand upon the straw, which bringing her within sight of the block, she said, "I pray you despatch me quickly," adding presently after, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" The executioner answered, "No, madam." She then tied the handkerchief before her eyes, and felt for the block, saying, "What shall I do? Where is it?" One of the spectators immediately guided her, when she laid her head on it, and stretching forth her body, exclaimed, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Immediately the axe fell; the head was severed at one stroke, and this world closed for ever on one of the most virtuous, most accomplished, and unfortunate women that ever adorned it.

It is singular that, numerous as have been the biographers of Lady Jane Grey, none of them have alluded to the place of her interment. The presumption is that both she and her husband were buried in the chapel of the Tower.

My task is ended. The actions of mankind, if related with fidelity, are far more satisfactory evidence of merits than any deductions that can be drawn from them by the biographer. In the case of this exemplary woman, no other language than that of unqualified praise can possibly be used. Her conduct as a daughter and a wife afford ample scope for praise and imitation; her extraordinary attainments, fortitude, and piety, excite our warmest

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admiration. In the assumption of the royal dignity, the only action of her life which is open to censure, we have seen that she yielded to the commands of her parents and the entreaties of her husband; and we must remember that had she not been induced to accept the crown, the lives and fortunes of her nearest relatives must undoubtedly have fell a sacrifice. Who, then, shall blame her? None, I think, of my present hearers, who, I deem it, will be more disposed to shed a tear over the memory of one whom neither youth, nor beauty, nor acquirements, nor innocence, could save from a premature and disgraceful death.

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JOURNAL OF A
VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

August 16th, 1862.—Left Prince's Dock, Liverpool, in *Lion* steamer for *Great Eastern* at 10 a.m., on board at 11, engines put in motion at 2 o'clock, cleared out under half speed till 3.30. Stopped, discharged pilot, ahead under full steam at 4.10. Dinner at 5, dined at 6 o'clock, first saloon tables are crowded, obliged to go into the second; scramble for food, nothing could be worse. Captain polite and full of apologies, queer lot of people, six Yankees to an Englishman; got a bottle of champagne after some trouble; potatoes and peas after meat, pudding after cheese; came below to write this at 7.30, and put on warmer clothes. Eleven o'clock wrote letters to drop at Queenstown; a walk on deck, which is now comparatively clear, 250 yards without impediment; a final pipe and some indifferent sherry and water close the first day. Speed, sixteen miles an hour; Holyhead long past.

Good manners! An hour before dinner went into the first dining saloon and pinned our cards on the table cloth where we desired to sit, which appeared the general custom; coming down afterwards, found the cards removed and their places occupied by others; remonstrated, and had them replaced, but on returning at dinner time they had

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been again removed and the seats taken. The scramble began, and reasoning on the breach of ordinary etiquette was in vain; we were consequently obliged to go to a side table in the second cabin, which I suppose we must accept as our places during the voyage! The only plan seems to be an hour before-hand, if you would come honestly by a place.

Sunday, 17th.—No hot water to be had for shaving, breakfast at 9, at 11 bell went for service—the Church of England in the drawing room, Wesleyan, Independent, and Roman Catholic on deck; the latter performed by a Bishop, who came forth in full episcopal attire, with three attendant priests; a few sailors and some of the steerage passengers formed his congregation. Everything was orderly and quiet, though the singing of each sect occasionally reached their neighbours. The most numerous assembly was the Church of England, but a large proportion walked up and down deck, now taking a mouthful of doctrine of one sort, now of another. Half-past 12, luncheon; 3 o'clock, Church Service on deck, band accompanying the hymns; the Wesleyan preacher distributed tracts. Rate, fourteen miles an hour. At 4.30 paddle and screw engines stopped an hour for repairs. Dinner far better than yesterday, less scramble; the Bishop (but I don't know where his see is) was opposite; plum pudding was served second course without sauce; his Lordship was displeased, and questioned the waiter, who told him there was none. He then looked down the table, and in the distance he observed a bottle of sherry. The waiter told him it was the private property of the gentleman near whom it was placed. "Then take my pudding to the gentleman," said his Lordship, "and ask him to pour some over it." The waiter did as he was told; the gentleman stared, and complied; his Lordship made a

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profound bow. Under sail and steam till 10 o'clock, night windy, with dark clouds, vessel with more motion than before, sea fine and bright. Tea as usual; several pleasant men at our table. "Papa, lend me your toothpick," said an urchin of six. "Yes, my boy, but mind and give it me back."

Monday, 18th.—Rolling considerable all night; awakened soon after 12 by our neighbours wanting a light, and had but little sleep afterwards. After breakfast came on deck, strong wind ahead and good deal of sea, good many steerage passengers sick; speed, thirteen knots. One o'clock luncheon, weather worse, the breeze became a gale and the sea running high, barometer falling. Five o'clock dinner, a falling short of guests from sickness; the band played below and made things more cheerful. Seven o'clock, wind somewhat subsided, and sea quieter, raining hard, sat in one of the monkey houses and smoked till tea time. Went to bed early, and made up by a good night's sleep the want of it on the preceding night.

Tuesday, 19th.—Up at 7, morning bright and clear, walked the deck till breakfast at 8.30. Heavy squalls and rain from 10 till 10.30, stayed in the smoking room until rain ceased, walked the deck for some time, and made out ship on starboard bow steering E.N.E. Went below to grand saloon, saw first Mother Carey's chickens; wind still fresh and right ahead, the day's work from noon yesterday to same time to-day shews a run of 390 miles! A meeting was held at 2 o'clock to devise sports and amusements for the voyage; the band played on deck, and the afternoon passed cheerfully. The dinner and attendance at our table are improved, though it is still the refuge for the destitute, and worse supplied and served than any other. The Bishop is dull; I can't yet find out as to his see, but his education

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is Irish. The wind keeps up, and the weather is unlike August; to bed by 10 o'clock, leaving the committee of amusement sitting.

Wednesday, 20th.—The night was uncomfortable, no sleep till morning, heavy sea and gale of wind, more motion than I have yet felt, and my neighbours calling steward, doors flapping, and noises of many kinds kept me awake till 4. The morning broke dull and heavy, the sea rough and tempestuous winds; noon, things improved, and preparations were being made on deck for the Great Eastern Races; made since noon yesterday, 350 miles.

The Bishop is not so dull as deep; his diocese is * * * Had a good deal of talk with his Lordship, and a good deal of information from him. After luncheon went on deck for the races; Clerk of the Course and Stewards with white handkerchiefs round the arm, strolled about with as much importance as though the fate of the Derby or the Oaks was in the scale. Running, walking, and sack running were the sports; in the latter there was more than one serious fall. The stars and stripes floated ahead, the Union Jack at the mizen, and various flags and signals draped the shrouds and stanchion; the band played between the races, the bell rung for starting, the course was kept by sailors with broom sticks, and a couple of hours were pleasantly enough passed away. The chief steward has 95 subs and three females; there are about 1000 souls on board. No sleep again, noise shocking; about 30 people in dining saloon singing and making a noise until 2 o'clock in the morning. When you consider that not more than one man out of three dances—some because they are too old, some because they are too shy, and some, perhaps, from religious scruples, and of women certainly not more than half their number, it becomes a question whether this

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minority has a right to inflict the nuisance of a ball on board a passenger ship. The dining saloon was cleared before tea, and we were inconveniently crowded into the remaining one; the band was brought below, noisy quadrilles and polkas disturbed the hour when quiet people, wearied with a long day, were retiring to their couches. Long before this there had been a crash of crockery from the lurching of the ship, and the lamps could scarcely be made to retain their places, but nothing could cure the dancing mania. But this was not the worst. After the ladies had retired, the gentlemen betook themselves to claret cobbler and other pleasing drinks; healths, speeches, and songs succeeded one another, each followed with cheers, bravos, and rapping on the table worthy only of a supper at a second-rate tavern. To my mind, such scenes accord but ill with the solemnity of the midnight hour on the wide roaring waste of Atlantic waters. The gale increased in violence, and about 4 o'clock everything in my cabin was in motion; the dressing table was denuded, the heavier articles rolled from side to side, and I was not sorry about 6 o'clock to sink into a restless slumber.

Thursday, 21*st*.—Rose about the usual time; the breakfast table more thinly attended than before, and the guards fastened on them to save the crockery from falling. Foretold the weather we might anticipate for the day; the wind southerly, and all sail set to steady her, the rain falling in heavy gusts, the ship rolling considerably; no chance of the sports of yesterday being renewed. Remained below from luncheon till dinner, the weather too unpleasant to induce us to go on deck. Dinner about the usual hour; worse than usual noise and confusion, increased by the noisy band, which was placed in our saloon under the false notion of raising dejected spirits and restoring vigour to

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sickly stomachs. Retired into my cabin with a supply of ice, and derived as much consolation from a bottle of champagne as circumstances would admit. Staggered in to tea, not from the effects of the potations, which had been very limited, but from the deep rolling of the ship, which far surpasses what I had been led to expect. The scene at tea was wild and noisy; but what shall I say to that which awaited us when we went on deck at 10 o'clock? A quiet smoke was the object of the visit; my own feelings were literally those of dismay when I looked around me, the night was dark and tempestuous, the wind howled and roared (as it appeared from every quarter), rain drove with violence on deck, and the ship reeled to and fro so that it was difficult to retain one's seat. Half a pipe, and then beat a retreat, with little expectation of an agreeable night. After, however, what I had met with above, matters appeared very tolerable below; and I shortly turned into my berth. I suppose matters gradually improved, for I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke a few hours afterwards, found the ship more steady.

Friday, 22nd.—Morning hopeful, the sea more calm, and the wind gone down considerably; saw barque on port bow steering our course, but we soon left her astern. The disasters of last night were, as we anticipated, not slight; an oil cask getting adrift and nearly squeezing the vitals out of an unfortunate salt, who was jammed between it and the bulwarks; the vang of the foretopsail parted in the night and hurt several hands. After breakfast went on deck, and enjoyed a smoke and a walk with one of the very few gentlemen (the Hon. Francis Lawley) on board, who is a very agreeable companion. Races on deck, as on Thursday; the repetition fell flat, the novelty was gone, and though the sun shone bright the wind was cold. The coldness of

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the wind is owing to our nearing the coast of Newfoundland; the thermometer, which has usually stood at 70° in our cabin, now marks 53°. We had the band after dinner again to destroy the only five minutes for conversation with our neighbours. Went on deck, and smoked in the saloon till half-past 8, the ordinary tea time, and on coming below found that meal to have been advanced by half-an-hour, to allow more time for the concert which was to come off in the grand saloon. A gentleman who had had some tea of his own lent me his pot, and with some boiling water poured on the stale leaves had all that I required. After thus refreshing myself, went for a short time into the concert room, but as I am no penny-a-liner, I will refrain from a laudatory description, and as I have no wish to be cynical, will say nothing ill-natured of so stupid a performance. There was a recitation which might have been thought passable in the taproom of a village public, and, I am told, afterwards (for I did not hear it) an oration on matters in general which would scarcely have satisfied a provincial debating club. The tumult breaking up was not equal to that of the ball, and had little to disturb me after going to bed.

Saturday, 23rd.—The morning fine. We are told that we passed a huge block of floating ice, and the chilliness of the air would make one readily believe it, and there appears no reason why it should not be true. After breakfast, took an hour's exercise on deck. A respectable and benevolent-looking old gentleman, whose name they tell us is Baxter, one of an eminent firm of a Conservative electioneering house in London, preached on deck (as he does daily); his manner is enthusiastic, but quite free from hypocrisy, and I am quite sure the old gentleman's object is good, though I somewhat doubt of the effect produced.

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The Bishop and his chaplains paced the deck, but kept clear of the heretical preacher; but I think there is more honey than gall about the prelate, who certainly never says an unkind word about anyone, or gives us reason to suppose that his sentiments are in an opposite direction. After luncheon, the day clouded over, and in the evening drizzling rain set in. After dinner, were unable to go on deck, and contrary to regulations, smoked in cabin. Ten o'clock saw me in my berth, the night still wet and windy; sea rough, as though of no great depth. Cape Race, we were told, was passed at 9 o'clock.

Sunday, 24th.—The morning, which was lowering, cleared up after breakfast. About 11 o'clock we saw a French man-of-war, under reefed topsails, and afterwards several brigantines fishing on the banks, which showed we were no great distance from the Newfoundland shore; the weather was too boisterous for any religious meeting on deck, but services were held in the grand and in the second saloon. After luncheon, we went on deck, when all hands were mustered and the roll called. Last Sunday, there were prayers on deck for the men, but to-day there was a gale that rendered it impossible; and I was soon glad to beat a retreat below. After dinner, the Bishop, arrayed in his violet robes, gave a sort of lecture in the grand saloon, but unfortunately I did not hear of it until tea time, having been occupied in my cabin. He began, I am told, as follows:—"You may some of you probably ask whether we have Bibles? I answer that we have; but you may say, Do we believe in them? I reply, indeed, that we do, and that we believe in them a great deal more than you do, for we believe in the Apocrypha, which you reject. Do we allow the laity the use of the Bible? To this I say, Most freely; but we do not allow individual opinions to be

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formed by their perusal, because the interpretation of the Word of God rests now, as it always did, with the Church." This, I believe, is a fair sample of the style of discourse, which, after putting to flight some of the more evangelical of our passengers, lulled the rest in about twenty minutes into an orthodox doze. Went to bed at 10 o'clock; the ship became quite quiet, and slept soundly.

Monday, 25th.—The sun rose brightly; the sea was calm; gladly opened port to the fresh, invigorating air and genial rays. After breakfast, went on deck,—saw several brigantines and a shoal of porpoises. Passed a tranquil day, and dined as usual. After dinner, retired to cabin, and smoked. At 9 o'clock, a ball took place; the dancers were few in number, and did not appear to be in boisterous mirth. The saloon was intensely hot, and after looking in for a little time, went to bed. Whether I slept better than usual, or the festivities were less exuberant than on the night of the first ball, it is difficult to say; but it must be fairly owned I fell asleep, and slept undisturbed by the bacchanalian rites of which on the previous occasion I felt myself at liberty to complain.

Tuesday, 26th.—Morning brilliant; the sea calm, promising a fine day. Went on deck after breakfast, and had a long conversation with an intelligent gentleman, who gave me a great deal of information about New York, which I shall probably find of great value. Paid a visit to the M.D., who turns out to be an old Hereford Collegian, whose society will probably be agreeable on my return passage. After dinner, a public meeting was held in the large dining saloon, to compliment the Captain, and congratulate each other, on the success of our trip. It struck me at the time that this was somewhat premature, and would better have been deferred till we were safely anchored off New York.

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Escaped the meeting, which was hot and vociferous, and spent the greater part of the evening in the doctor's cabin, not, however, enjoying much of his society, as he was perpetually on the wing, and there seemed to be a much larger number of persons on board than we expected, both amongst crew and passengers, who required his services. The night was beautiful; stayed on deck till past 11. The whole vault of heaven was spangled with a brilliancy we never see in our climate; watched the comet, shooting stars, and the brilliant flashes of lightning, with great delight, and was scarcely in bed by 12 o'clock.

Wednesday, 27th.—The past night was extremely hot. Soon after 1 o'clock we passed close to a fine lighthouse, and in that neighbourhood it was we discovered in the morning that we had scraped over a rock, and done such injury to our bottom as to make it requisite to set all the steam pumps to work. After breakfast, occupied ourselves in packing. The heat was great, the thermometer in cabin out of the sun standing at 80°; unfortunately there was a thick haze on the water, so that we were unable to see much of the banks, which on both sides appeared extremely jutty; the water was as smooth as it is possible to conceive, neither swell nor ripple. I regret to find that the opinion entertained of the damage done to the vessel is very unfavourable, and this is borne out by the water being visible in the hold, and by the ship having heeled over and never recovered her position. Had intended to leave part of my luggage on board for the return, but I think it advisable to take everything out with me, and make myself independent. Soon after luncheon, the Custom House Officers came on board. It was not that their search was at all stricter than in other places, but from having been told that it was scarcely more than a form,

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I felt some annoyance in having to open every package on deck, beneath a broiling sun, and that with 800 passengers equally anxious to get over the disagreeable task. The scene was one of confusion and tumult, but nothing compared with what took place when the passengers began to leave the ship. A happy few, who had got their baggage overhauled, and agreed to pay a dollar a-piece, escaped with some difficulty by the first boat, and went straight to New York. Such, alas, was not the case with the multitude, among which we were unfortunately to be numbered. We got off, as we thought by good luck, in the second boat, a small steamer; but instead of being conveyed to New York, were taken to a landing place about two miles from the *Great Eastern*, called Flushing, which we reached a little before 3 o'clock, and waited while the convoy was employed going backwards and forwards to the Great Ship, and bringing off the remainder of the passengers. We then entered the railway cars, whilst the luggage of the whole of the passengers was huddled together in luggage cars, undirected and without discrimination. We had then 12 miles to travel before we reached the depôt in Twenty-six Street, when the scene of confusion which took place positively baffles all description. Hungry and wearied, but unwilling to go without our luggage, we were detained fully three hours, and at length, fatigued and almost exhausted, reached the Metropolitan Hotel at 12 o'clock, and obtained some moderate refreshment, the most grateful part of which was a bottle of champagne and plenty of ice, the latter of which seems to be a luxury of which the Americans avail themselves to a large extent; at every meal it is provided in plenty, and there seem to be but few shops where a draught of ice water is not to be obtained. Went to bed tired out.

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Thursday, 28th.—My rooms were at the very top of the house,—had to ascend six flights of stairs, and being immediately under the roof, the heat was oppressive. Slept tolerably well; breakfasted in the great public room; the waiters were all blacks, civil and attentive. The Hotel is situate in the best part of Broadway, a huge street, which traverses the city a length of many miles. After breakfast, went to the railway depôt, in hope of recovering one of my bags, which contained articles for toilet use; but my hopes were in vain, no bag was forthcoming; therefore proceeded to supply the loss by purchasing new articles. After this, proceeded more leisurely to examine the vast street in which we dwell, which is certainly one of the most picturesque and magnificent in the world. It is now seen in a state of great excitement, with flags and banners suspended across it, bearing patriotic mottoes, encouraging enlisting; this, of course, gives an aspect of peculiar brilliancy. Dined at hotel soon after 6 o'clock, and then joined my friend Mr. Lawley, at the New York, who joined in a long ramble over the more celebrated parts of the city. The heat of the day was excessive, the thermometer standing at 86° in the shade; but in the evening there was a storm of short duration, which cooled and refreshed the air. I retired to a new apartment, which was two pairs of stairs lower, much more cool and pleasant; was awakened about 2 o'clock by troops passing under the windows—bound, of course, for the South,—after which everything became quiet till daylight.

Friday, 29th.—Breakfasted between 9 and 10, and then proceeded to the office of the *Great Eastern.* From all that I had experienced, and from all I now hear, fully made up my mind not to return by her to England. Indeed, had I desired to do so, my stay here must have

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been prolonged, as it is confessed by the agents themselves that it will be impossible for her to return on the 9th (I am bound to say there was no want of liberality exhibited towards me; half the fare was returned without any scruple); so went to the office of the Cunard Line, and secured the best cabin in the *Persia* that I could, for the return on the 9th. After this, went to the New York Hotel, to call on Mr. Lawley, who accompanied me in a most delightful drive. We went along the Fifth Avenue, passing by the great hotel in that street, probably the very largest in the world, through the central park, a large tract of ground showing still much of its natural character in rock, and enlivened by lakes, which, winding amongst those natural features, sometimes spreading out into a broad expanse, at others narrowed by the rocky promontories, produced a variety of scenery, which, when the trees grow, which are now but in their infancy, will in half a century hence make this one of the most delightful and beautiful parks possessed by any city. We then drove along the Bloomingdon Road to Jones's Hotel, commanding a most enchanting view of the Hudson. I ought to have remarked that we saw the *Great Eastern* at her anchorage; the huge leviathan with her six masts catching our attention without looking for her. We had altogether a very pleasant drive of two hours and a half in a very respectable carriage, the moderate charge for which was 8 dollars, together with a request for buono mano, for driving to my hotel. Dined afterwards with Mr. Lawley at the New York; after dinner, went to hear some Nigger Minstrels, whose performance was remarkably good; they are no more real niggers than those who act the same part in our own country; well pleased with the performance, and went afterwards to the bar-room of the St. Nicholas Hotel, a

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large but dingy edition of a Parisian café, where indulged in one of the national drinks (a mint julep) before going to the hotel.

Saturday, 30*th*.—Strolled about after breakfast; the magnificence of the shops (or stores, as they are called) is surprising; most of them rise to the height of six stories in a highly picturesque, if not a very correct, style of architecture. Marble is used in profusion in the doorways, pavements, and balustrades, while many of these fine buildings are entirely of iron, nor are these at all deficient in general effect and beauty. Lunched with Mr. Lawley, Dr. Mackay, and Mr. Sliman (both these gentlemen being friends of Mr. Lawley), at Delmonico Restuarant, which is conducted entirely in the French style, and well served; then bid adieu to my kind friend Mr. Lawley, and walked about till dinner time, after which, went to a theatre adjoining the hotel, which is of great space and beauty; here we witnessed a comic ballet, well put upon the stage, which was followed by a performance on the trapeze. Not very well, and went to bed early.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

"Nearly all of the uptown fashionable churches, which have been closed for the past five weeks, to enable the dominies, deacons, and congregation generally to enjoy their summer retreat, will be re-opened on Sunday next for the fall and winter campaign."

Sunday, 31*st*.—The religious feeling of New York may be fairly judged by this advertisement, and in accordance with it, found many of the principal churches closed. One of the principal drawbacks to this city is the want of cabs; a close succession of omnibuses is constantly plying up and down Broadway, and the cars on rails, drawn by horses, ply in the main avenues; these seem used by the inhabitants, who of course thoroughly understand their

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course upon every occasion. There are only a few carriages in the streets for hire, and the charge for these is enormous, so that a cockney sadly misses the independence of a cab to go where he pleases. This we felt more on Sundays than other days, as there are no omnibuses out. Tried to walk in the morning to Trinity Church, which is fully two miles down Broadway, but was obliged to give it up and return; there appears to be far less Sunday trading here than in London, confectioners' and greengrocers' shops even being closed, and scarcely any being open but tobacconists. The great amusement of the people of the better class is driving; hundreds of those light vehicles peculiar to America, and which from their liability to upset are likely to remain so, are dashing about the streets in every direction. Went in the afternoon to South-ferry, then crossed to Staten Island, a most lovely place, crowded with picturesque villas and luxuriant gardens; an avenue of large weeping willows particularly attracted my attention, as being larger and more beautiful than any I had before seen; the catalpa and the stagshorn flourish here with great luxuriance.—I omitted to mention in journal of yesterday, Barnum's Museum, which we visited. He has a giant and a dwarf, with an immense quantity of rubbish of every possible description; but that which renders it a really interesting exhibition is the aquari of fish from the seas of the West Indies; these are admirably managed, and contain fish of various descriptions, some of them more beautiful and brilliant in their hue than is generally supposed of the inhabitants of the deep; there is also a good-tempered seal, who floundered in and out of the water, made his bow, and ground a barrel organ at the nod of his keeper. The whole of the evening after dinner was occupied in making arrangements for the start to-morrow.

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Monday, September 1st.—Called at 5 o'clock, dressed by gas light, got a cup of cold coffee, paid bill, and started at a quarter-past 6 in the carriage of the hotel, with several other passengers, for the Hudson river quay. Under weigh at 7 o'clock, in a very large and powerful steamboat. Nothing can possibly exceed the beauty of the scenery we have passed through this day, which has certainly been that of the greatest enjoyment since I left home. It would require an able pen and many pages to give an adequate description of the Hudson river; its broad expanse of waters, its towering rocks (or palisades as they are called), its beautiful banks so richly clothed with timber, which in our country we see only in the form of shrubs, with cedars, pines, catalpas, and junipers springing out of the fissures of the rocks, and many of them towering to a vast height; and countless numbers of picturesque and pretty villas which are thickly studded for many miles, with the blue distant mountains, and bright rapid stream, produce a scene of unequalled magnificence and interest. Met an American young gentleman going to his college at Albany, who very politely gave me every information respecting the many thriving towns which are met with at short intervals on the voyage; the distance is about 145 miles, which we accomplished in nine hours. During the latter part, the Katskill mountains, which rise at no great distance on the right bank, formed a grand and imposing feature. The railway from New York runs parallel with the river the whole way, and no doubt is a very pleasant line, as it commands an excellent view of the river. We met a number of steam tugs towing down groups of barges, sometimes amounting to twelve or fourteen in number, deeply sunken in the water and laden with wood, which looked like floating islands; the river also was enlivened the whole way with trading

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schooners and sloops, which were making their way both up and down. Must not forget that our voyage was enlivened at intervals by tunes upon an organ, the pipes of which were actually filled by steam instead of wind; the sound was somewhat peculiar, and some of the pipes were out of tune, but at all events it was a very passable curiosity. On arrival at Albany went to Delevan House, which is both spacious and comfortable. The evening turned out wet, with thunder and lightning, so unable to go about the city, much to my own disappointment and that of my young friend, Mr. Russell, who was kindly anxious to do the honours of it. Soon after 8 o'clock had a capital supper, which I was really in want of, having had only a slight luncheon on board the steamer. One large room in the hotel on the ground floor is dedicated to hair-dressing, and most luxuriantly fitted up, where placed myself under the hands of most accomplished artistes, and besides getting hair cut and dressed in the newest Parisian style, had a razor passed over chin, and am thus a step forward for the morning. There is also a counter in the spacious hall where newspapers and the latest publications are to be had at their usual price, as well as excellent cigars. There are also two billiard rooms, each containing three tables; in short, a first class American hotel (which this is) gratifies every reasonable want. Went upstairs at 10 o'clock, fatigued with the long day's work.

ALBANY, *Tuesday, 2nd.*—After breakfast, walked about the town, which is wretchedly paved, but contains some handsome buildings; the main street runs parallel with the river, with branches at right angles up the side of a considerable hill; these side streets are planted with trees, and of handsome width. The principal public buildings, which are on the summit of the hill, are important in size, and

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command a fine view. Telegraphed to the Clifton hotel, Niagara, to secure good rooms, and started nominally at 12.20, but really at 1 o'clock, on our long journey. At St. Johnsville, which we reached at 2.30, the train stopped to allow the passengers to dine, which was far too early in the day, considering the distance we had to perform. The car was crowded, and did not appear to be very comfortable; it was far inferior to our own first class, though in some respects better than the second. The price was very moderate, being only three and a half dollars each for the distance of upwards of 250 miles. People were jumbled together in a very odd sort of way; there was certainly not another gentleman in the car, while some would have been rough passengers in an English third class. The country was extremely flat; nothing whatever of interest to be seen the whole way; part of the land was tolerably well cultivated, other parts half cleared, and the rest remaining in its primeval state of forest. We passed through Syracuse, a well-built town of some size, though most of its houses were of wood. At Rochester, another town of some importance, the train divided, a part passing to the south (to Buffalo) while we held on our course to Niagara, where we left our train, and crossing in a carriage the Suspension bridge, arrived once more on British dominion, tired out when we reached Clifton house, and glad to get some supper and go to bed.

Wednesday, 3rd.—The situation of the hotel commands an excellent view of the falls, and my rooms with a balcony from them, open directly on the view; very comfortable, and after breakfast started to lionize the place. The first object was the Horse-shoe Fall, arrived at which we took off our coats, and were clothed in oilskin, together with india-rubber clogs and hoods. Thus accoutred, descended a

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flight of steps and a shelving path cut out of the rock till we arrived at such a depth as to be able to walk beneath the mighty volume of water which poured over our head. It was a busy and strange scene, with mighty air and warring torrent, which it seemed almost impossible to escape, and it required a calm head to realize the position and assure ourselves of our comparative safety. Reached the summit suffused in perspiration from exertion consequent upon the steepness of our path. After restoring ourselves to personal comforts, visited the museum containing many objects of natural curiosity, and ascended the cupola, which commands an extensive view of the falls. Near this spot is a lofty archway framed in wood, erected on the visit of the Prince of Wales, upon which many of the evergreens still remain withering in the sun. Then took a carriage, and in company with Captain Butler and Mr. Savory, drove down to the Suspension bridge, which we crossed, and arrived again on American territory. This bridge is of enormous height, with a passage for carriages suspended beneath that which carries the railway. We went down the bank about a mile to a spot where the river has hollowed out the bank, and from its headlong rapidity forms a thousand whirlpools; from the rock on both sides shoot up trees of almost every description, with foliage of a size to which my eyes are unaccustomed. The guide was a well-spoken man, born without any arms, though instead of a right one he had a single finger which was furnished with a nail like that of an ordinary hand. From thence we passed through the American town, which possesses a very large hotel (the International), and also a dépôt of Indian goods beautifully worked by the squaws, some of whom we saw, and whose nearest village is about five miles off. After viewing the American fall, we went over to Goat Island, which is

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situated between that and the Horse-shoe. Here the view looking down into the vast abyss, with rainbows glittering in the spray, and standing within a few feet of the precipice, is perhaps the most astounding which this unrivalled locality offers; it far surpasses anything pen can describe or the pencil can paint, and is doubtless the most glorious and astounding spectacle which the whole world presents. We then went on to the Horse-shoe Fall, and crossing a small bridge of planks ascended a small tower upon a rock which stands as a little island in the midst of the boiling and roaring rapids, but a few yards from the edge of the fall. We heard some awful tales of those who either from accident or folly had been carried down into the raging gulf, and whose bodies entangled in the rocks beneath have never been seen again; one of two young men, who with foolhardiness occasioned by drinking had ventured too near the rapid in a boat, which was immediately swamped; one body was hurled away to be seen no more; his companion was cast upon a huge log of timber whose progress had been stopped by the rocks. Here he remained for hours; attempts were made to serve him by passing out boats with ropes attached to them, which were swamped before they reached him. He remained there the whole night; the next morning a raft was constructed and sent down the stream with some food on it, and ropes for him to lash himself to it. He did not taste the food, but tying himself to the raft, the attempt was made to draw him back. The ropes, however, caught on some rocks, and it was found impossible to haul it in; one more trial was made with a small boat, which reached him safely, but he had no sooner got into it than he was washed out by the raging surge and hurried over into the abyss and lost for ever, after so many hours of unspeakable agony. Came home to dinner at

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5 o'clock, delighted with the excursion. In the evening drove out again, and ascended a tower of wooden frame-work 650 feet in height, erected on the spot where the battle Lunday's Lane was fought. From its summit is commanded a view of unparalleled extent, Lake Erie, the city of Buffalo, the Alleghany mountains on one side, while on the other we saw Brock's monument, and the eye stretched over Lake Ontario. We then proceeded a few miles above the Horse-shoe, to a spot near the rapids, where there is a spring strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which ignited from a match, and emitted a large body of flame a yard in height. This was within a few yards of the river, which rushed by with incredible speed. Returned to the hotel to tea, with a day's work such as I have never performed before, or ever shall again; no scenery in the old world can at all compare in sublimity and grandeur to that which I have this day witnessed, and it is such as amply to repay the long journey.

Thursday, 4th.—The wind had veered to the south and blew hot and oppressive, making any exercise in the sun-shine very fatiguing. The thermometer stood at 86° in the shade. Passed the morning with Captain Butler and Mr. Savory, who started by the mid-day train for Buffalo. Enjoyed the luxury of a bath, and strolled about till dinner time. After dinner started in a carriage from the hotel with a very fine pair of horses (which would have done credit to a London turn out) for Brock's monument, a distance of seven miles; the road is totally unformed, but marked out by a snake fence, the little brooks and streams which cross it being passed by rough planks thrown over trees. It was for the most part many inches deep in sand—more agreeable to those who were seated in the carriage than the fine-looking animals which drew us

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at a good pace. A few clusters of cottages, and some comfortable farm-houses, all built of wood, were the only objects in our drive. A part of the country still bears its primeval forests, part is half cleared, the trees being cut down within a yard of the ground, and the rest is well cultivated. There was little to attract our attention till we reached the monument, which is situated on a large knoll to the left of the road, and on the left bank of the river, immediately above the Canadian town of Queenstown, and opposite the American one of Lewistown. The monument erected to the memory of General Brock, who fell on the plains beneath in the year 1812, is a column of 200 feet in height, of no regular order of architecture; at the four corners are the British lions, and on the summit a statue of General Brock; there is a corkscrew staircase to the capital of the column, from whence the most magnificent view is obtained of the surrounding country, and a reach of many miles of the vast river Niagara down to its mouth in the lake Ontario, whose broad waters reach to the horizon. We had the good fortune to witness a glorious sunset flinging its golden light over the vast tract of country on which we looked. Twilight here is very short, and in a few minutes the sun was lost, and we returned beneath the brilliant moon, which amply lighted up our road, and found the falls looking (if anything can be) more beautiful under its beams, than in the broad glare of day; the air was enervating and close. Had tea and went to bed early.

Friday, 5th.—Breakfast at nine o'clock; the morning hot; lounged about taking a reluctant last farewell of this unequalled spot; at twelve o'clock left in the omnibus for the American side. About half a mile from the Suspension bridge is the place where Blondin crossed the

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river on his rope; the sides are here nearly of an equal height, and it makes one sick to look into the yawning abyss and think that any one should be so foolhardy and so regardless of his life; yet after all a slip from the rope at the Crystal Palace would be as bad as one here, both must terminate in instantaneous death. We met with no trouble in the American custom house, the officer in charge very politely taking my word that our trunks contained nothing beyond wearing apparel; the cars started for Buffalo at one o'clock; the heat was very great, but the journey was not unpleasant; the country nearly a dead flat. We had some fine views over Niagara, and at half-past two o'clock the magnificent expanse of Lake Erie burst upon us when we reached Buffalo. This is a large bustling commercial town, well built, and containing some handsome edifices, but except in the principal street most miserably paved; a gentleman's coachman in England would tell you they were impassable. The Roman Catholic cathedral is a very handsome stone building of a bastard kind of decorated Gothic, but producing a considerable effect; it is of stone within, with two transepts, the roof also stone, the windows are filled with miserable attempts of stained glass, the seats are of pine, and the area very large; the floors about the altar are covered with the most gaudy and inappropriate carpeting, and the decorations of that trivial and trumpery description which too frequently desecrates such buildings. Dinner; strolled down to the lake, and enjoyed to the utmost of my ability, with a broiling western sun and little wind, a sail upon the bosom of Lake Erie. There is a quantity of shipping actively employed in this port, every vessel being taken in and out by steam tugs, which appear to be incessantly plying. Returned, strolled a little about the town, in which

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there does not seem any peculiar attraction; had a sherry cobbler, and retired early to bed as a preparation to getting up at four o'clock.

Saturday, 6th.—Rose at 4 o'clock; got a little boy in the street to direct us to the railway dépôt, in which, made a mistake and got to the N. Y. C. instead of the B. N. Y. and E. E. R.; got right at last and found portmanteau, and fairly aboard the cars by 5 o'clock. The one in which we travelled was spacious, and during the early part of the journey not crowded; it was ventilated by means of a current of air driven through water, on each side of the car, and forced in through a grating in the floor. The necessity of having the windows open was thus prevented, and the comfort obvious of fresh air unmixed with the clouds of dirt, grit, and cinders by which we should have been otherwise suffocated. About every half-hour, a boy passed up and down the cars distributing gratuitously iced water. About 9 o'clock we stopped at a small station called Hornsville, for a very rough and indifferent breakfast, for which we were allowed twenty minutes, when we resumed our seats. The country now became exceedingly beautiful; our road lay through defiles of hill and rock, clothed with forest, with here and there small farms, and partly cultivated land; and this continued until we reached Deposit, where a dinner more rough and uncomfortable, and it may fairly be said more unclean, than our breakfast awaited us; soon after this, our route lay along the banks of the Delaware, and through a wild mountainous country; the Wye, the Avon at Bristol, the Rhine, and the Danube were in succession brought to my remembrance, evidencing the beauty, the variety, and the difference of scale of the scenery through which we passed. During the afternoon, the cars became very crowded, and the

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heat excessive. Later in the day, we were again allowed fifteen minutes for tea, but did not venture on that meal. The views as we approached New York, and arrived in sight of the Hudson, were very fine, heightened by the effect of a cloudless and brilliant moon, nearly at its full. We left the cars on the banks of the Hudson, about a quarter to 10, crossed the great ferry, had a long walk to Broadway, where we got into a drawling 'bus, and reached our hotel, the Metropolitan, where we were kindly welcomed at half-past 10, having thus been between 15 and 16 hours, through the heat of the day and the cool of the evening, on this journey of between 300 and 400 miles. Got some supper, a bottle of champagne, and a pipe, and went to bed, heartily tired.

Sunday, 7th.—

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

"CHURCH REOPENINGS.—As we announced last Sunday, nearly all the fashionable churches in this city and Brooklyn will be re-opened for divine service to-day; and we notice also that a number of pastors who have been for a long time absent on tours for recruiting their health, have returned, and will resume their labours to-day in their respective churches."

The notice above, copied from one of the daily papers, forms a pendent to that of last week.

Rose late, after the fatigues of yesterday; got up our baggage that had been left here, and put things tolerably straight, gave up the notion of going to morning service, as the church is two miles distant down Broadway; the heat was so excessive that we could only go a very little distance on the shady side of the way. Sunday is publicly observed here, inasmuch as the omnibuses do not run; the shops are almost universally closed, but there does not appear to be any legal restriction on the subject, inasmuch

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as we observed a few, and those not for articles of necessary consumption, open. The people are generally better dressed, and the ladies (both white and coloured), whose dress is always a caricature, were still smarter than on week days, sticking-up bonnets with a most ridiculous quantity of artificial flowers, are the prevailing fashion, but it must be added that *crinolines* are not more than half the size of those we meet with at home. A fine Sunday is a day on which we may fairly judge of the good looks of a population, when all have their faces clean and their best dresses on, but it must be owned that New York is sadly deficient in good looks, both of men and women, and even boys and girls ; it is impossible to walk down the street without being struck with the difference between the hard care-worn and ill-at-ease visages of every class of every age, and of both sexes, with the bright happy pleasing countenances which every town and every village in England display. We encountered the heat, and crept down the shady side of Broadway to the four o'clock service at Trinity, the principal Episcopal Protestant Church here. On our way we saw a vast quantity of newly enlisted troops being marched off to the seat of war ; pluck they may have, but a more miserable looking set of soldiers can scarcely be conceived. Trinity Church is imposing from its vast size ; there are two side aisles separated from the nave by arcades, the whole is pewed with handsome oak, the panels of the doors being filled with carving ; there are no galleries except one at the west end of the church, which contains the organ, a fine instrument and well played, the effect of the swell was particularly good. The chancel was evidently built without the intention of being occupied by a choir, and is consequently much too short for the sixteen boys and eight

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men, who, vested in surplices, together with the clergy, now occupy it; the service was conducted with a good deal of solemnity, but to my ears was rather disappointing; the chanting was too rapid and not sufficiently close, the trebles overpowered the other voices; the anthem was well sung, though in rather too theatrical a style; there was a long string of children to be baptized after the second lesson; the sermon, which occupied about twenty minutes, was a very ordinary affair, at the conclusion of it there was a hymn well sung, which was the best part of the service. Reached home to dinner at 6.30 P.M.; after dinner walked down the street, and went into a large church near the hotel, where the service was just concluded; a lofty rostrum or pulpit occupied the place of the altar, the velvet cushions being in festoon with the stars and stripes of the United States, the pews were of very solid oak richly carved, many of them bearing plates with those extraordinary names with which this city abounds, a sample of which is as follows: Tenvilliger, Hawbrought, Jaquith Gristhy Pettus, Loomus, Rathery, Goodivix, Dung, Bullwrinkle, Tiller, Rumler, Hagenbucker, Pais, Garrity, Ochs, Oughterlooney, Pitbloddo Devlin. Went to bed at ten o'clock, the night very hot and close.

Monday, 8th.—After breakfast walked up Broadway, made a few little purchases; on returning to the hotel had an extremely comfortable hot bath; the female servants who act as chambermaids are all Irish of the lowest and most illiterate class, the waiters and other servants blacks, many of whom are very good-looking fellows, they are attentive and civil; having rested after the bath, went down Broadway and called on Mr. Slimmon, to whom we had been introduced by Mr. Lawley, and who had been kind enough to act as our banker (he is a Scotchman and a

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merchant in dry goods, as they are here called, which means all sorts of drapers' goods), he promised me an introduction to the captain of the *Persia*, and with real liberality and kindness offered to advance any cash I might need: then got into a 'bus and went to Fulton Bay, which crossed and landed at Brooklyn. Brooklyn was, not many years ago, a sort of suburb to the City of New York, to which the inhabitants crossed for the benefit of its Tea Gardens, and its fine views; it is now become a populous town: entered a street railway car, drawn by horses, and went about three miles to the Greenwood Cemetery, which is without doubt the largest in the world, containing as it does upwards of 600 acres. A very elaborate archway and entrance are now being constructed, the style—overdone florid Gothic. The alto relievo over the archway representing the resurrection of our Lord, the restoration of Lazarus to life, and other Scripture subjects of a similar kind, are very vigorous and effective; the ground itself is as beautiful, and as well fitted for its purpose as any that can be conceived; the undulations are pleasing, and give an infinite variety; there are several lakes of water, and besides an infinite quantity of the most charming evergreens, there are fir timber trees. The views of the city of New York and the neighbouring islands, together with the large expanse of water, are grand and imposing; the monuments themselves are not in worse taste than Pere-la-Chaise, or any other cemetery; many of them are magnificent in their material, being of the finest marble, and raised without any regard to cost, indeed, in nothing the Americans do, do they spare money, and its lavish, expenditure both here and in public and private undertakings, astonishes a European. Did not get home to the hotel till 6.55 P.M., and by these five minutes saved dinner in

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the public room, as the dinner concludes at seven o'clock. Went upstairs, had a smoke, and went to bed early.

Tuesday, 9th.—After breakfast went to the office of the *Persia*, paid the remaining part of our passage money and got our tickets; strolled about the rest of the morning; the carriages here (both private and those to be hired) remind me of the gondolas in Venice, being painted black without any relief, the resemblance is further carried out by the construction of the roofs of the carriages, which, unlike ours, are wagon-headed. The price charged for hiring carriages that stand in the street, and are well appointed, appears to us extravagant. Wanted to take a drive to the Central Park after dinner, and the driver asked five dollars, which, with a douceur to the coachman, would have been equal to £1 sterling, therefore took an omnibus and went down to the quay, where we sat till it was dark. Enjoyed the dinner to-day, which will be my last, better than any meal I have made since I have been here, inasmuch as I had a fair appetite. Had a bottle of cabinet wine, which comes from the Missouri, a very light but pleasant sparkling wine, a good deal resembling St. Peray. Packed up, and made everything ready for departure in the morning.

Wednesday, 10th.—Rose at six o'clock, got a hurried breakfast, and started at seven, in the carriage of the hotel, for Jersey city, the carriage crossing the ferry and conveying our luggage; the coachman imposed upon us, charging three dollars for a quarter of an hour's drive, an American gentleman interfered, and we got off at two-and-a-half dollars, which after all was a great deal too much. Got on board the *Persia* by 8.30 A.M. Found I had a very comfortable cabin, and setting which to rights occupied some time. At nine o'clock got under steam,

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and very shortly bid adieu to the spires and lofty buildings of New York, as well as the pretty villas which stud the coasts of the surrounding islands; the sun was hot, but the day as beautiful as can be conceived. There are about fifty first-class passengers, and seventy or eighty second, which appears like a family party after the multitude we had on board the *Great Eastern*. The cleanliness throughout, and the order which prevails, form a striking contrast with that of the gigantic vessel. Lunched at twelve o'clock, and had an excellent dinner at four, having also sociable and agreeable companions at table; had also good seats through the kindly offices of Mr. Slimmon with the captain. There is a cow on board, which has made many voyages, and appears perfectly domesticated and happy; there are also a goat and two dogs, belonging to two passengers, which do not seem so well pleased with their voyage. Sat on deck after tea enjoying a glorious moon and smooth sea, having first witnessed a sunset in all its splendour. In berth by ten o'clock, found the sheets very wet, but passed a tranquil night, and don't feel the worse this morning.

Thursday, 11th.—The day was calm and beautiful, not an incident throughout which claims remark. Dined at four o'clock, and having eaten no luncheon, which is daily placed on the table at twelve o'clock, was enabled to do justice to an abundant and well-served meal. After dinner smoked till tea time, and after that resumed walk on deck till nine o'clock, when retired for the night.

Friday, 12th.—Rose at usual time; breakfast at 8.30 A.M. The sea calm, the day fine. Soon after noon saw a slight bank of clouds rise out of the western horizon, the first, we are told, that have been seen for four days or nights, and we ourselves can witness to this being the truth for three days.

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The night was bright and starry, and the whole day passed so monotonously that have nothing to record. Walked rather later than usual, not leaving the deck till nearly ten o'clock.

Saturday, 13*th.*—The horizon was surrounded with soft low clouds, and there was also a great deal of fog, the temperature being considerably lower, announcing our approach to the cod banks of Newfoundland, over which our track lay; we were later than usual at breakfast, and in consequence abstained from luncheon; saw the four turtles which were in the middle deck, two of them still living, and disporting themselves in a large tub of water, while two others had met an earlier doom by hanging up near their unconscious friends, with their throats still bleeding, in preparation for the Sunday's feast; the evening turned out cold and cheerless, and obliged to shorten walk on deck and retire early.

Sunday, 14*th.*—The day gloomy, more sea, and the wind still ahead—anything but a cheering or agreeable day. Service in the principal cabin at ten o'clock; a large and attentive congregation. The sermon a commentary on the Gospel for the day. The weather continued so disagreeable that deck walking was unsatisfactory, and after a basin of soup at luncheon had only to look forward to dinner. This event took place at the usual time; the turtle was very good, and cold punch was handed round after it, and amongst other viands was a sucking pig; the captain sent his steward round to ask me to take wine with him, and the meal was rather more protracted than usual. Went afterwards on the middle deck, and getting under the shelter of the starboard life-boat, to protect me from the falling spray and mist, contrived to smoke a pipe. Went to tea, and did not turn out again. The sea was a great deal rougher than

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it had been, and the fog very dense, the whistle sounding at frequent intervals to give notice to any vessels that may be in our track. The noise, which was very harsh and discordant, was continued till ten o'clock, when, we are told, the fog in some measure cleared off; the wind still dead ahead, so that we depend solely on our engines, and can scarcely expect anything but a protracted passage.

Monday, 15th.—The sun came out about nine o'clock, and endeavoured, at intervals through the morning, with no great success, to dispel the fog and gloom: feeble as were those attempts, they, in some measure, relieved the monotony of a fog at sea. Passed part of the morning on deck and again after luncheon, till the air became damp and cold. Dinner as usual, after which sat in cabin till tea time; after tea, pleased to find the wind had hauled to the southward, and that we had sail set, and that we were making greater way than we had hitherto done, the damp fog having partially cleared off. Sat under the lee of the starboard paddle-box, and smoked till ten o'clock.

Tuesday, 16th.—The night had been favourable to progress; as the late moon rose, the wind had improved, and we found this morning that more sail was set, and that yesterday was the best day's work we had done. Passed an hour-and-a-half after breakfast on deck, pleasantly amusing ourselves watching amongst other things the two top-gallant sails being sent aloft; their weight is very considerable. A sharp rain drove us below, where remained till dinner endeavouring to read, which, from the darkness of the day and the smallness of our port, was not a very easy undertaking. Sat down to dinner as usual, the fog signals were gloomy and harsh music, but later in the evening the need of them had passed away. Amongst our passengers are two Hindoos, merchants of Bombay, and,

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we are told, of great wealth; they have the dark complexion, the sharply-chiselled features, and the lustrous eye peculiar to their race; they eat at one end of a table together with other passengers, but their food is specially prepared for them by an attendant of their own, who, in a greasy gaberdine and dirty yellow cap, and most unclean hands, both cooks and waits upon his masters, whose religion will not permit them to partake of food prepared with far greater cleanliness if by Christian hands. The fog having partially cleared off in the evening, did all that could be expected in inhaling the sea breeze by remaining on deck till 10.30 P.M.

Wednesday, 17th.—A wet, gloomy, miserable morning; could do nothing but get to the smoke-room on the middle deck, after breakfast, and while away an hour, after which dipped into some books and attempted reading, which I find does not lead to much profit. Dinner at the usual hour. Cleared up in the evening and got on deck, but the wind, which had hitherto been slightly in our favour, had died away. Went below at ten o'clock.

Thursday, 18th.—The night was not so agreeable a one as some I have passed; the sea rough, the vessel rolling considerably, the wind shifting, causing a perpetual alteration of sail; and the fog horn (as the Yankees call it) sounding at frequent intervals, prevented steady sleep: the morning was less promising than the night; nothing could be more dismal, thick mist and rain and a rolling sea; yet we are consoled by knowing our progress is fair, and that we ran yesterday 321 knots. After breakfast, went into th smoking-room for an hour, as the weather was too bad for deck, and did literally nothing till dinner time, that most happy break in the tedium of a day; had as usual an excellent meal set before us; commenced with turtle, and

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we were fully equal to performing our parts. After dinner, went on the middle deck for an hour and then to tea; after this, went again on the same deck and smoked a pipe; the sea had become much calmer, and the heavens were bright with stars. Went below at nine o'clock.

Friday, 19th.—The night was tolerably calm, and though there was a good deal going on on deck I was not disturbed until I was awoke by the men getting the cable from the locker, which positively precluded further sleep. The day was fine, the sun bright, but the wind, which was ahead, chilling the brightness of the day, and the expectation of seeing land before the sun went down, seemed to excite good spirits and more cheerful faces amidst our dull fraternity. Passed the day between the deck and cabin making arrangements (like many others) for landing. Dinner over, after a quiet smoke, went on deck and distinctly discerned, though at a great distance, the coast of Ireland. Walked up and down for some time and found the air chilly, and came down to tea. After taking counsel with the captain and postmaster, resolved on being set on shore with the bags at Cork harbour, under the impression that by going up with the mail from Cork to Dublin I should be enabled to cross the next morning, and thus get home on Saturday night; (how vain were my calculations will be seen hereafter). Set to work vigorously and packed, no easy matter in the dull light permitted in state-room, and everything being completed, the luggage was brought up, and only waited for the arrival of the small steamer from Queenstown; she reached us at 12.40 P.M., and though the night was dark, succeeded in getting safely on board her, reached Queenstown at 1.30 A.M.; we then had to undergo the examination of luggage by the Custom officers, which a fee of a few shillings expedited very much.

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Then embarked on board the *Robert Bruce*, a small steamer which conveys the mails up to Cork; nothing at this moment could surpass the fineness of the night, or the beauty of the scenery, but ere three quarters of the distance, which is not more than fourteen miles, was effected, we were enveloped in a dense mist, which increased to such an extent that further progress was impossible. We let go anchor, and remained in the middle of the stream in a cold dark fog till long past dawn, our case then seemed almost hopeless, we made several abortive attempts to proceed, but in vain; till at length, about 6.40 A.M., the mist partially cleared away, and we entered Cork about 7.15 A.M.; this was of course ruinous to my scheme. Washed and dressed, and made myself as comfortable as I could; had a very rough indifferent breakfast at the Victoria Hotel, and started by train at ten o'clock for Dublin; there is very little to be seen in the route, but the transit was rapid, and everything connected with the rail remarkably well conducted, that contrasted very favourably with the Yankee car track on which we have lately been travelling. At 4.10 P.M. arrived in Dublin, getting a glimpse of the Phœnix Park and the vice-regal lodge; on reaching the Prince of Wales hotel, in Sackville Street, ordered a hasty dinner, and walked about for an hour; having partaken of dinner and a glass of whiskey toddy, out of compliment to the country, and, I must add, to my own great comfort, took the rail to Kingston and embarked on the mail boat at 7.20 P.M. The passage, I believe, was an extremely favourable one, but, as being fatigued with the last night, slept most placidly, and unable to give any circumstantial account. Had my foot on shore at Holyhead at twelve o'clock, thus completing to a day the six weeks since I left England, in which I have done and seen

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enough to occupy the whole lives of most people. Had no trouble in the examination of my luggage, and was immediately in the train, which bore us over Anglesea, through the tubular bridge, the beautiful scenery about Carnarvon and Bangor, and landed us safely and expeditiously at Chester, at three o'clock; there being no possibility of proceeding, so that my hopes of reaching home in the morning were entirely frustrated; got a cup of tea, and betook myself to a very comfortable bed in the Queen's Hotel, which is a very excellent one, by four o'clock.

Sunday, 21st.—Having no duties to perform, and well wearied with previous fatigue, did not breakfast till twelve o'clock, after which walked about, and went to the Cathedral at four o'clock; there was a very numerous congregation, the service was well performed in its peculiar way (for peculiar it must be when the priest reads, and the choir intone); the service was of a florid style, and the anthem, though well performed, too operatic for my taste. The Bishop was seated in his throne, and pronounced the grace after service (a practice which I had never heard before); there was no sermon. Dined at 6.30 very quietly, and it must be owned, very pleasantly. Scarcely went out after dinner, and went to bed at a quarter to 11 o'clock.

Monday, 22nd.—Left Chester by early train for Shrewsbury, and arrived at Bishopstone in the afternoon, after being absent six weeks.

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PRESENTATION OF PORTRAIT

TO THE

VENERABLE ARCHDEACON LANE FREER,

BY THE PALLADIAN LODGE, HEREFORD.

24th June, 1861.

The brethren of the Palladian Lodge, Hereford, to mark their sense of the great obligations they are under to this distinguished Mason and eminent Divine, assembled at the Green Dragon Hotel, Hereford.

After a superb repast, a magnificent three-quarter length portrait, nearly life size, painted in oil, by Brother Hill, R.A., was presented to the Archdeacon. The portrait is admirable. It represents the Archdeacon in the clothing and jewels of a Master Mason, with his right hand resting on the Book of the Sacred Law.

The presentation was made by the Worshipful Master of the Lodge, Brother Clarkson, in an appropriate address; in which he dwelt upon the learning and ability of the Archdeacon as a dignitary of the Church, on the eminent qualities he had displayed as a Mason, the *prestige* his brotherhood had given to the craft, his great liberality, and the lasting obligations under which it had placed Freemasonry in general, and the brethren of the Palladian Lodge in particular.

The W. M. then read the accompanying document:—

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Palladian Lodge (No. 141), Green Dragon Hotel, Hereford.
JUNE *24th*, 1861.

WE, the undersigned, having subscribed for the purpose of presenting the Lodge with a Portrait of the Venerable Archdeacon RICHARD LANE FREER, D.D., F.S.A., Deputy Provincial Grand Master of Herefordshire, cannot allow this occasion to pass without presenting to you this trifling memento; and, in thanking you for the valuable time you have given to facilitate the artist in producing so admirable a likeness, beg to express our sincere hope that you may be spared for many years to encourage us by your personal attendance; and whenever it may please the Great Architect of the Universe to call the substance to Himself, we shall have the satisfaction of having contributed to hand down to those who may follow us, the shadow of a Brother, who, by his uniform courtesy and kindness, has endeared himself in the heart of every member of the Lodge.

HENRY CLARKSON, W.M.
J. W. LACEY, S.W.
J. GRIFFITHS MORRIS, J.W.
JAMES WILLIAMS, P.M.
CHARLES ALLEN, Chaplain.
H. C. BEDDOE, Treasurer.
JOHN GARDINER, Secretary.
WILLIAM PHILLIPS, S.D.
EDWARD GEORGE, I.D.
REV. H. GRETTON, I.G.
JOHN CHEESE, Organist.
T. A. COURT, W. H. BURVILL, } Stewards.
CHARLES GEARY, P.M.
RICHARD PRITCHARD, P.M.
J. H. FLANEGAN, P.M.
THOMAS DUCKHAM.
JAMES PHILLIPS.
FREDERICK BODENHAM.
H. CARLESS.
R. W. FRYER.
JOHN BULMER.
HENRY VEVERS.
CHARLES D. WATKINS.
JOHN BOSLEY.
N. S. WYNN.
SIDNEY MYER.
ABRAHAM MYER.
WM. PREECE.
R. F. KNIGHT.
CAPTAIN COWTAN.
WM. JENNINGS.
T. S. FARMER.
THOS. GARROLD.
F. M. GREGORY, Esq.
WM. RUSSELL.
W. SWIFT.
J. H. ARKWRIGHT, Esq.
THOS. BOOTH LEE, Esq.
O. SHELLARD.
CAPT. PEYTON.
ED. JOHN PIPER.
J. P. ELLIS.
JOHN RUSSELL.
F. DILLON.
PHILIP RALPH.

The Venerable Archdeacon, D.P.G.M., then spoke in the following terms:—

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Worshipful Sir and Brethren,—An occasion like the present is an epoch in the life of any man; it is one of those rare events which seldom befalls any man—the majority of men, never—and none more than once through a long life. It is, perhaps, this very rareness—this infrequency of such an occurrence—that must render it difficult to any man to express at all adequately the sentiments which really occupy his breast, and to which, were it in his power, he would gladly give utterance. For my own part, I must at once confess that I have no words at my command which will at all convey an impression of the grateful sense I entertain of the high and undeserved honour which you, worshipful Sir and my Brethren, at so much personal trouble to many of you (more especially the Committee), and so much cost to all, have been so kindly pleased to confer upon me. Upon looking at the date of the portrait of my worthy predecessor in the office which I have the honour to hold, which adorns so justly the walls of our Lodge,—I see that it is more than half a century since a similar mark of Masonic estimation has been accorded; so that at least I am not wrong in saying that such honours are but rarely bestowed, and therefore the more to be valued. And now you will permit me to say, and that without arrogance, that I rejoice at having obtained this proof of your approbation and regard, not only as an individual to whom so flattering a tribute cannot fail to be in the highest degree satisfactory, but still more as a Mason, to whom all things which tend to elevate and benefit the Craft are at all times most welcome. I do not, indeed, for a moment accept the merits or deserts, which fraternal love, overlooking my shortcomings, and exaggerating any trifling advantage I may have conferred, has been pleased to assign me; but I believe that the step

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you have taken will be beneficial to Masonry in this way: Many a brother will look upon my portrait when I shall have descended to the dark resting-place which is the inevitable lot of all,—many a brother will look upon my portrait, and, as he does so, feel that he has a just right to exclaim, "Why may not my portrait also be some day placed alongside of those which are now pendant from the walls of our Lodge? Why may I not endeavour to deserve—and if I deserve I am sure that I shall attain—even this high recognition of the opinion entertained of me by my brethren?" This, I say, may fairly be the expectation of every one amongst us. The laudable ambition of being so distinguished, the reasonable hope of such a reward, may serve as a stimulus to the youngest of our brethren—even to those who have this day joined our ranks—and lead to such a course of activity and zeal in our good cause, as will be honourable to themselves and beneficial to Masonry.

Once more; I value this testimonial of your esteem as coming from such a body as ours, unlike any other body or fraternity on earth,—I mean unlike in this respect: that whereas all things around us are daily and hourly changing, whilst other societies and fraternities of men are fleeting and evanescent—formed to-day, forgotten to-morrow,—

> "Like a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more,"

Masonry remains the same, and gives no sign of decay or dissolution—its origin symbolized in the earliest annals of man's life, if not co-existent with his birth, it has held on its course from the beginning, the same in every clime, the same in war and peace, in strife and poverty, in ease and affluence; unmoved amid the clash of contending armies and jarring empires, and uprooted thrones, and wildest

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revolutions; preserving, too, a record of the Deity in his beneficence and love to man, through ages of the darkest heathenism, or the grossest superstition. Yes, sir, Masonry remains the same:—

"Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade:
A breath can waste them as a breath hath made."

But Masonry, which grasps with the same hand of brotherly affection the peasant and the prince, fails not; because it is not the work of man, but his Creator, and under the Divine *fiat*, will last so long as man, made in the image of God and after His likeness, exists upon the earth.

"For now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity." Yes, at the great end of all things, the final consummation of man's destiny —when hope is merged in its accomplishment, or lost for ever; when faith becomes reality, and ceases in the full fruition of its object—love still remains, still lives, in heavenly and increased ardour; and, borne aloft, serene amid the wreck of empires and dissolving worlds, will last for ever in eternal mansions unbuilt by hands, before the throne of the Most High!

May I not, then, feel justly proud at receiving this mark of lasting affection from a body in itself imperishable? May I not exclaim, when I look upon my own portrait which Masonic love has suspended on those walls, in the words of the august poet,

"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*"

I have gained a memorial more durable than brass; I have gained a place within your hearts, of which this portrait is but the witness, a place within those hearts which shall live for ever.

Accept, worshipful sir and brethren, the feeble expression of my thanks, for kindness which a life of gratitude can never repay.

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MASONIC INAUGURATION
OF
THE FREER MEMORIAL WINDOW
IN HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

From the "HEREFORD TIMES," *Dec. 3rd*, 1864.

This ancient city on Monday last witnessed a ceremony the recollection of which will probably not for many years fade from the remembrance of those who participated in or saw it. It is well known to our readers that the late Venerable Archdeacon LANE FREER was a distinguished Freemason, and filled the position of Deputy Provincial Grand Master of Herefordshire. To his memory a splendid stained glass window was some time since placed in Hereford Cathedral; and on Monday (28th Nov.), being the anniversary of the grand lodge of the province, the Masonic body inaugurated the memorial by attending divine service in the sacred edifice in which the memorial forms an important attraction.

The brethren assembled at high noon in their Masonic Hall, at the Green Dragon Hotel, where provincial grand lodge was opened in ancient form and with solemn prayer. The Provincial Grand Master (Dr. Bowles) received a most flattering reception, and, after the business of the province had been transacted, it was proposed by Brother Elias Chadwick, and carried by acclamation by the entire lodge, that a vote of confidence in their Grand Master be passed, expressive of their grateful acknowledgments for the kind, consistent, and able manner in which he has uniformly governed the craft in this province, and their

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respect and admiration of his character as a courteous gentleman, an eminent scholar, and a Christian clergyman.

Subsequently the Masonic body, decorated with their jewels and badges of office, proceeded to the Cathedral.

The procession was marked by the greatest decorum, evinced by a large concourse of highly respectable citizens, who thronged every part of the Cathedral and listened with the deepest and most marked attention to the eloquent discourse preached by the Right Worshipful the Provincial Grand Master. Mr. Townshend Smith presided at the organ, and the musical portion of the service was performed in a manner that excited the admiration of all present. There could scarcely have been less than a thousand persons within the sacred edifice.

The Provincial Grand Master took for his text Heb. xi., 4: "He being dead, yet speaketh." The sermon commenced with a masterly sketch of the lessons taught by Masonry, the sentiment with which it teaches man to look upon his fellow-beings, the fraternal relation which it establishes. The preacher then passed from our material to our spiritual brotherhood, which he said was the only true bond of man to man. In heart-stirring, nervous English, he described the spiritual brotherhood as the tie which bound Masons to their departed brother, and which would continue to bind them to him in proportion as they listened to the moral and religious principle, to the inward monitor which speaks in the name of God, and which, breaking down all barriers between the seraph and the lowest human being, makes them brethren—greatness in God's sight lying not in the distinctions of this world, but altogether in the power of virtue in the soul, in the energy with which God's will is chosen, trial is borne, and goodness loved and practised. This perception of duty was the

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germ of immortality, the great gift of God, and that before its grandeur all the mysteries of science and theology fade away. The sense of this duty was, he said, deeply engraven upon the mind of their departed brother; religion was the light by which he walked; and his daily path showed whence the light came. Here followed a touching and eloquent tribute to the memory of the late Archdeacon, which excited strong emotion in the minds of the brethren and congregation. In speaking of the social character of the Archdeacon, the preacher said that no one who had ever met him in a friendly circle would easily forget the attraction of his manners and conversation, the cheerfulness and sunshine of the soul which he carried into society, his enlightened and enlarged views of duty, or his conviction that God requires no narrow service, which chains and contracts instead of unfolding the mind. He had gone to Jesus Christ, whose spirit he so deeply comprehended and so freely imbibed, and to God whose universal, all-suffering, all-embracing love he adored, and in an humble measure made manifest in his own life; but he was not wholly gone—not gone in heart, for a better world has heightened not extinguished his affection for his race, and not gone in influences, for his holy and consistent example remains, and his memory is held up as a great treasure in many minds. A spirit so beautiful ought to multiply itself in those to whom it is made known. May we all be incited by it to a more grateful, cheerful, love to God; to a stronger, deeper faith in Christ; to a serener, gentler, nobler love for our fellow creatures; and then, though dead, Archdeacon FREER will yet speak with an eloquence and power even more persuasive than his living voice. Few men have ever lived in this archdeaconry whose exertions, directly and indirectly, diffused a more

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extensive or more salutary influence. The impression made by his labours, though always silent and unobtrusive in a degree excelled only by their number and effect, was such as attracted towards him while he lived an amount of mingled respect and attachment, such as it has been given to few to enjoy, and which has secured for him, now that he has departed, the honours of this magnificent memorial. And he had gone to his reward; he had gone to that world of which he carried in his own breast so rich an earnest and pledge—to a world of peace. The preacher then referred to the signal goodness of a wise and benignant God in sparing the Archdeacon until the evening hour, when the shadows of advancing twilight had scarcely begun to deepen on his path—just before the winter of life, when its fruit was fully ripened, but its decay was as yet unperceived. He had attained to the advantages of age, without its infirmities—to its maturity and wisdom, without its tardy decline. It had shed its calm and attractive radiancy around him, but without its withering and blighting influences. Its serenity was in his features, and its crown was on his head; but its cold hand had not yet chilled the glow of his affections, nor frozen the genial current of the soul. It had not as yet breathed upon his joys and hopes, and his friendships, to blast them in their greenness, and to consign them to decay. The preacher went on to ask: And now, brethren, what improvement are we severally concerned to derive from the commemoration of this day? From the exalted character and happy death of our late venerated friend, let it teach us to realize with greater certainty the approach of that happy state, into which we cannot doubt that he has already entered, and where we too should now prepare to follow him. You cannot be prepared but by repentance and faith. The

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Provincial Grand Master reminded his hearers that all they so loved in their honoured brother was but a very faint ray from the uncreated light, and that if our admiration did not rise far above him, we should lose the most precious influences, the holiest ministry of departed virtuous friends, and fall infinitely short of the only true object of regard—God. We ought to thank God who manifested Himself in His servant, but we must not stop at this. We must humble ourselves before God for our past unthankful insensibility to His infinite perfection, His infinite mercy through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and with new affection and entire obedience consecrate ourselves to Him, from whose fulness all that is beautiful and glorious in the human soul and in the universe is derived. Dr Bowles then touched upon the fulness of the late Deputy Grand Master's convictions in all that pertains to the great and leading doctrines of the Gospel; the simplicity of his belief in Christ for all that related to his everlasting welfare; and exhorted the brethren to copy his example, to follow in his track towards the life eternal; which was, to know "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent;" and thus to hasten the time when men shall be gathered under one banner, and in one brotherhood, from all corners of the world!

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"Yes, he is gone—a man of mark among us—a generous, large-hearted, liberal-minded, kind, considerate, courteous man, who fulfilled the duties of his responsible office with tact, judgment, activity, and diligence, to the thorough satisfaction of all with whom he had to deal. He is gone, deeply and justly lamented by all classes of the community; by his Diocesan, and his brethren in the ministry, both cathedral and parochial; by the laity of all ranks among us, and perhaps most of all by the poor of his own parish and neighbourhood, to whom he was such a true friend and benefactor; and, if asked, "Where is he?" we reply: His body rests in the sepulchre chosen by himself, beneath the yew-tree shade, in the quiet rural burial ground of that well-beloved church and parish for which he had done so much, there to await the resurrection call; while his spirit, purified and sublimated by suffering and sickness, has entered, we may well believe, the abodes of the blessed."

CANON MUSGRAVE.

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